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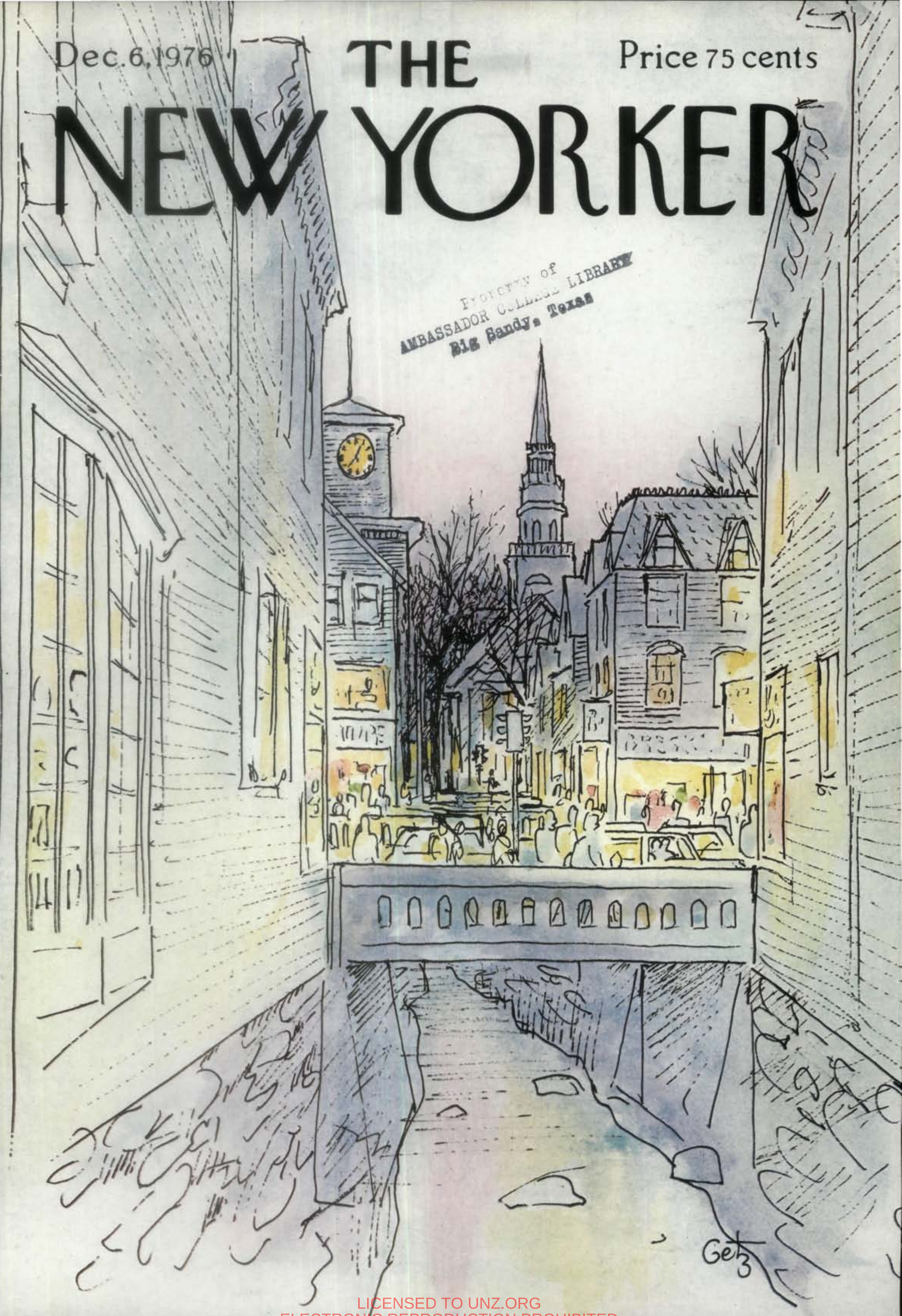

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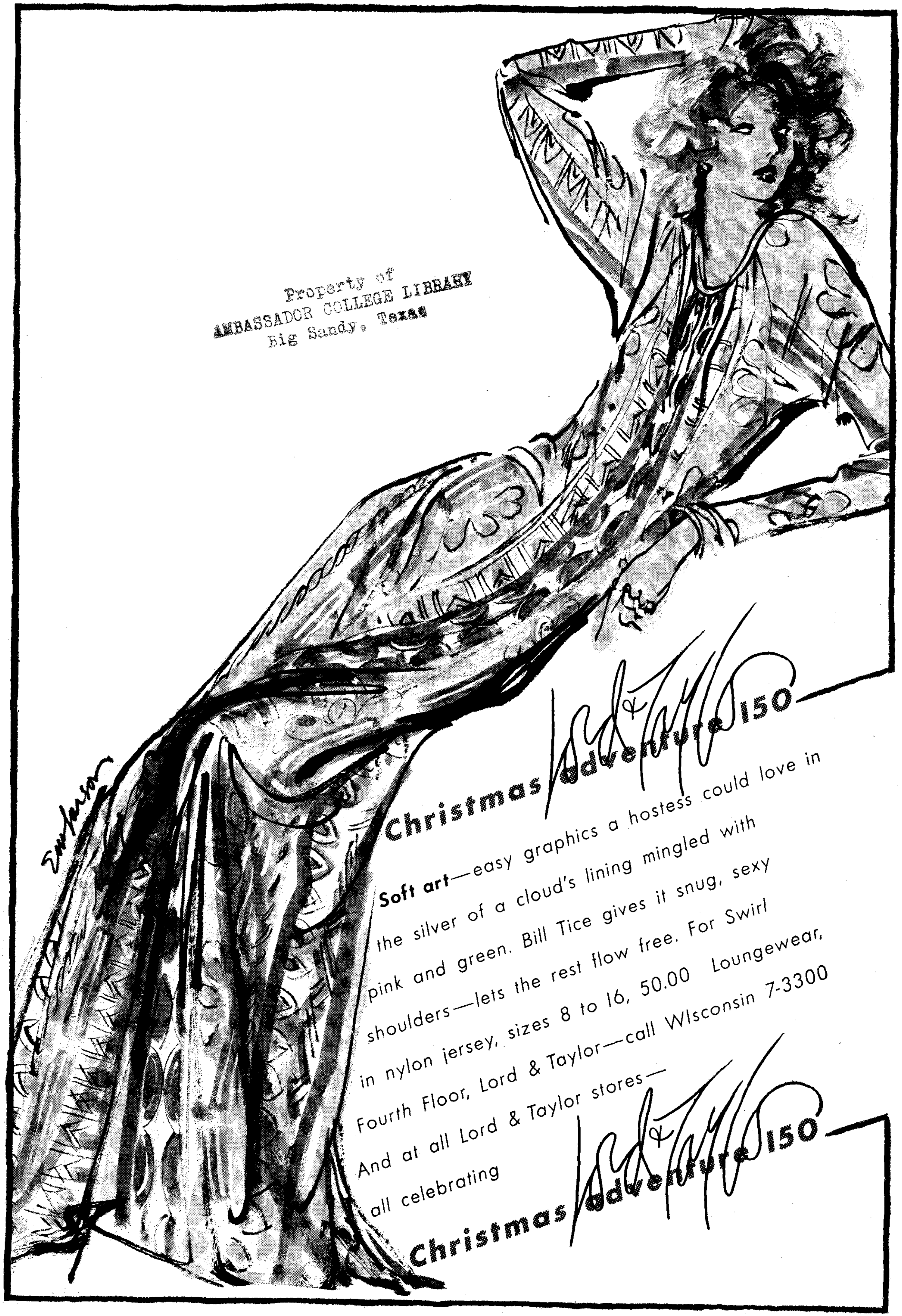

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABBEY THEATRE—Performances of Eamon Kelly's one-man show IN MY FATHER'S TIME will conclude the engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 7; thereafter, nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 5.)

THE BROWNSVILLE RAID—A play by Charles Fuller. The first in this season's series by the Negro Ensemble Company. Previews through Sunday matinée, Dec. 5, and opens officially that evening. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMEDIANS—An English playwright, Trevor Griffiths, tells a sad and funny story about some working-class men who are hoping to become professional standup comics. The odds, we see, are strongly against them. Milo O'Shea and Jonathan Pryce head an excellent cast, and Mike Nichols has directed with his usual acuteness and suavity. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DOMINO COURTS and **COMANCHE CAFÉ**—A pair of one-acters by Bill Hauptman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec 12.)

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF A NIGHTINGALE—Tennessee Williams has rewritten, to admirable effect, his earlier play, "Summer and Smoke." A very good cast in an attractive production. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS DYLAN THOMAS GROWING UP—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The Rodgers and Hart musical THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, with a book by George Abbott, is the third in this season's series of eight plays. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 2, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—A satisfactory production of this sturdy old warhorse of a musical. It is neither improved nor marred by the absurdity of its having an all-black cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HERZL—A play by Dore Schary and Amos Elon, adapted from Mr. Elon's biography of Theodor Herzl. Paul Hecht has the title role. Directed by J Ranelli. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I HAVE A DREAM—Moses Gunn spends the evening quoting texts from Martin Luther King, Jr. What one feels is piety. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LINCOLN—A play by Saul Levitt, with a single actor, Fritz Weaver, and videotape background. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE MANY FACES OF LOVE—Jessica Tandy and

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Hume Cronyn in a single benefit performance, consisting of poetry, prose, and scenes from their plays, all dealing with the subject of love. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:15.)

My Fair Lady—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 3, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3. Moves on Thursday, Dec. 9, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St., 586-5555, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Man's Land—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in top form as two hard-drinking old literary gents, in a characteristically witty and mysterious play by Harold Pinter. The director is Peter Hall. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays through Wednesdays, except Dec. 1, at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Poor Murderer—A drama embracing a psychodrama, in which a bright young man in a mental hopsital acts out a murder that he may or may not have committed. The cast is sensational: Laurence Luckinbill, Maria Schell, Kevin McCarthy, Ruth Ford, Larry Gates, Paul Sparer. Written by Pavel Kohout and directed by Herbert Berghof. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's irresistible opera, played and sung for the first time as he wrote *it.* (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 7, to the Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St., 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Robber Bridegroom—A musical that pretends, not very successfully, to be a mingling of country humor and age-old folklore. The cast is pleasing, and the dancing is first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meanderring conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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A Tribute to Lili Lamont—Leueen MacGrath has the title role in this play by Arthur Whitney. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

2 by 5—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

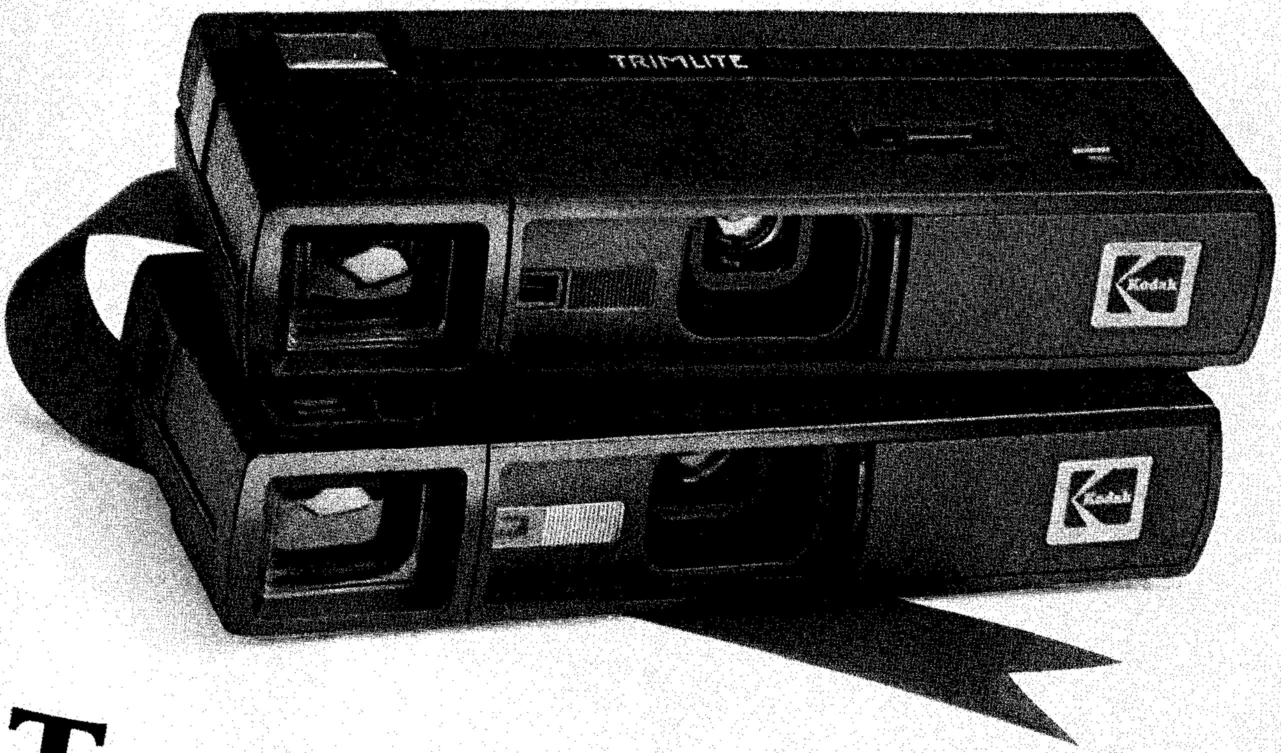
Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,913 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND BESSIE:** A vigorous attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson). The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2, Thursday at 3, Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Dec. 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. With William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 5.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan—A two-week return engagement by this company of sixty-five musicians, dancers, tumblers, acrobats, and Kung Fu experts. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 1-3, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:30 and 6.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through



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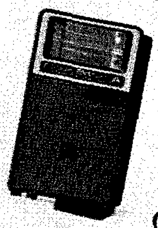

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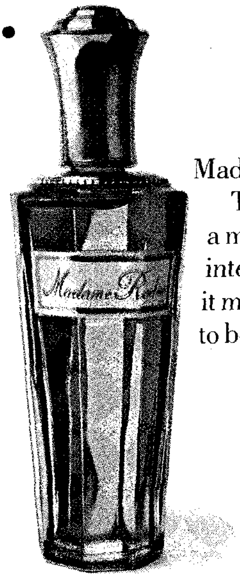

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Sunday, Jan. 2—depending on the outcome of current labor negotiations. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2-3, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, at 6; Friday, Dec. 10, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2 and 8.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 1-2: "Three Black Kings," "Facets" (première), "Liberian Suite," and "Caravan."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 3: "Gazelle" (première), "Portrait of Billie," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 4: "Three Black Kings," "Facets," "Gazelle," "Cry," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 4: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Liberian Suite," and "Caravan."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 5: "Three Black Kings," "Portrait of Billie," "Facets," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 5: "Gazelle," "Portrait of Billie," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Caravan."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 7-8: "The Lark Ascending," "Journey," "Hobo Sapien" (première), "Gazelle," "Myth," and "Night Creature."... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "Blues Suite," "Blood Memories" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10: "The Lark Ascending," "Facets," "Hobo Sapien," "Gazelle," "Myth," and "Night Creature." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 11: "Blood Memories," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 11: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

"THE SPIRIT OF DENISHAWN"—The Joyce Trisler Danscompany in an evening-long reconstruction of the exercises and dances of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, staged by Klarna Pinska. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 1, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 12. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET NACIONAL FESTIVALES DE ESPAÑA—A company of thirty-three dancers in a program that includes "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "Bolero." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 6.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—An eight-performance engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 19. The opening program consists of "Les Biches," "Spring Waters," "The Dying Swan," "Go for Barocco," and "Swan Lake." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

RITHA DEVI—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

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HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**THELMA CARPENTER**, who likes to laugh as much as she likes to sing, came forward in the early forties at Kelly's Stable, a hothouse of new talent on West 52nd Street, and then went on to several years with Count Basie. She speaks warmly of Ethel Waters, as do a surprising variety of singers of her generation (the blues shouter Joe Turner is another), and she has a big, capable voice that she can turn way up or way down. Her phrasing is loose and graceful, and it sneaks by almost unnoticed, for she is a boisterous performer with a giant smile, a thousand motions, and enough persiflage to inflate a blimp. She is accompanied well enough by **HAROLD MABERN** on piano, **BOB CRANSHAW** on bass, and **DAVID LEE, JR.**, on drums. They are also the rhythm section of the alternate group, a quartet led by the trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN**, whose sound is bigger than his invention. Through Saturday, Dec. 4.... **HANK JONES** and **JOHN LEWIS**, two outstanding pianists, will begin conversing with each other, with backing from **BOB CRANSHAW**, on Monday, Dec. 6. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A former music loft that has been converted into a full-fledged, if unpretentious bar and soul-food night club, owned by the gifted drummer and Coltrane alumnus Rashied Ali. Since he reopened this summer, Ali has brought in some of the best new-jazz musicians on the scene. Guitarist James Ulmer is here with his quintet through Thursday, Dec. 2; baritone saxophonist Charles Davis and his quintet will be on the stand Friday through Sunday, Dec. 3-5; and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, who is the founder of the Chicago musicians' coöperative, the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (A.A.C.M.), and who is a wonderful pianist, will be leading a quintet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Watch out, Thad and Mel (see Village Vanguard, below). Music from about ten.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant that has for the past few years been presenting some of the best contemporary jazz players. Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** leads a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 4. Music from about nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: British rock singer Leo Sayer works out through Thursday, Dec. 2; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, rock producer and singer Terry Cashman will turn up with his band; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 5-6, Flo & Eddie will perform some satirical rock; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 7-8, **WENDY WALDMAN**, a talented young southern California singer and songwriter, will be on hand; and on Friday, Dec. 10, country-folkie **JOHN HARTFORD** will begin his five-string-banjo meanderings. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists are usually sequestered here, performing duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **DAVE MC KENNA** works here all by himself until Saturday, Dec. 4; on Monday, Dec. 6, **BOB DOROUGH** will arrive with his bassist, **BILL TAKAS**. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is home, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. Supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, he appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive record-company backing (in fact, there's usually none at all), no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Music from about nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

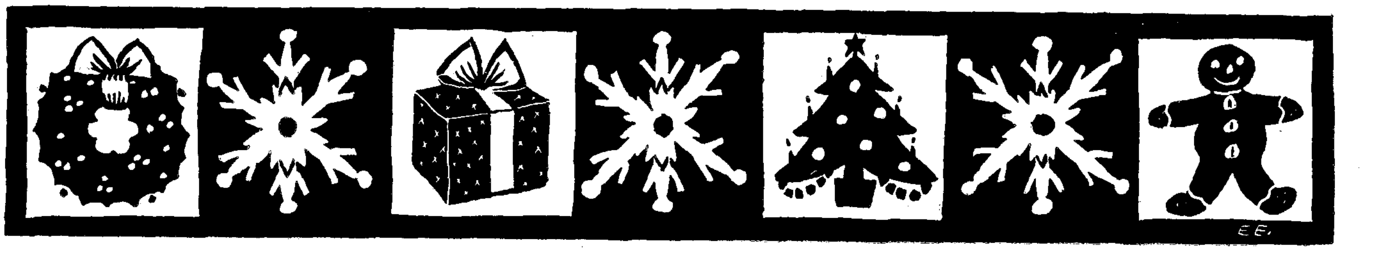
CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The master sixty-five-year-old blues shouter **JOE TURNER** is one of the few great remaining American primitive musicians, and he will be here only through Saturday, Dec. 4. On hand with him are the excellent guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT** and the pianist **LLOYD GLENN** (San Antonio; 1909), who is another monument—a blues player of subtlety, discretion, and power. On Monday, Dec. 6, **HELEN HUMES** will return with her delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs. Boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, Dec. 7, **MAXINE SULLIVAN** will sing with the band. On Sunday, Dec. 5, guitarists **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and **WAYNE WRIGHT** will perform duets from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with bassist Jamil Nasser and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Music from ten to three. On Sunday, Dec. 5, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**, pianist **WALTER NORRIS**, and bassist Earl May will join forces from five to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Lounell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from four to eight.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, has moved in with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights, plus a backup quartet guided by pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS.** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Various groups assemble on the canopied bandstand all week. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his lively quintet are scheduled to appear Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Singer and songwriter David Forman alternates with the Alpha Band through Sunday, Dec. 5. Two rock bands will be on hand Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 7-9, one led by Bob Neuwirth and one headed by Guy Clark. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, **TOM PAXTON,** one of the old reliables of folkdom, will sing opposite the Putnam County Pickers, a bluegrass band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and originals written in a similar forty-year-old mode. Her backup band has, in the past, consisted of Freddie Moore on drums and Howard Johnson on tuba. She'll be here for four weeks, beginning on Tuesday, Dec. 7. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here now allows for different musicians and ensembles each night; some of them are the **STAN KENTON** orchestra (which still does an obligatory, heavily Latin-accented, brass-jabbing "Peanut Vendor") on Wednesday, Dec. 1; the delightful **HELEN HUMES** with tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** on Thursday, Dec. 2; the fire-breathing pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** in charge of a combo, on Friday, Dec. 3; a guitar quartet—**JIMMY RANEY, DOUG RANEY, ATTILA ZOLLER,** and a fourth picker—on Wednesday, Dec. 8; and trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON** will take over Thursday, Dec. 9. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively sleepy-looking from the outside, this small, dark, and pleasant upper West Side bar sees various first-rate jazz groups pass through every week. **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band meets on Mondays; on Tuesdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels is in charge of a robust quartet; **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, is on hand with a nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Konitz will also be here Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, along with tenor saxophonist **TED BROWN** and a quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The jammed-together tables and chairs are usually filled in this animated restaurant. Guitarist **JOE PUMA,** tenor saxophonist **AL COHN,** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, Dec. 4. Pianist Hal Galper will bring in a quintet—trumpeter Randy Brecker, tenor saxophonist Mike Brecker, bassist Wayne Dockery, and drummer Billy Hart—to perform Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 5-7. On Wednesday, Dec. 8, reed player Eddie Daniels, guitarist Gene Bertoncini, and Michael Moore, who all usually work Tuesdays at Stryker's (see above), will settle in for four nights. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The music has been moved downstairs in this Village landmark, which draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL,** who is now playing dadaistic disco, will trade sets with the simultaneously rustic and urbane singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** and his trio. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Coryell and company will perform opposite strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR.** Music from about ten. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.)

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON,** a widely admired young trumpeter, leads a quintet through Sunday, Dec. 5. On Tuesday, Dec. 7, **DEXTER GORDON** will descend the murky staircase with his quartet. Gordon, who was once regarded as *the* bop tenor saxophonist, was still in top form when he appeared in town last month. On Mondays, **THAD** and **MEL (JONES** and **LEWIS)** blast forth with their fifteen colleagues. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays, Franc Williams is in charge of a quartet that features pianist Dill Jones and trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** commands a quartet; and on Thursdays and Fridays, a swing-to-bop quartet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays are usually session times for the likes of **BUDDY TATE, EARLE WARREN,** Paul Quinichette, and a rhythm section. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 5:45: **LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY WITH JUAN ANTONIO.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 5:45: **LOS INDIOS TABAJARAS.**

Bee Gees and **the Tavares Brothers**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.

Stanley Clarke and **Shakti (with John McLaughlin)**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

Jorge Cafrune—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Daryl Hall and John Oates and **Richard Supa**—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 4-5, at 8.

Nati Mistral—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8:15, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2:15.

Ray Charles and His Orchestra with the Raeletts and **Lana Cantrell**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 8 and 11:30.

Bing Crosby—Thirteen benefit performances, with Rosemary Clooney, Joe Bushkin and his quartet, and Kathryn, Harry III, Mary-Frances, and Nathaniel Crosby. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 7. For tickets, call 935-1840. . . . ¶ Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday, Dec. 7, through Sunday, Dec. 19. Nightly, except Monday, at 7:30.)

Black Sabbath and **Ted Nugent**—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.

Linda Ronstadt and **Andrew Gold**—Palladium. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.

Dave Sanborn Band and **Graham Parker & the Rumour**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and L Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 8, 8.

Robert Palmer, Southside Johnny & the Asbu Jukes and **Graham Parker & the Rumour**-Palladium. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.

Foghat and **Rush**—Palladium. Saturday, De 11, at 8.

Machito, Johnny Hartman, and **Sonny Stitt**-Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are op Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Addams—Practically all the membe of his celebrated repertory company are re resented in this exhibit of cartoons, illustr tions for book jackets, and other drawing Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Nicholls, 10 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Horst Antes—Craggy, earthy figures that mig be blood brothers to those Easter Isla sculptures, by a German artist who works acrylics, charcoal, and chalk. Through De 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teemi with surrealist figures in surrealist setting Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madis Ave., at 77th St.)

Kenneth Callahan—Broad swipes of dark te pera cutting across a background strewn wi abstract shapes of lesser consequence, plus number of realist monotypes and drawings birds and animals. Through Saturday, De 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80 St.)

Bernard Cathelin—Greatly simplified forms Japanese and Mexican women, a vase of flo ers, a colonnade in a garden—by this Fren artist who paints in soft, warm colors, thick applied in large, flat areas. Through Satu day, Dec. 11. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., 77th St.)

Howard Cook—A retrospective of his graph works, along with examples of his drawin and watercolors. Through Dec. 18. (Pr kapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert De Niro—Figures, groups of figures, a other compositions painted in his characte istic colorful, free-form semi-abstract sty Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Poindexter, E. 84th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Small, precise tempera pai ings of still-lifes and the façades of exo buildings, plus—a new departure for t miniaturist—a couple of works devoted people from a long-ago era. Through Satu day, Dec. 4. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., 80th St.)

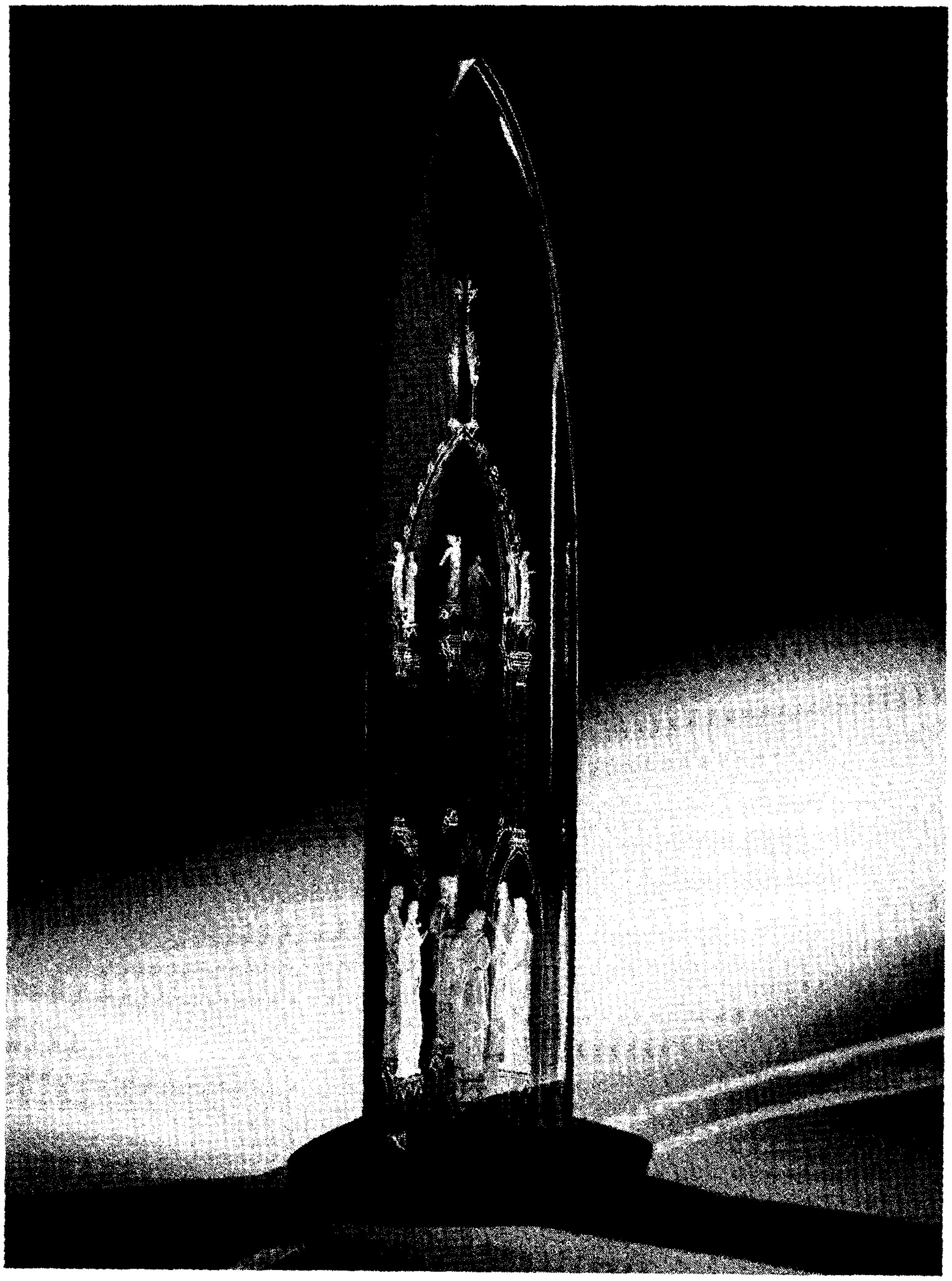
Fred Garbers—Cool, formalistic still-lifes, se in a subdued kind of light, plus collages ma up of rich-colored clippings of paper almo imperceptibly pieced together. Through S urday, Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Av at 80th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent paintings by a Ne England artist whose style, basically reali defies classification; one large work, entitl "Studio Wall," serves as a sort of sampler his skills, incorporating abstract touch trompe-l'oeil, portraiture, and a good deal just downright painting. Through Saturda Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79 St.)

Leonel Góngora—Strange, Expressionist pai ings, done in a satiric vein and mostly i volving nudes in abandoned attitudes; one e ception, called "The Triumph of Icara," w inspired when the painter, a teacher at t University of Massachusetts, was picnicki on a mountaintop with his wife and a han glider swept past them, right out of the blu Through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Ma son Ave., at 75th St.)

Nancy Grossman—Collages made of a tou paper stained with paint or colored with pa tel and cut into shapes that the artist a sembles into a male head or figure who features are mysteriously hidden under se eral layers of mummifying tape. Throu Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madis Ave., at 76th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions set



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boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. Through Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Jim Huntington—Sculptural pieces, mostly big vertical slabs of Pennsylvania bluestone, doctored as little as possible from the way they left their sedimentary bed in the Allegheny quarries. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Paul Jenkins—Flowing masses of rich color, sometimes evoking the sea, sometimes a sunset sky, and sometimes a strangely lighted landscape, mostly done with acrylics that have dried to a sort of crackled, reticulated surface. Through Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Kadish—Figurative bronzes that are almost amorphous in their gnarled and contorted surfaces; a series of four terra-cotta works, called "Earth Mother," has a considerable primitive force. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Harriet Korman—Crayons and acrylics are used on these canvases, in which vertical stripes of varying thicknesses wander up and down a soft-colored, neutral field. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Small still-life paintings of fruit, flowers, and dollar bills. Through Dec. 18. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—A retrospective of landscapes by a member of the Eight. Through Dec. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Rosemary Mayer—Ephemeral-looking sculptures made of light aluminum mesh, along with a series of cheerful, flowery watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joan Mitchell—The white canvas that once figured prominently in the backgrounds of this artist's abstract landscapes has now disappeared under a deluge of color—a veritable storm of pigment that takes up practically every inch of her huge compositions—one of them nine feet two inches high and twenty-four feet four inches long. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

William Perehudoff—New acrylic paintings by a Saskatchewan artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Judith Rothschild—Abstract figures, suggestive of Matisse's dancers in spirit, outlined in black and cut out of sheets of a thick white material called Foam Board, which is then affixed to a bright-colored background. Through Dec. 18. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Thomas Shannon—Did you know that the globe we live on is wrapped around a forty-five-hundred-mile metal cube, and that one gold-tipped corner of that cube is protruding from the earth in a tiny garden behind the gallery where this artist's work is showing? (The opposite corner sticks out near Perth, Australia.) The gold-tipped corner reflects rays straight back to the sun, and a captured ray, looking very much like a stainless-steel wand about ten feet long, hangs as a trophy on a gallery wall. These and other wonders, plus drawings and diagrams, make up this exhibit. Through Jan. 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—Montages incorporating antique playing cards and gaming counters. Through Dec. 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Howard Warshaw—Recent paintings, mostly of horses rolling over, by a California painter who plays polo and is thus able to study them in such a situation. Accompanying these are numerous anatomical drawings, both equine and human. Through Dec. 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass abstract sculpture, some of it related to marine subjects like anchors and mooring posts, and some of it concerned with metal forms under severe stress and depicted just at the breaking point. Through Dec. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Don Wynn—Adirondack scenes—sun-dappled landscapes and boulder-strewn ravines—predominate in this show, which also includes portraits, a self-portrait, and a couple of fine pencil drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the FAIR, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A couple of pencil abstracts by William Baziotes; the germ, in ink, of an architectural enterprise by Le Corbusier; and a number of remarkable pencil drawings in a surrealist vein by a young woman named Janet Fanto are included in this show of twenty-one American and European artists. Through Dec. 23. . . . GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Figure studies in pencil by Robert Crowl, book illustrations by Edward Sorel, and small porcelain sculptures by Alexa Grace. Through Dec. 24. . . . STONE, 48 E. 86th St.: Recent paintings by William Beckman, along with a show of paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 5.

Sculpture—Works by Arp, Ernst, and Giacometti make up this show of bronze sculptures; Arp's are highly polished, and the others have a rich dark patina. Of especial interest is an early (1926) Giacometti, entitled "Couple," done before the process of attenuation set in. Through Dec. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

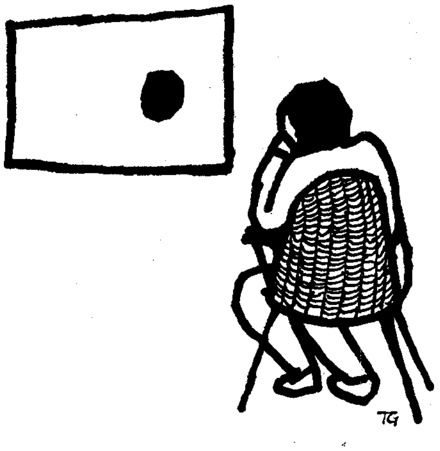
Karel Appel—Paintings from the sixties, when he was still using a slashing attack on his subjects with raw color but moving away from the more primitive, abandoned draftsmanship of the Cobra group. Through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Glen Baxter / Marilyn Lerner—A dozen delicate, idiosyncratic colored-pencil drawings by this English poet. / Abstract paintings in which a large V-shaped area, outlined by ridges of paint, is nearly always prominent. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—Large, autobiographical paintings done in a no-nonsense, almost Egyptian flat pattern, showing a single female figure—seated, standing, waiting for a date, or brooding over the San Francisco-Alcatraz swim, in which the artist has taken part several times. The Rock itself is seen in the backgrounds of several of the works, which are done in bright, outdoor Sherwin-Williams enamel on canvas sized with rabbit-skin glue. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Francesca Chandon—Wall hangings comprised of painted-canvas strips arranged horizontally. Also collages. Through Dec. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Ralston Crawford—Hooded, cross-bearing figures in a Spanish religious procession emerge, after a moment's study, from several paintings that at first seem to be total abstractions by this veteran New York artist, who was noted for renditions of barns and factories thirty or forty years ago. Nautical subjects are similarly discerned in other almost abstract works. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Carlos Cruz-Diez—Large Op Art pieces in which Mondrianlike patterns seem to shift around as the viewer walks past, an illusion created by a screen of fixed vertical louvers on the front of each composition; the principle is the same as the one behind those signs that wink at passersby. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—White-on-white geometric paintings that have occasional bits of primary yellow or red. Through Dec. 23. (Zarre, in a new location, at 41 E. 57th St.)

William Fares—Abstract paintings done with layers of acrylic, some of them peeled back; each work is based on a large, simple geometric shape. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lionel Gilbert—Still-lifes and interiors in semi-abstract and occasionally not at all abstract patterns by this veteran New York painter. Through Dec. 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hawmi—Small, colored abstract pen-and-ink drawings. Through Dec. 22. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—More than eighty prints and preparatory drawings for them. Through Dec. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Aquatints and lithographs. Through Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josef Nobauer—Surreal drawings in pen-and-ink and pencil; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 18. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Pratt—Realist paintings, drawings, and prints of empty rooms, figures, and other subjects. Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—A selection of cartoons dating back as far as 1943 and offering prime examples of his prestidigitation with ideas as well as with pen-and-ink. Also works in other mediums which have appeared on the cover of *The New Yorker*. Through Dec. 18. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Further examples from the same period. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Another series of this artist's sunlit egg-tempera paintings of such subjects as children at play with balloons or soap bubbles, sometimes on pavement decorated with their drawings and sometimes on windswept Cape Cod rock. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Oils and pastels by an artist who strives to catch, in abstract terms, the variables of light cast by, say, a hazy August dawn or a September sunset. Through Friday, Dec. 3. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge, dramatic paintings of wetlands in Maine. Also, small oil sketches from which they derived. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the MARLBOROUGH, 40 W. 57th St.: Figurative paintings by a number of artists including Botero, Grooms, Katz, and Rivers. Through Dec. 31. . . . SACHS, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of paintings by gallery artists Power Boothe, John Ferren, Alice Baber, and others. Through Dec. 30. . . . TRUMAN, 38 E. 57th St.: Mr. Truman's second "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art" show, in which thirteen artists display things they couldn't *not* make—among them a sixty-five-foot stretch of what might be a special roadbed for a toy railroad, by Joe Neill; what looks like a hundred and fifty loaves of bread made of raw wood and clustered around a huge raw-wood breadboard, by Ursula von Rydingsvard; and three slender eight-foot sticks made of reed, bound with copper and brass wire, and painted with casein, and stood in corners, where they cast

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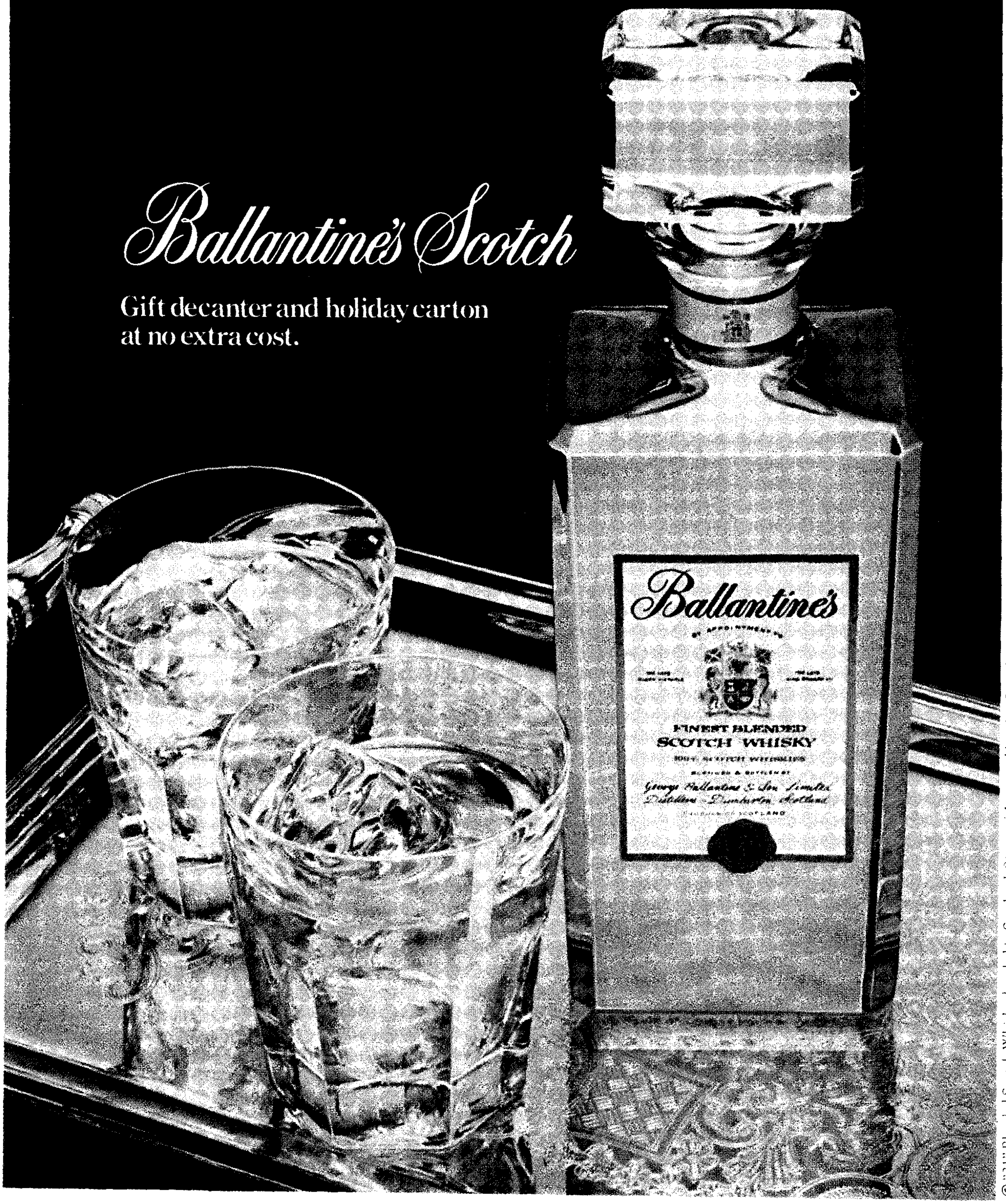
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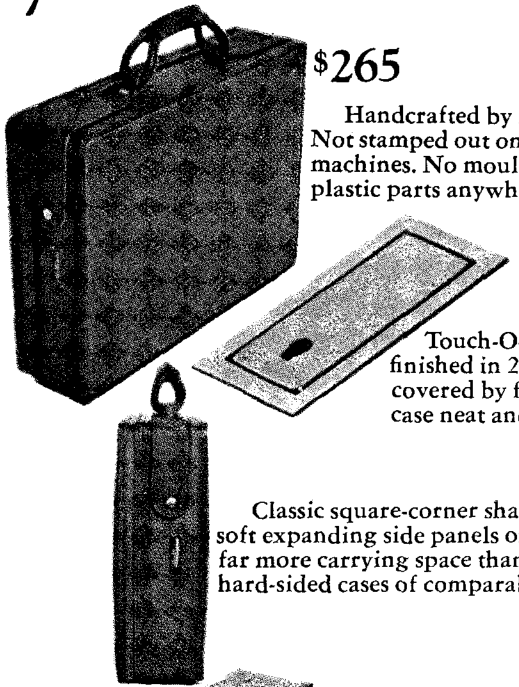

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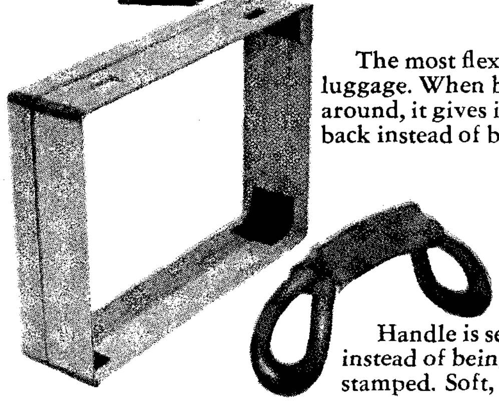

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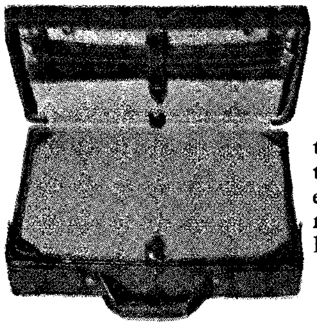

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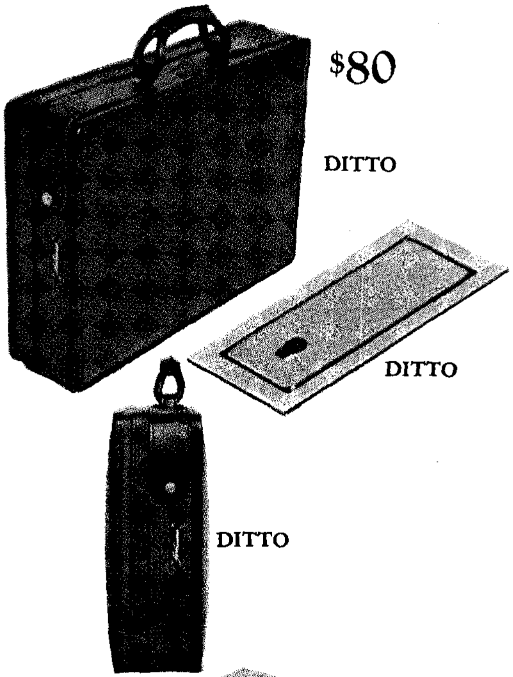

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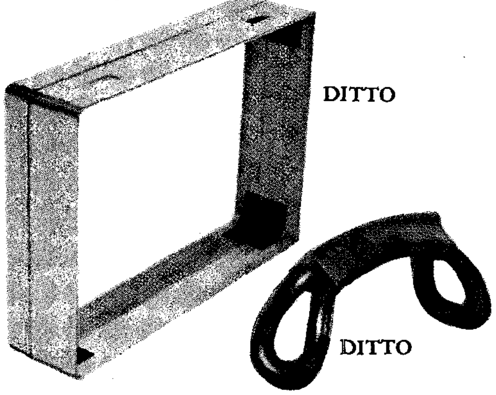

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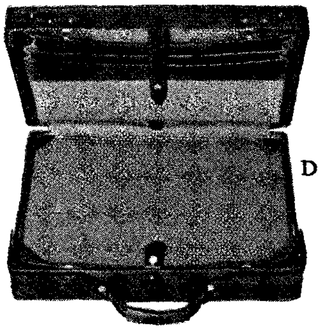

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

odd shadows, by Tom Nozkowski. Through Dec. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Norman Colp / Judy Cohen and Harvey Stein—Mr. Colp vectors in on the art world again by (a) computing the "mass" of ten local dealers (Paula Cooper, Ivan Karp, and Barbara Toll among them) and translating the sum into leaden cubes (the smallest weighs thirty-five pounds eleven ounces), which are displayed on a white pedestal, and by (b) collecting the minute particles—dust, hair, lint—that had settled on art works in leading galleries, and exhibiting this debris along with color photographs of the works involved. / A tribute to Smokey the Bear. Miss Cohen dressed herself in a Smokey outfit and posed for photographs (by Mr. Stein) in areas where Smokey's crusade might have helped—a blighted district in the Bronx, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Michael Cooper / R. J. Kreznar—Small collages in which postage stamps, playing cards, Scrabble tiles, bits of stock certificates, and other decorative oddments take what seem to be their predestined places in a given composition. / Tabletop-size sculptural pieces achieved by stacking small strips of glass in various arrangements, sometimes in a honeycomb pattern, sometimes in a simple prismatic form; the component strips are usually of a uniform color and size, and the edges appear to have been broken rather than cut. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Donna Dennis—The entrances to two bleak tourist cabins and two equally uninviting subway entrances, all about three-quarters life size and made of authentic materials, as cold and impersonal as the originals they satirize; maquettes preparatory to these works are also shown. Through Dec. 14. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Michael Eisenman—Studio scenes, portraits, and Western landscapes, heavy on the mesas. Through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

Jasha Green / Stephanie Brody Lederman—Big constructions called Floor Kites, of Corten steel plate a quarter of an inch thick; one is so nicely balanced on three points that a gust of wind, or somebody's gentle push, causes it to stir and make a noise like a great cowbell. / Ms. Lederman makes up stories about herself and her friends and her travels (to Egypt, for example), and illustrates them with drawings and collages; somebody once put a dent in her car, and the reaction is a twelve-inch-square field of gray with a deep, green horizontal scrape across it. Through Wednesday, Dec. 8. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Caspar Henselmann and Tom Doyle—Wood sculptures. Through Dec. 15. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

William C. Maxwell—Large, grid-based canvases that use polymer and resin acrylics together with oil glazes, resulting in a thick, honeycomb effect. Through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Claes Oldenburg—Recent comic conceits of this modern master, most of them shown in various sizes, ranging from relative portability to the monumental—among them a typewriter eraser (the kind with a brush), a compact rendering of the alphabet in what looks like wet noodles, served up on a Good Humor stick, and a wood screw that could be taken for an African carving. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Castelli, 420 and 410 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Outsize collages, ten feet tall and eight feet wide, made of heavy canvas cut in geometric shapes and cemented to the background. The component sections are painted in heavy-duty colors, and the result is a collage that seems to have been made of structural-steel plates. The artist, an Englishman, teaches at Yale. Through Dec. 23. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Una Wilkinson—Interiors, exteriors, and landscapes done at the artist's East Hampton home; some of the subjects are riding stables and horses, and one of the interiors looks out on a bird-feeding station. Through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

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Robert Wilson—Graphite-on-paper drawings relating to set designs for Wilson's avant-garde opera "Einstein on the Beach." Through Dec. 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Representational Drawings—Outstanding works in graphite and other mediums by four artists—Wolfgang Gafgen, who focusses here on lengths of frayed rope; Juan Gonzalez, who depicts a gauzy curtain rising over a gentle seascape; Joe Nicastri, who draws delicately tinted bouquets of fading flowers on a plaster ground; and Bill Richards, who sets down every fern, every stem, every shadow in a swampy thicket. Through Thursday, Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists, including Natalie Edgar, Alice Yamin, and Muriel Castanis. Through Dec. 16. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **THORP**, 139 Spring St.: Sculptures by Ira Joel Haber and Robert Witz, and paintings by Bill Jensen. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Andy Warhol—A series of twenty-three charcoal drawings of a hammer and sickle casting red shadows. The sickle is a Champion No. 15, by True Temper, the hammer is anonymous, and the drawings are unmistakably Warhol's. Through Dec. 15. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Erika Weihs / Jan Wunderman—Figurative paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

New York's Stepchildren—An exhibit of photographs of architectural details on civic buildings, some of which are earmarked for destruction. Through Dec. 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by American and European artists Rothko, Soutine, Flack, and others, on loan from private collections and museums. Through Jan. 2. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—A group of prints, all of them taken in France before the Second World War, by a photojournalist who used to work under the name of Aral. Through Dec. 30. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Portraits of, among others, Albert Einstein, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Haile Selassie. Through Dec. 15. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Harry Callahan / Aaron Siskind—Recent photographs of beach scenes, along with 8 x 10 snapshots of his family, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Eighty prints made from 1966 to 1975. Through Jan. 8. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Fifty vintage prints by a French Pictorialist. Complementing the exhibit are works by Stieglitz, Käsebier, and Steichen. Through Dec. 17. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ A smaller selection of works by Demachy. Also photographs by Pepe Diniz. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jay Maisel—Dye-transfer color prints. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Benjamin Porter / Larry Siegel—A group of pictures taken in South America. / Photographs of people, including his family and friends. Through Sunday, Dec. 5. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Photographs and gravures. Also work by photographer John J. Gruen. Through Saturday, Dec. 4. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Frank M. Sutcliffe (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer who was influenced by the works of Millet and Corot. Through Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs of dancers, most of them taken in the early years of this century, by Charles Schenk, Emil Otto Hoppe, Arnold Genthe, and others. Through Dec. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, color prints by David Robinson. Through Jan. 2. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Saturday, Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty prints make up a retrospective of the works of Harry Callahan. Starts Thursday, Dec. 2. A complementary show is at the Light Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Jan. 16.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition paying homage to one of our major national resources, has now unexpectedly become a memorial tribute to the artist whose recent death cut short the abundant flow of blessings from his hand. Included in the show are samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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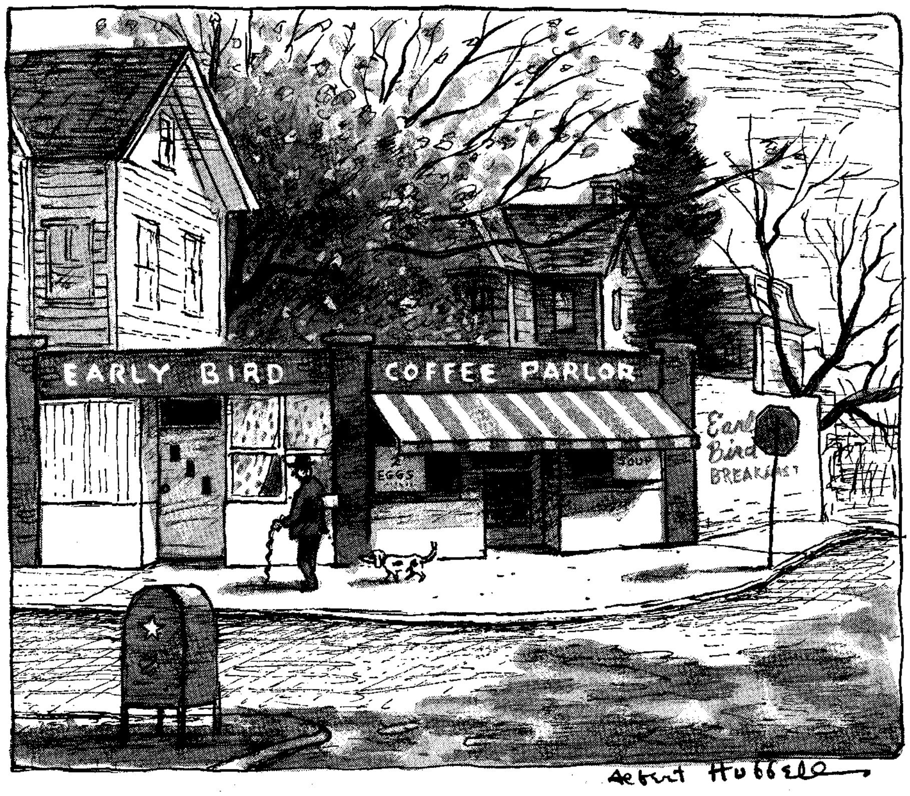
American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller. . . . ¶ Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Jan. 2.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Sunday, Dec. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)



Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Hill, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Photographs of contemporary New York by Andreas Feininger compared with earlier views of the city by artists and photographers from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Posters, letters, photographs, and other memorabilia tracing the careers of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya both here and abroad. Through March 12. (Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ezio Flagello; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Paul Plishka; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Tatiana Troyanos, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Paul Plishka; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 (with Victoria Canale, soprano; Florence Quivar and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-sopranos; and John Reardon, baritone); and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30;

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Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30; and Friday, Dec. 10, at 2 (all with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Isser Bushkin, bass; and Leonard Raver, organ). . . . ¶ David Gilbert conducting on Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the first in a series of three all-Beethoven programs, this one with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis directing performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 7.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8, with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Catharine Crozier, organ. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5:30, both with Misha Dichter, piano. All seats have been sold for both concerts, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and playing the piano in a program of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos and chorales, with Paula Robison, flute; Gerald Tarack, violin; Walter Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 5, at 2.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 3.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the second in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing, with an orchestra. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus and Orchestra—Daniel Paget directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem," with soloists and a children's chorus. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first three in a series of six performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 6:30.)

RECITALS

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of flute quartets, with Julius Baker as soloist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "At the Court of the Czar." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in a program of twenty Scarlatti sonatas. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 8, with Julius Levine, double bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; Kendall Betts, horn; and Loren Glickman, bassoon.)

Jan DeGaetani—Mezzo-soprano, in the first in a series of three concerts of vocal chamber music, this one with Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Jacob Glick, viola; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Seth McCoy and Charles Treger—Tenor and violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Paul Tobias, cello. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 4. For information about tickets, call 860-1888.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Itzhak Perlman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Barry Tuckwell, French horn; Richard Goode, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 5, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30.)

Anne Haenen—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the Aulos Wind Quintet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Elizabethan Enterprise—A program of medieval music and poetry. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Ronald Turini—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Coffee Concert—Masuko Ushioda, violin, and Minoru Nojima, piano, will play the second in a series of five hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 4.)

Misha Alexandrovich—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "Music at the Court of Maximilian I." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Baroque Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and William Tim Read, harpsichord and clavichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, Dec. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Dec. 10.

Boxing—Ten heavyweight bouts between amateur boxers from the United States and Russia. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 5: Giants vs. Detroit Lions, at Giants Stadium, Mead-

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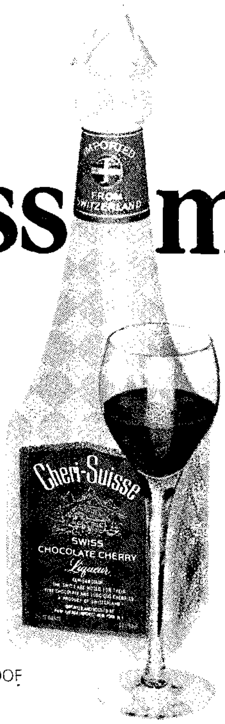
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

owlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1.... ¶ Jets vs. Washington Redskins, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Dec. 1.... ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Dec. 5.... ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 8. ... NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Dec. 2.... ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 4.... ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Dec. 7.... ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 11.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 1; the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 4; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. ... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 7, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-6783.)... ¶ Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Practical Criticism," discussed by Arlene Croce, Elizabeth Hardwick, Stanley Kaufmann, Andrew Porter, and Harold Rosenberg. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30. Admission is free.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, noon to 5.

AUCTIONS—At the METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Sunday, Dec. 5: A benefit silent auction of such items as a three-sheet poster from the farewell performance at the old opera house; a menu from the Lotus Club testimonial dinner to Enrico Caruso, signed by Caruso; and a silver teapot from Mrs. August Belmont. Written bids will be accepted between noon and 6. (Tickets at the box office on the day of the auction.)... SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art and prints, from various sources. ... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings, including a number of Spanish fifteenth- and sixteenth-century works; from many collectors.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Dec. 4, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including Art Nouveau and Art Deco; from many owners.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 4, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from several owners.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 2: Jewelry, from the estates of Tilly Losch Carnarvon, Baroness Maisie de Kerchove, and Leah K. Daniell, and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 4.

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 4:30 on Thursday, Dec. 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 18 (Cleveland). Dec. 21 (Detroit). Dec. 25 (Philadelphia). Dec. 28 (Houston). Jan. 1 (Cleveland). Jan. 4 (Golden State). Jan. 8 (Phoenix).... ¶ The Nets at NASSAU COLISEUM: Dec. 17 (Milwaukee). Dec. 19 (Boston). Dec. 22 (New Orleans). Dec. 29 (Seattle). Jan. 2 (Philadelphia). Jan. 7 (Los Angeles).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 12: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., and Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Shea Stadium.

GYMNASTICS—Olga Korbut, Ludmilla Tourischeva, Nelli Kim, Nikolai Andrianov, and other members of the U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 19.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Dec. 12, 19, 22, 26, and 31, and Jan. 2, 5, and 9.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Dec. 14, 18, and 21, and Jan. 1, 8, and 10.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Jan. 3-May 21.... BOWIE, Md.: Jan. 2-March 19.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 17-19.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Dec. 13-Feb. 26.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 16.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 14.... ¶ Martina Arroyo, soprano, Dec. 12. ... ¶ National Chorale, Dec. 17.... ¶ Russian Choral Society and American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 18.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 19 and 26.... ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 20.... ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 23.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Abbey Simon, piano, Dec. 13.... ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 16.... ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 19.... ¶ Gary Graffman, piano, Dec. 20.... ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 26.... ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Jan. 9.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Jan. 11.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Arnold Steinhardt, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano, Dec. 12.... ¶ Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, Dec. 14.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 15.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 17 and 19.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Dec. 20.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Jan. 5.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Lili Kraus, piano, Dec. 12.... ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Dec. 15.... ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Dec. 20.... ¶ Jerome Rose, piano, Dec. 21.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Festival Winds, Dec. 17.... ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, Jan. 8.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Obernkirchen Children's Choir, Dec. 19.

DANCE—At the City Center: Joffrey Ballet, Dec. 21-Jan. 2.... ¶ American Ballet Theatre, Jan. 5-30.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Sly Fox," a comedy by Larry Gelbart, with George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, and Trish Van Devere. ... ¶ A revival of Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana," starring Richard Chamberlain, Dorothy McGuire, and Sylvia Miles.... ¶ A musical, "Music Is," with a book, based on Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," by George Abbott, a score by Richard Adler, lyrics by Will Holt, and a cast headed by Christopher Hewett.... ¶ "Your Arms Too Short to Box with God," a musical taken from the Gospel according to St. Matthew by Vinnette Carroll. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant, and the cast includes Salome Bey, Delores Hall, and William Hardy, Jr.... ¶ Zero Mostel in a limited engagement of a revival of "Fiddler on the Roof" (book Joseph Stein, music Jerry Bock, lyrics Sheldon Harnick).... ¶ A comedy, "Something Old, Something New," by Henry Denker, in which Molly Picon and Hans Conried will appear.... ¶ A play by John Bishop, "The Trip Back Down," with John Cullum in the leading role.... ¶ A pair of short plays ("Dirty Linen" and "New Found Land") by Tom Stoppard, imported from London; Francis Bethencourt, Cecilia Hart, and Remak Ramsay are among those in the cast.... ¶ "Ipi-Tombi," an all-black musical that originated in South Africa and has been playing in London and other cities.

OTHER DATES—The first day of winter is Dec. 21. ... ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Saturdays.... ¶ Salzburg Marionette Theatre, at Alice Tully Hall, Dec. 26-31.... ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 11-23.... ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Saturday, Jan. 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, Jan. 17.

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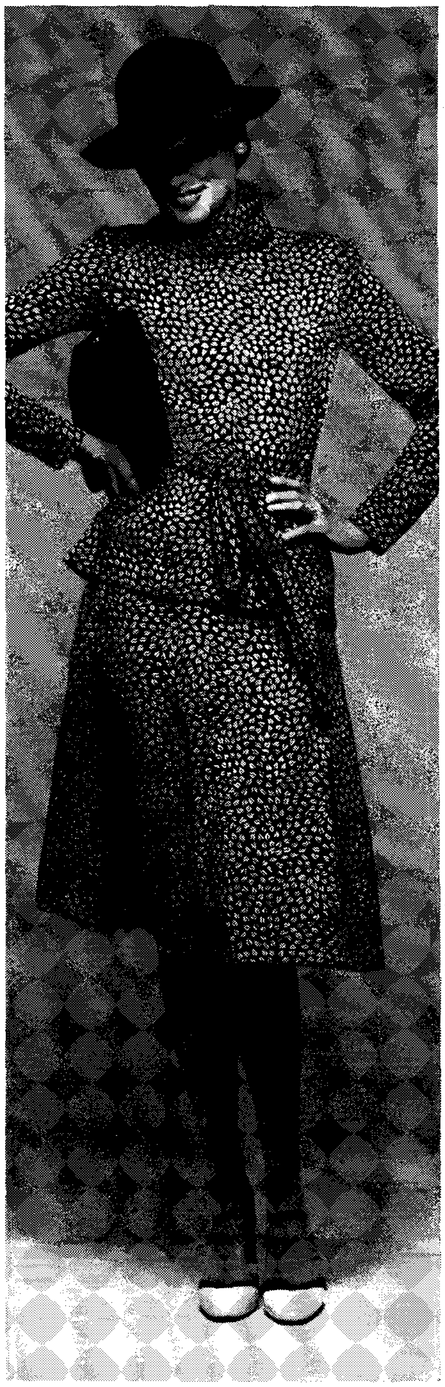

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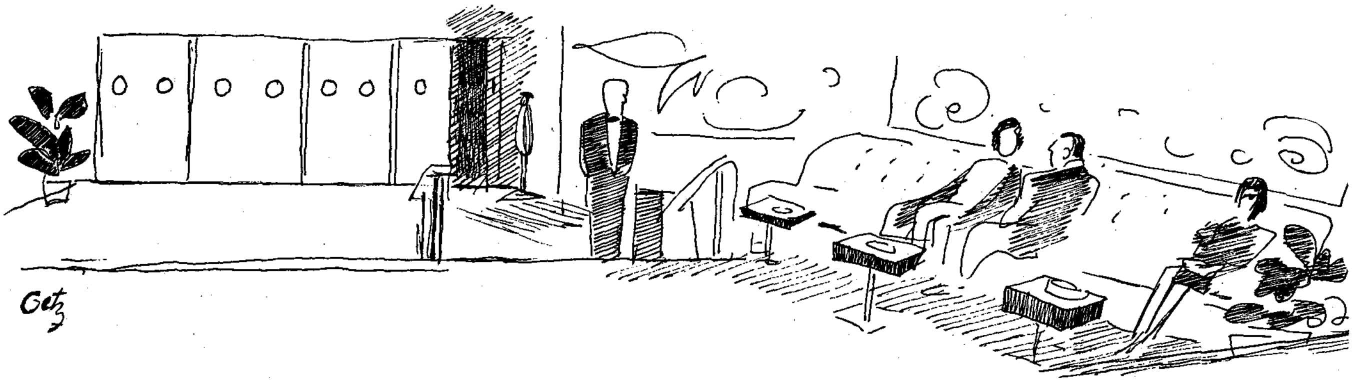

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 7: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 7: "Norman . . . Is That You?" and "Logan's Run."
From Dec. 8: "The Ritz" and "Freebie and the Bean."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 7: "Adam's Rib" and "The Philadelphia Story."
From Dec. 8: "The Ritz."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Two-Minute Warning."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Next Man."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 2: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."
From Dec. 3: "Sérail."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Maîtresse."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 4: "The Front."
From Dec. 5: "Bound for Glory."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 7: "Shout at the Devil."
From Dec. 8: "Lenor, Mistress of the Devil."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 8: "Love Comes Quietly."
From Dec. 9: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" and "Myra Breckinridge."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Rocky."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Carrie."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve" (both X-rated).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 6: "Marathon Man."
Dec. 7: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 8: "Silver Streak."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 7: "Murder by Death."
From Dec. 8: "The Ritz."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 7: To be announced.
From Dec. 8: "The Ritz."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve" (X-rated).

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Two-Minute Warning."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 6: "The Next Man."
From Dec. 7: "Marathon Man."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Carrie."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 7: "Shout at the Devil."
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 2: "Fury of the Dragon" and "Kato in the Green Hornet."
From Dec. 3: "Summer School Teachers" and "Stacy."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 2: "The Memory of Justice."
From Dec. 3: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Carrie."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 4: "Spitfire" and "Alice Adams." Dec. 5-7: "The Little Minister" and "Morning Glory." From Dec. 8: "Sylvia Scarlett" and "Quality Street."
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 7: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated) and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" From Dec. 8: "The Ritz" and "Day for Night."
Theatre 3: "Felicia" and "S.O.S." (both X-rated).
Theatre 4: "Bim."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Dec. 4: "The Incredible Sarah."
From Dec. 5: "Dream City."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 7: "Burnt Offerings" and "Rosebud."
From Dec. 8: "Gator" and "White Lightning."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Small Change."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Network."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 7: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
From Dec. 8: To be announced.

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: "Carrie."
Theatre 3: "How Funny Can Sex Be?"

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 7: "Alice in Wonderland" (X-rated) and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"
From Dec. 8: "The Ritz" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 1: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant.
Dec. 2: "India Song" (1975), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale; and "Voyage en Grande Tartarie" (1974), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Jean-Luc Bideau.
Dec. 3: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.
Dec. 4: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Dec. 5: "Women in Love" (†) and "Sons and Lovers." (†)
Dec. 6: "Red River" (†) and "El Dorado" (†).
Dec. 7: "Un Enfant dans la Foule" (1975), in French, directed by Gérard Blain; and "Pauline s'en Va" (1969), in French, directed by André Téchiné, with Bulle Ogier.
Dec. 8: "The Barefoot Contessa" (†) and "The Bad and the Beautiful." (†)
Dec. 9: "Papa les Petits Bateaux" (1971), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan; and another French film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 1: "The Saphead" (1920), directed by Herbert Blanché, with Buster Keaton; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." (†)
Dec. 2: "The Woman in the Window" (†); and "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.
Dec. 3: "Red Desert" (†) and "Story of a Love Affair." (†)
Dec. 4: "Women in Love" (†) and "Sons and Lovers." (†)
Dec. 5: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Cesar Romero; and "Libeled Lady." (†)
Dec. 6: "Tokyo Story" (†); and "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Dec. 7: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by

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Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.

Dec. 8: "Gunga Din" (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "In Name Only." (†)

Dec. 9: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Dec. 1: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 2: "Putney Swope" (1969), directed by Robert Downey; "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

Dec. 3: "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976), X-rated.

Dec. 4: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love." (†)

Dec. 5: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Dec. 6: "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy; and "The Killing of Sister George." (†)

Dec. 7: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Zorba the Greek." (†)

Dec. 8: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Kojiro" (1966), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

Dec. 9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†) and "The Conformist." (†)

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Dec. 2: "Alphaville" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 3-4: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.

Dec. 5-7: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966), directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner; and "Don't Look Now" (1973), directed by Nicolas Roeg, with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Dec. 8-9: "Westworld" (1973), directed by Michael Crichton, with Yul Brynner, Richard Benjamin, and James Brolin; and "Soylent Green" (1973), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 4: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939), directed by H. C. Potter, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edna May Oliver, and Walter Brennan; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

Dec. 5-7: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

From Dec. 8: "Carefree" (†); and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 1: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962), directed by Richard Brooks, with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke." (†)

Dec. 2-3: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

Dec. 4-6: "Born to Dance" (†) and "Rosalie." (†)

Dec. 7-8: "Terror by Night" (1946), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

From Dec. 9: "Wives Under Suspicion" (†) and "One More River." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Adorable" (1933), directed by William Dieterle, with Janet Gaynor, Henry Garat, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 6: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (1969), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Natalie Wood, Robert Culp, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8:30: "The Tiger Makes Out" (1967), directed by Arthur Hiller, with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "The Landlord" (1970), directed by Hal Ashby, with Beau Bridges, Pearl Bailey, and Lee Grant. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 6: "Adorable." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "Start the Revolution Without Me" (1970), directed by Bud Yorkin, with Donald Sutherland, Gene Wilder, and Hugh Griffith. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "The Landlord." . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at noon: A program of cartoons, including Mickey Mouse, Goofy, Pluto, Bugs Bunny, and Mister Magoo. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Skin Game" (1971), directed by Paul Bogart, with James Garner, Lou Gossett, and Susan Clark. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5: "His Royal Slyness" (1920) and "Grandma's Boy" (1922), both with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: A program of cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Skin Game." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: A program of films by Chuck Hudina. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at noon: "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated feature; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Sally Kellerman, and Tom Skerritt. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston. The cinematographer, Karl Struss, now eighty-five, will be present. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), directed by Alfred Werker, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: A program of avant-garde films; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8:30: "Pink Flamingos" (1973), directed by John Waters, with Divine; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 5: "Ordinary Days" (1974), directed by Sally Heckel; "Tomorrow Is Only Tuesday" (1974), directed by Elodie Keene; and "And You Act Like One, Too" (1975), directed by Susan Seidelman. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 7: "La Lucha Final" (1976), directed by Brian Connell; "Talk Given by Mr. Fred Lux . . ." (1974), directed by Allan Sekula; and "Image's Identity" (1974), directed by Francesc Torres. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bresson, Brakhage, Gottheim, Gordon, Cornell, Buñuel, Dreyer, and others. Showings Dec. 1 at 7 and 9; Dec. 2 at 7 and 8:30; Dec. 3 at 7 and 9; Dec. 4 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Dec. 5 at 8; and Dec. 7-9 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Dec. 2-5: A program of three films by Werner Herzog. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 9: A program of six films by Chick Strand. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this ingenious, often witty battle-of-the-sexes comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy are married lawyers pitted against each other in the trial of Judy Holliday, who is accused of shooting her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell. Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. The script (by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin) stoops to a few easy laughs, but it's lively, and it provides some sensational supporting roles. David Wayne almost walks off with the picture. Jean Hagen is around, too, and Polly Moran, and Hope Emerson. (Gramercy; through Dec. 7.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as the starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortese an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970)—The controversial Russ Meyer film, from Roger Ebert's script. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 9.)

Bim—With Ralph Maharaj, directed by Hugh A. Robertson. (Quad Cinema.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. In the finale to this musical, she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortu-

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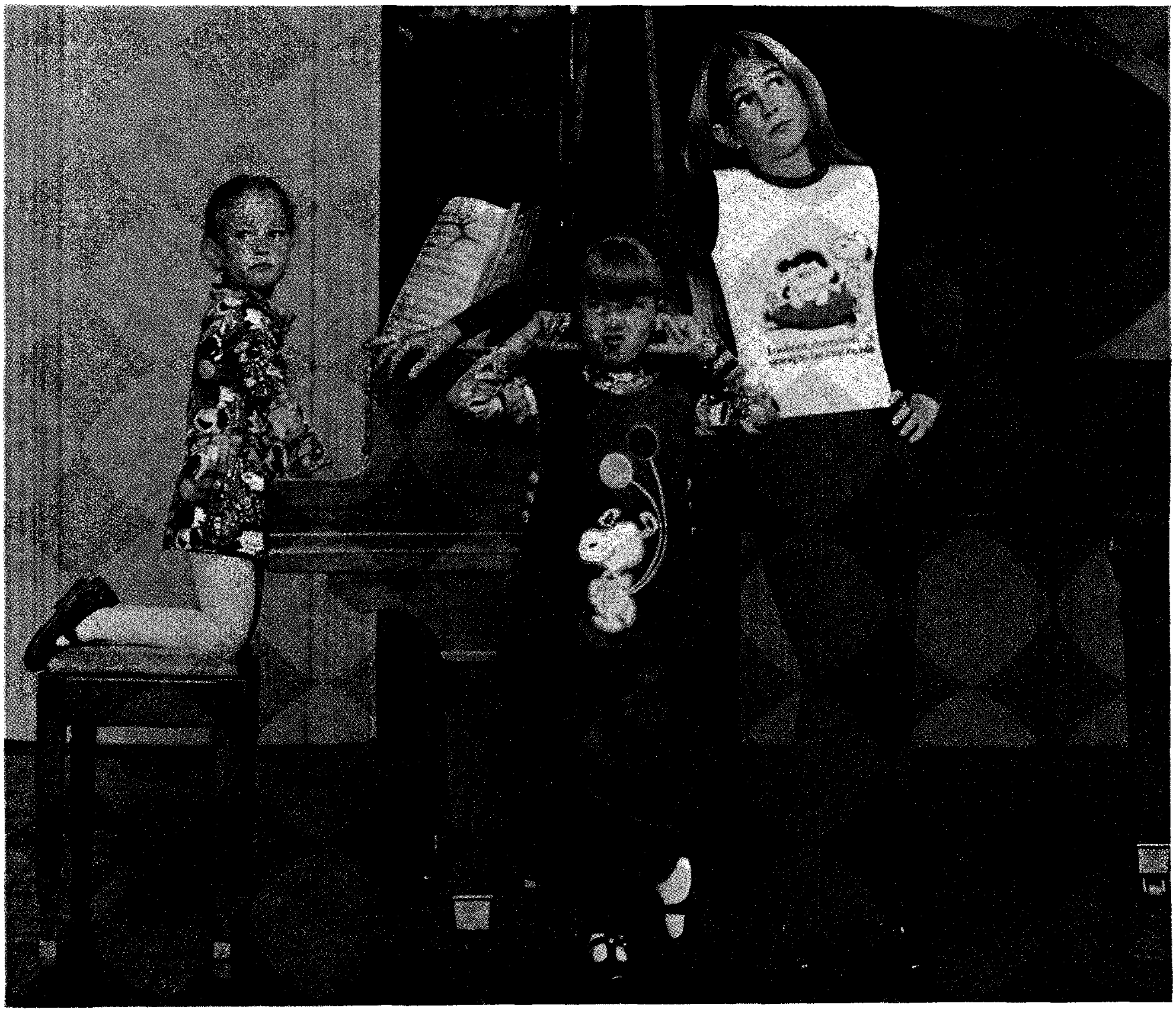

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nately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4-6.)

Bound for Glory—Woody Guthrie during the thirties. With David Carradine, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; starting Dec. 5.)

Burnt Offerings—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (Playboy; through Dec. 7.)

Carefree (1938)—Ginger Rogers is particularly sexy and wackily funny in this pairing with Astaire. He's a psychiatrist this time, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when he puts her in a trance. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy), but the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam," and the picture is wonderful fun, for all its faults. Mark Sandrich directed. (Regency; starting Dec. 8.)

Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, froggy-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released *only* telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/22/76.) (Columbia I, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Car Wash—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 9.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

Dream City—With Per Oscarsson and Rosemarie Fendel, directed by Johannes Schaaf. In German. (Festival; starting Dec. 5.)

El Dorado (1967)—John Wayne and Robert Mitchum, parodying themselves while looking exhausted, in a tired Howard Hawks Western that, except for a few opening shots, was made in a studio. Mitchum plays a sheriff who has become a drunk; you get the feeling that you've come in on a late episode of a TV series. Wayne and James Caan help the sheriff pull himself together and fight the bad guys. With Arthur Hunnicutt and Charlene Holt. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

Freebie and the Bean (1974)—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. The heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as a transvestite. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet; through Dec. 4.)

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The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 9.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Playboy; starting Dec. 8.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 7.)

The Incredible Sarah—An aberration. The staccato, wrenchingly modern Glenda Jackson plays the lyrical, incandescent Sarah Bernhardt. Written by Ruth Wolff and directed by Richard Fleischer, this picture is in the stupefying tradition of "Song of Norway." (11/15/76) (Festival; through Dec. 4.)

In Name Only (1939)—Slinky Kay Francis is the coldhearted wife in name only. All she wants of her husband, Cary Grant, is his wealth and social position, while he is so desperate for a divorce in order to marry the companionable Carole Lombard, a young widow with a small daughter, that he becomes ill. This is one of the rare movies in which the robust Grant actually has sickbed scenes. It's a soapy picture, but with unusually good performances. Charles Coburn plays Grant's father; the director is John Cromwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

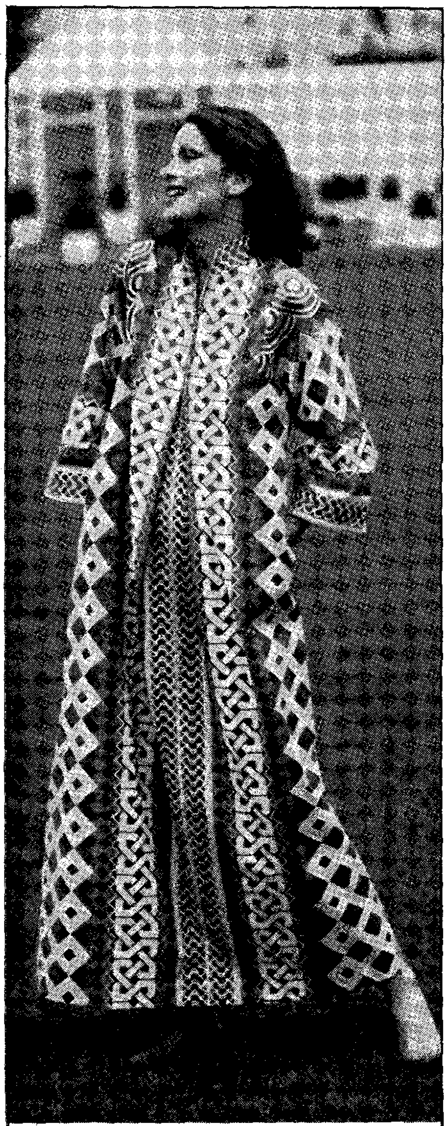
Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts; through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Dec. 3.)

The Killing of Sister George (1968)—An English comedy about lesbianism, starring Beryl Reid, playing a jolly, butch woman in music-hall style, and Susannah York, as her beautiful, lyric chum, acting in another style altogether. The play was good, slithering skillfully between the mockery of television sweetness and bitchy humor, but the specious seriousness of the picture wrecks the comedy, and its attack on conventionality seems pretty hollow. (Elgin; Dec. 6.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna

A. Petrosyan



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Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

The Little Minister (1934)—This R.K.O. picture was one of the movies that helped make Katharine Hepburn box-office poison in the mid-thirties. Five writers are credited with adapting the James M. Barrie material (which probably means that at least twenty-five worked on it), and there's no consistency to the results, but for about a third of the picture Hepburn pretends to be a wild gypsy girl, and she's enchanting in this section. The rest is barely tolerable. Richard Wallace directed, and John Beal is the hero. With Donald Crisp, Andy Clyde, and Beryl Mercer. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 5-7.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

Lumière—Directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Beekman.)

Maîtresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 7.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Waverly; through Dec. 2.)

The Miracle of Morgan's Creek (1944)—It's wartime, and Betty Hutton is the overenthusiastic girl who dates a soldier and produces octuplets. This is one of Preston Sturges's surreal-slapstick-satire-conniption-fit comedies, and part of our great crude heritage. The picture was held up a year because of censorship problems, and you'll know why. With Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, William Demarest, Porter Hall, Esther Howard, and Freddie Steele. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Morning Glory (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 5-7.)

Murder by Death—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 7.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation is muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 9.)

Network—With Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

The Next Man—Glamour and gore, featuring an international-playgirl assassin (Cornelia Sharpe, who speaks tonelessly and slits her eyes to express emotion). The ludicrous story is about a war between oil cartels and a visionary Saudi Arabian diplomat (Sean Connery) who's trying to bring about world peace (by reciting gaseous speeches). Anti-terrorist sentiments are tossed in between the cheesecake and the bombs, bullets, and knives. The producer, Martin Bregman, originated this project; Richard C. Sarafian directed. (11/15/76) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Dec. 6.)

Norman . . . Is That You?—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 7.)

One More River (1934)—This rather tedious English courtroom drama was put together by lifting the divorce story of the Corvens out of Galsworthy's "One More River," using whole chunks of the original dialogue. Colin Clive is the sadistic husband, Diana Wynyard is boringly stately as the injured, honorable lady, and Frank Lawton seems too inconsequential and schoolboyish as the correspondent, but Mrs. Patrick Campbell turns up as Lady Mont and enlivens things a bit. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 9.)

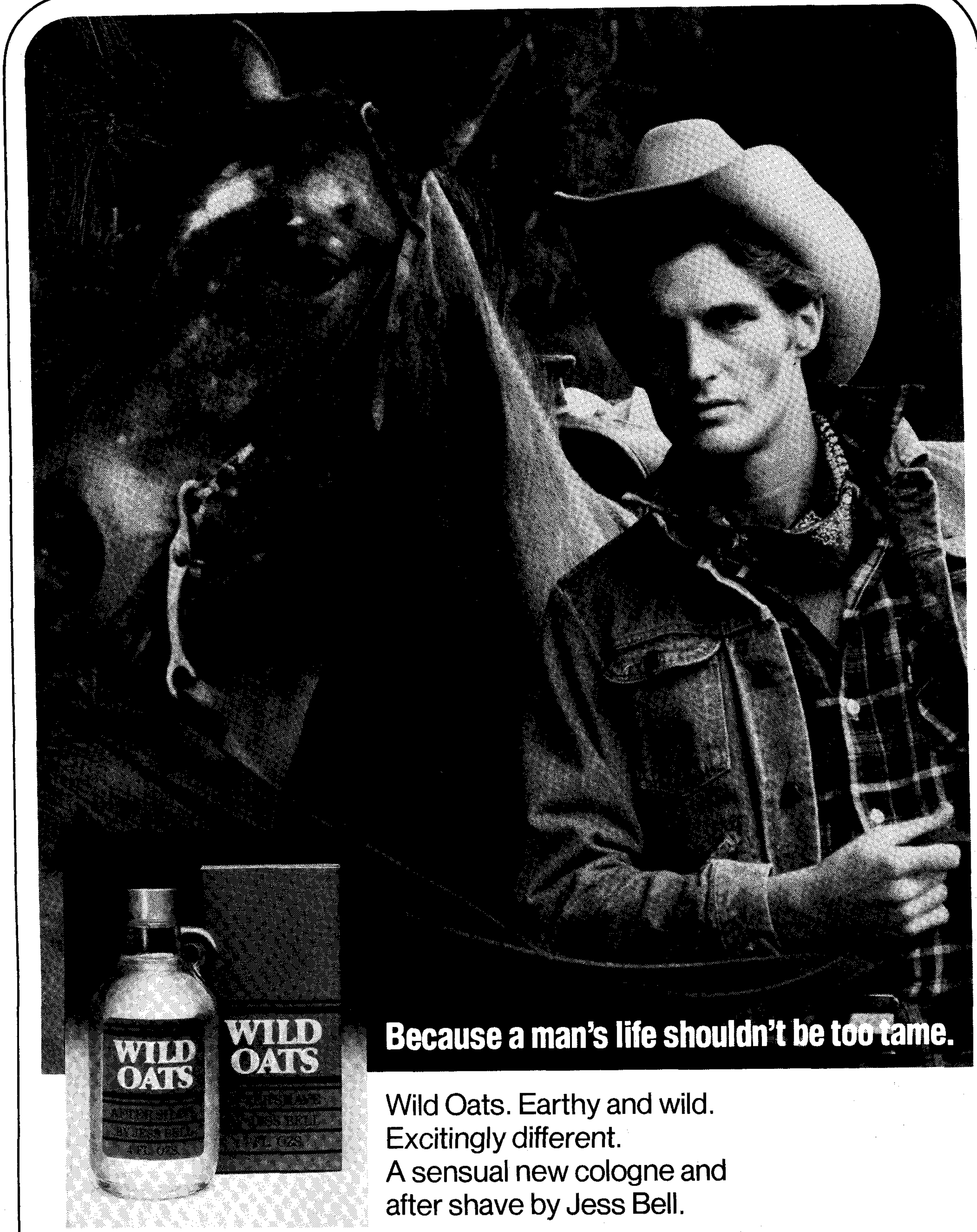
The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Gramercy; through Dec. 7.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sit-com. (3/10/75) (Olympia; starting Dec. 8.)

Quality Street (1937)—It isn't really so long ago—though it seems like another age—that the heroine of an American movie could say, "I could bear all the rest, but I've been unladylike." This film is from the James M. Barrie play about a street where gentlemen are an event, and where a dashing, gallant officer (Franchot Tone) devastates the maiden ladies. As in so much of Barrie, the sensitive, all-knowing woman (Katharine Hepburn) gets the vain, infantile male. Underneath all the proprieties, there's a dismaying and rather grim view of human relations. The director, George Stevens, holds to a quaint style that gets silly, but Hepburn does wonders for the material. With Cora Witherspoon as the belligerent servant, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Bonita Granville, and—in a lace cap and tall hat—Estelle Winwood. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes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and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Dec. 8.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Cinema II.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 4-6.)

Rosebud (1975)—Thriller about the Middle East, with no great thrills and no thoughtfulness at all. It has an international cast of actors who speak English as though they were dolphins of high degree who had learned the language from phonograph records. Five girl teenagers, four of them heirs to fortunes, are hijacked by an Arab terrorist under the orders of a loopy Muslim-converted Englishman called Sloat (Richard Attenborough). He is foiled by Peter O'Toole, using the cover of a job on *Newsweek* to disguise the fact that he is working for the C.I.A. Moral confusion abounds in the film; Otto Preminger, who directed, has a much finer intelligence than this. The fault lies mostly with the inane screenplay, which was adapted by Erik Lee Preminger, Otto's son, from a best-seller by Joan Hemingway, Ernest's granddaughter, and Paul Bonnecarrère. (4/7/75) (Playboy; through Dec. 7.)

Sérail—With Leslie Caron and Bulle Ogier, directed by Eduardo de Gregorio. In French. (Fine Arts; starting Dec. 3.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

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Shout at the Devil—With Lee Marvin, Roger Moore, and Barbara Parkins; directed by Peter Hunt. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 7.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

Silver Streak—With Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Tower East; starting Dec. 8.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Little Carnegie.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Spitfire (1934)—Not Katharine Hepburn's finest hour. Directed by John Cromwell; with Robert Young (and was that a mistake!). (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 4.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. (The screenplay credits Antonioni and four others.) A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity, though it is not as cryptic as the aesthetically more beautiful "L'Avventura." As in "La Notte" and "Eclipse" and "Red Desert," the sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. His political sense of cause and effect, and of the environment that produces disaffection, had to wait until "The Passenger" (1975) to be truly fused with his usual genius. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'taint smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling. About the only reason to see "Summer and Smoke" is to appreciate Williams' rewritten version, "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale;" in this year's TV production, Blythe Danner's Alma is a splendid, classic performance. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her conman father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 8.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

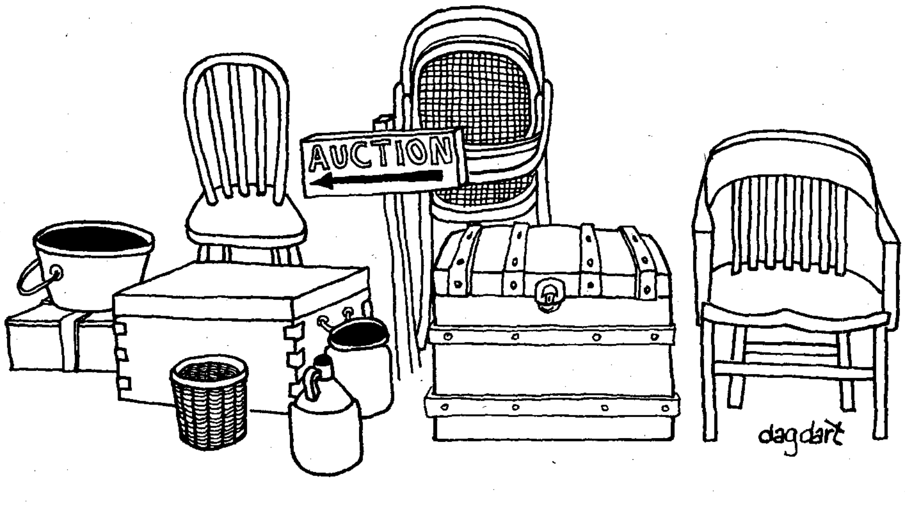
White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Playboy; starting Dec. 8.)

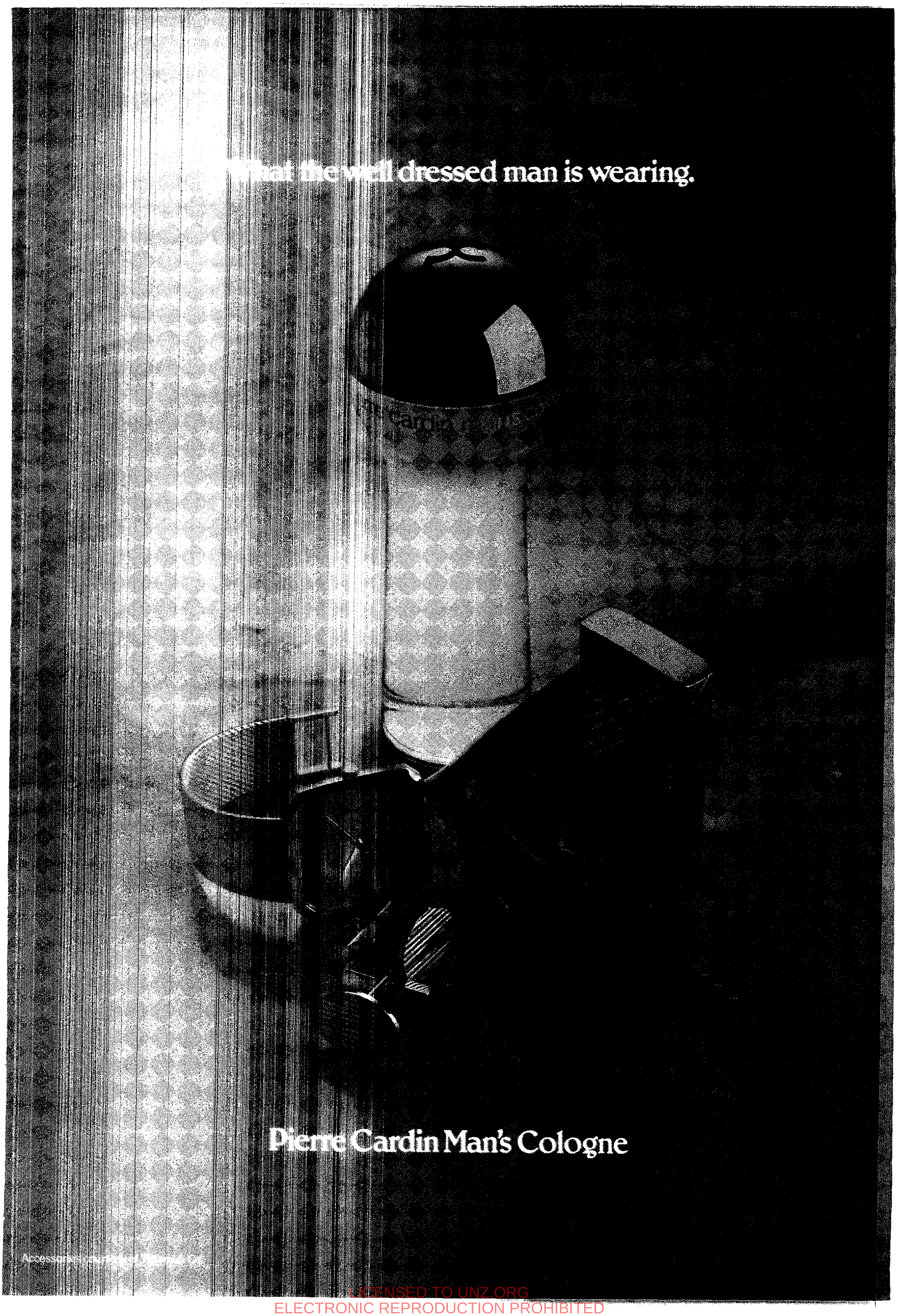
Wives Under Suspicion (1938)—Gail Patrick and Warren William in a negligible melodrama about a district attorney, jealous husbands, murder, and a kiss before a mirror, which is analyzed at some length. James Whale directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 9.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with him and feels caught in a trap when Robinson is unexpectedly forced to go at a blackmailer (Dan Duryea) with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 2.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, and Elgin; Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. With Irene Papas. (Elgin; Dec. 7.)

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Sir Georg Solti conducts
the Chicago Symphony in an
all-Mendelssohn program.
Dec. 8

The American Ballet Theatre
performs "Billy the Kid"
by Eugene Loring
and "Les Patineurs"
by Frederick Ashton. Dec. 15

Chester Mystery Play—
Medieval theatre
Dec. 22

"Cyrano de Bergerac"
performed by The American
Conservatory Theatre of
San Francisco. Dec. 29
(Repeat)

The Merce Cunningham
Dance Company
Jan. 5

William Gillette's
"Secret Service"
Phoenix Repertory Company
of New York Jan. 12

Childhood Series, premiere
Rudyard Kipling's
"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"
Ingrid Bergman hosts. Jan.

Childhood Series
"A Great Day for Bonzo"
by H. E. Bates.
Jan. 26

Childhood Series
"Easter Tells Such Dreadful Lies"
by Barbara Waring.
Feb. 2

Childhood Series
George Ewart Evans'
"Possessions."
Feb. 9

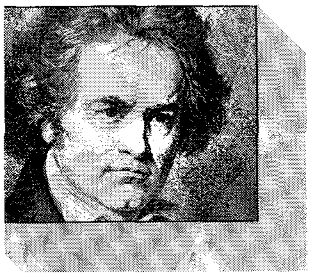
Childhood Series
Frank O'Connor's
"An Only Child."
Feb. 16

The Martha Graham
Dance Company
Feb. 23 (Repeat)

Teresa Stratas in
Richard Strauss' opera
"Salome" with Karl Böhm and
the Vienna Philharmonic.
Mar. 2

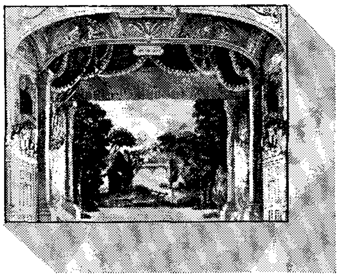
Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich
conducts and solos in an
all-Haydn program. Mar. 9

The Dance Theatre of Harlem
Mar. 16



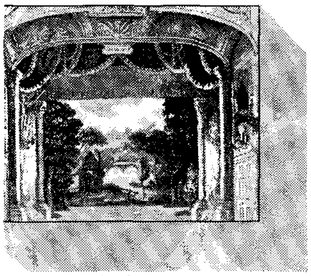
Herbert von Karajan and
the Berlin Philharmonic.
Beethoven's Symphony No. 5
and Bach's Suite No. 2.
Mar. 23

The City Center Joffrey Ballet
Works by Arpino, Joffrey
and Jooss.
Mar. 30 (Repeat)



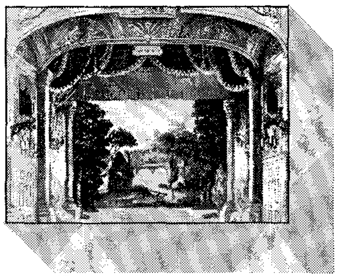
Chester Mystery Play—
Medieval theatre
Apr. 6

Twyla Tharp & Dancers
perform "Sue's Leg—
Remembering the Thirties."
Apr. 13 (Repeat)

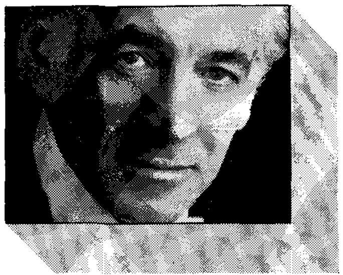


Theater in America
Apr. 20

"New Directions in Dance"
with Pilobolus Dance Theatre
Apr. 27

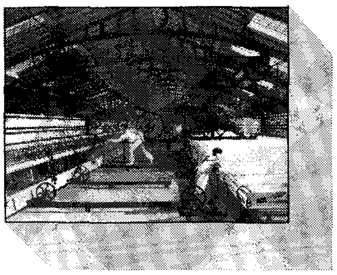


Theater in America
May 4



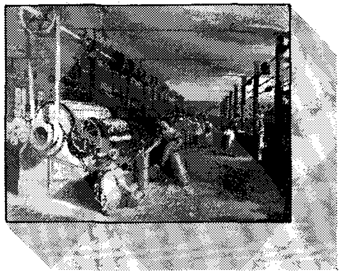
Leonard Bernstein
and the Israel Philharmonic
in Mahler's
"The Song of the Earth."
May 11

"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens.
May 18



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens.
May 25

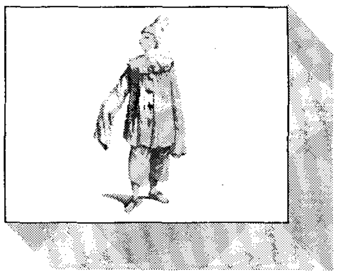
"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens.
June 1



"Hard Times"
by Charles Dickens.
June 8

Leonard Bernstein and the
Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Liszt's "A Faust Symphony"
June 15

"Trailblazers of Modern Dance."
June 22



The opera classic "I Pagliacci."
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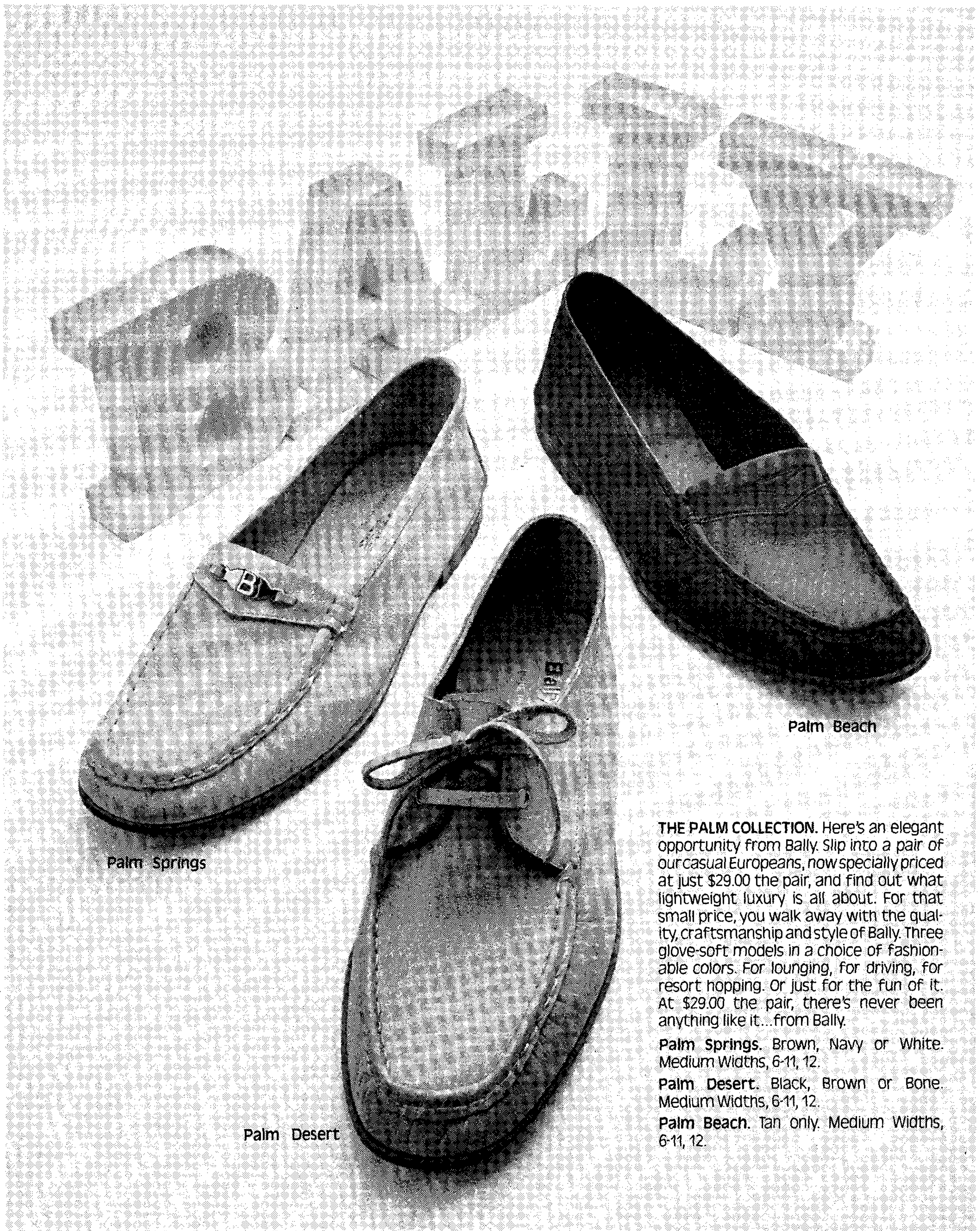

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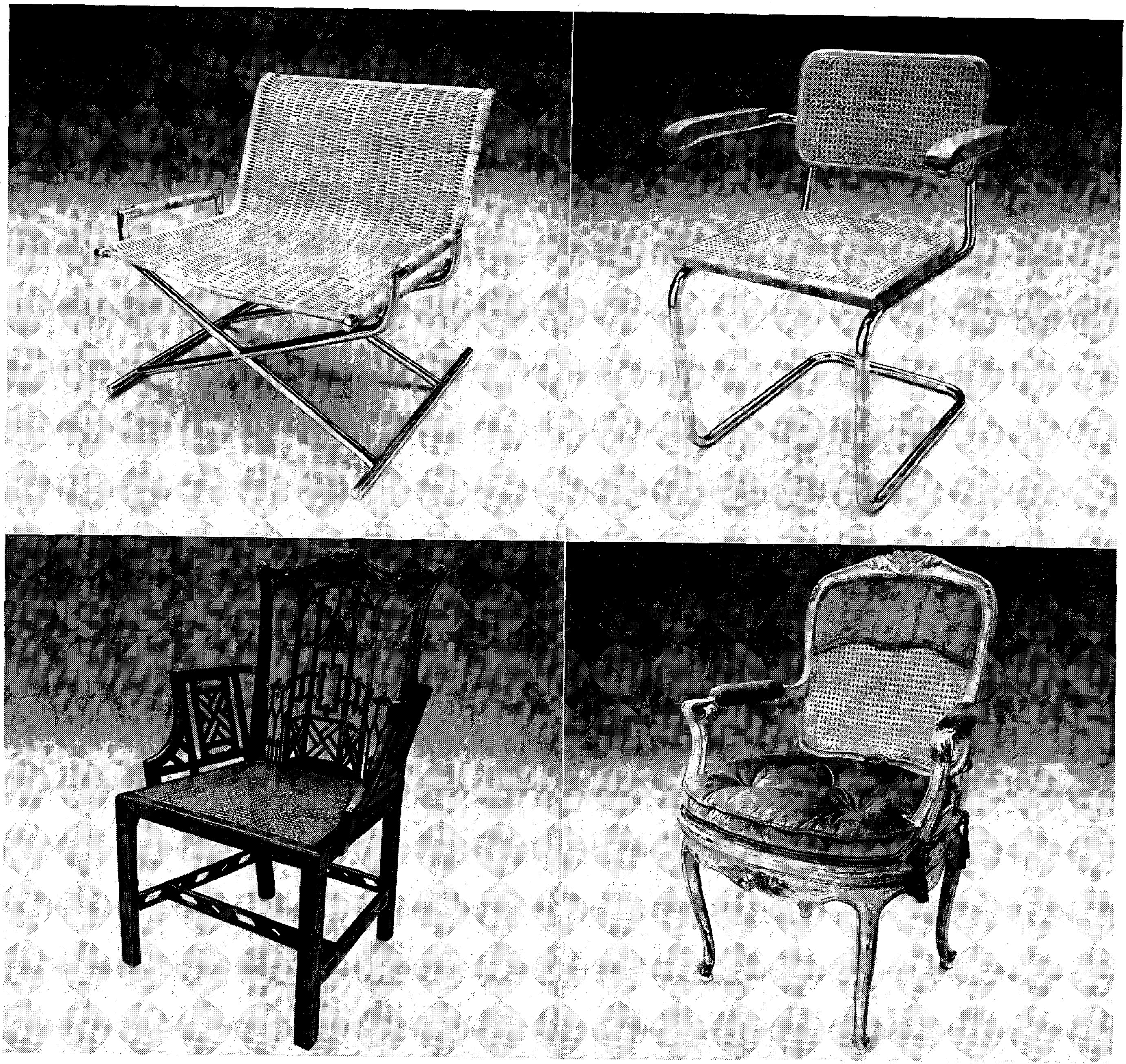

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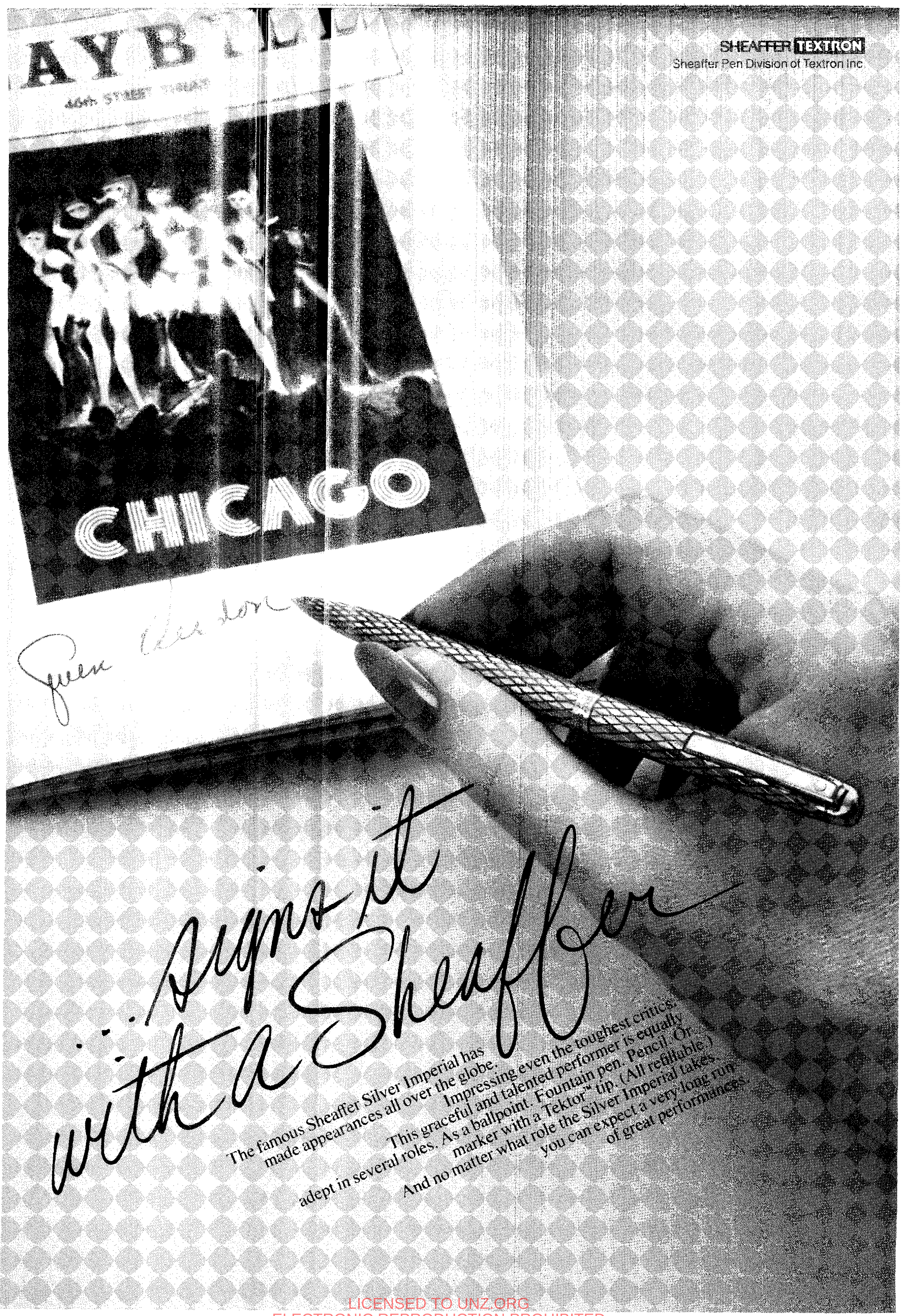
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the most dubious traditions of the press is the "honeymoon" it accords incoming Presidents. Apparently, the tradition grew out of a desire on the part of newspaper publishers in days past to use their own power sparingly at that stage, and give any new President a chance to get the nation's affairs in hand before criticizing him. Such a desire to be fair, while commendable, is a risky abdication of journalistic responsibility, for the earliest acts of a President—or a President-elect—are often the most crucial ones he will make, which determine the shape and direction of his Administration. The most recent example of the danger of press-and-President honeymoons was the one given to Richard Nixon at the start of his first term. Despite his record of malice and untrustworthiness during nearly twenty-five years of public life, the press looked the other way after he took office—not for its usual three or four months but for ten months. Over that period, the Nixon Administration initiated some of its most destructive policies—paying off the racist debts it had incurred in carrying out the Southern strategy of the election campaign, nominating to the Supreme Court the first of its right-wing members, undermining the Bill of Rights, and giving various government intelligence agencies nearly unfettered powers to spy on and harass anyone whom they considered politically suspect.

In the next few weeks, President-elect Jimmy Carter will make some of his most crucial decisions—mainly in the selection of his Cabinet. If he gives its members the authority that he has repeatedly promised, his choices will be more significant than usual, and should be more critically examined by the press than usual. One of the most powerful Cabinet members, of course, is the Secretary of the Treasury. According to a recent article in the *Times*, Hamilton Jordan—Carter's young campaign manager, who is now head of the search for people to staff the upper levels of the new Administration—"emphasized Mr. Carter's desire to reassure the business community about his general economic policies by appointing a Secretary of the Treasury who would be an effective 'bridge' to the corporate and financial worlds." It was important, Jordan went on, to make sure that this post, and the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers and the directorship of the Office of Management and Budget, be filled with people who "will be generally acceptable in aggregate to the business community." The new Secretary, he added, was "likely to be someone from the business community." Carter seems to have the problem backward. In the light of the widespread corruption in the business community typified by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's wholesale bribery of foreign-government officials, the multitude of illegal corporate donations to members of Congress and to the Nixon campaign committee, and the public's growing mistrust of American business practices, it would be more appropriate for Carter to demand that the business community restore public confidence in itself. The only way that any President can gain the confidence of that community is by turning the country over to it lock, stock, and cash register. Above all, though, if Carter chooses businessmen to control the government's economic affairs, he will break the solemn vow that he made so often during his campaign for the Presidency: to help lift the burdens of unemployment, inflation, and unfair taxes from blacks, the poor, and ordinary lower-middle-class citizens. These people—especially black people, who carried the South for him—made Carter President. He cannot serve them and the kind of Populism that he espoused during his campaign and serve the interests of the business community, too.

"Merchants have no country," said Jefferson. Since business is designed to make money, since high unemployment creates labor pools of idle workers who are willing to take lower wages, since inflation doesn't hurt the well-to-do much, and since the inequitable tax system in this country was imposed on it by the business community through compliant legislators, it seems unlikely that any Secretary of the Treasury from that community would attempt to help the people who elected Carter if that means reduced profits. A move not long ago by the largest company in the United States, and the world—the American Telephone & Telegraph Company—is a case in point. In the first three quarters of this year, A.T. & T. had record earnings of over a billion dollars. The other day, the New York Telephone Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of A.T. & T., proposed an increase in local telephone rates of nearly thirteen per cent—more than twice as much as the current rate of inflation. The revenue from such an increase would come close to four hundred million dollars—on top of rate increases of some three hundred and fifty million dollars in the past thirteen months. And yet everyone knows that companies and people are fleeing this city because of the mounting costs of doing business and living here. The situation is typical: businessmen, over and over and over, destroy their own markets in favor of short-term profits. In any event, businesses like A.T. & T. will have to be examined anew by any Secretary of the Treasury who hopes to stimulate the nation's economy and protect the helpless at the same time. Rather than be concerned about the business community's confidence, Carter would do well to be concerned about the people's welfare. He cannot satisfy the insatiable, but he can control them. To that end, he might consider a recom-

mendation made recently by Donald I. Baker, the present Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, who urged that all criminal violations of the antitrust laws be punished not by fines, as they are now, but by prison sentences of at least eighteen months, so that executives who are convicted of these crimes would serve at least six months. And the President-elect might even order that steps be taken to break up huge monopolies, like A.T. & T., when they demonstrate that they are incapable of serving the public interest. Such moves would bring him what he needs most—the confidence of the people who made him President.

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Literary Gathering

THERE was a party—a big party—in the Strand Book Store, at Broadway and East Twelfth Street, the other evening. The premises got more crowded than they ever do during business hours. Vast hordes of novelists, poets, and short-story writers pushed into the store. With them came wave after wave of essayists, anthologists, illustrators, critics, biographers, fantasists, editors, publishers, and booksellers—some fifteen hundred literary eggs, all in one basket. Though there was no room to breathe, everyone talked; though there was no room to move, everyone managed to propel himself to and from the improvised bars, where generous drinks were being poured. It was a very good party.

An important fact about the Strand, which is the biggest secondhand book shop in town, is that it buys review copies of new books—buys them for a quarter of the cover price (and sells them for half the cover price). With this aspect of the Strand's operations in mind, one book reviewer at the party shook the hand of Benjamin Bass, the store's founder, and said to him dryly, "Thank you for putting my son through Yale." The review-copy department of the Strand is presided over by Burt Britton, a bearded, gruff-voiced ex-Marine from Brooklyn. For years, Britton has been getting writers and poets to do little drawings of themselves, and now more than seven hundred of them have been collected into a new book, "Self-Portrait: Book People Picture Themselves," the publication of which (by Random House) was the occasion for the party. The book sells for $12.50 in hardcover—or $6.25 if you can manage to pick up a review copy at the Strand. There's also a paperback edition. Not many of the drawings are "good," but nearly all of them are interesting, the way juvenilia and baby pictures and doodles are interesting. "Only one guy could review this book and do it right," Burt Britton told us. "I'm talking about Sigmund Freud."

We asked Britton how the whole thing got started, and he said, "Fifteen years ago, I was working as a kind of maître d' at the Village Vanguard, and Norman Mailer was there late one night. We were trying to close up, but Mailer wanted another drink. All I wanted was to get out of there. I didn't know Mailer, but I did know the girl he was with, and she said, 'Burt, if you give him a drink, we *will* get out of here.' So Mailer said, 'Now what can *I* do for *you*?'—and the thing is, he meant it. I know it was a Tuesday. I know it was July. I know it was 4 A.M. But I don't know why I asked him to do a self-portrait. Freud would have to put me on the couch for years to get the answer to that one."

"How'd you get from the Vanguard to the Strand?" we asked.

"I lived here," he said. "This place was like a sanctuary to me. Thirteen years ago today, when J.F.K. was shot, this is where I went to try and clear my head. To me, the Strand feels like the safest place in the world. It calms me. They kept asking me to work here. They'd say, 'What the hell, you're here all the time anyway, you might as well get paid for it.' One day, I said, 'O.K., I'll try it. Two weeks.' It's nine years later and I still haven't made up my mind."

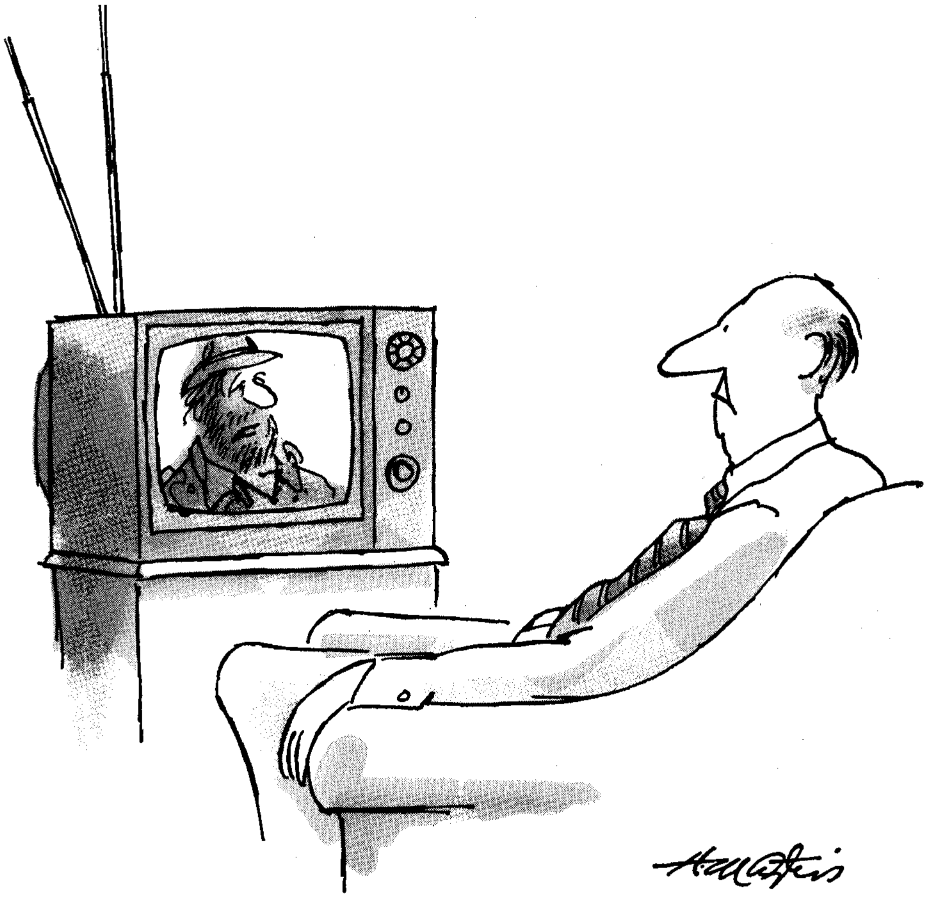
Quilts

QUILTING originated in Egypt more than five thousand years ago, was used later in clothing in Persia and the Middle East, and was probably brought to Germany and England by the Crusaders. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the designing and sewing of quilts became a distinctive folk art in this country, where it flourished on farms and in agricultural communities. Many of these coverings were made by mothers to keep their children warm in cradle or crib, or by the children themselves to keep their dolls warm. Little girls on farms began to sew at the age of four or five, and at six were sorting out squares of calico and stitching them together in various patterns. Cotton was the staple, but silk and satin remnants and other odds and ends were also used. Standard designs were the Star of Bethlehem, the Log Cabin, Baby's Blocks, and Chinese Coins. The Star of Bethlehem ordinarily consisted of diamond shapes of solid-color fabrics alternating with calico prints. The Log Cabin was generally a center square surrounded by narrow rectangular strips in contrasting light and dark colors. Chinese Coins had nothing to do with Chinese coins. A typical example might be multicolored horizontal bars alternating with vertical stripes of maroon or navy blue. A child's quilt might call for several thousand stitches, and might take a year or longer to make. Patchwork quilting began to taper off in the late eighteen-hundreds, with the advent of the sewing machine and the decline of farm life. Old crib quilts have now become collectors' items, used less to keep Baby warm than as decorative hangings or, framed, as "pictures."

This information came our way in the course of a visit to "A Child's Comfort: Baby and Doll Quilts in American Folk Art," an attractive and varied loan exhibit at the Museum of American Folk Art of sixty-four quilts made between 1830 and 1976, mostly in Pennsylvania, New York, and New England. At the show, we fell in with and were copiously briefed by Josephine Rogers, a museum guest curator, quilter, and teacher of quilting, who, along with Bruce Johnson, the museum's late director, selected the exhibits after looking at five hundred possibilities. (The lenders include antique shops and galleries, private collectors, the Chase Manhattan Bank, the Shelburne Museum, the Newark Museum, and the Bedford Historical Society.) Crib quilts, we gathered, were an expression of a mother's concern for the physical and emotional well-being of a child. Maiden aunts made them for fairs and charities. Colors were important, because they might be the child's first visual experience. The noncommittal word "Baby" was often worked into quilts by pregnant women. Fuzzy three-dimensional animal toys were sometimes quilted into a spread—an old toy is very reassuring to a child at night. "Women who made quilts had an intuitive sense of color, design, and workmanship," Ms. Rogers said. "They didn't intellectualize—they *felt*. Heavy quilts were put on the floor as padding for infants too young to crawl; they can now be used as small rugs, or shawls, or by hikers and campers. But the primary purpose of most small quilts was to cover a sleeping baby."

We paused before a throw listed as "Crazy Quilt (Bennington, Vermont, circa 1880)—Multicolored silk, velvet and brocade heavily embroidered with animals and flowers. Hexagonal maroon velvet center motif with hand-painted rose," and our guide said, "A crazy quilt is not at all crazy. It contains tiny crazily shaped scraps of fabric arranged to produce a harmonious whole, with an even distribution of light and dark colors. It may have forty or fifty types of needlework. It sometimes has a fringe, or a velvet border. Today, it's usually slung over something—a piano, a settee. Really a showcase of a woman's stitchery."

Ms. Rogers, who made one of the quilts in the show, gives once-a-week courses in quilting, for women and an occasional interested man, at the Parsons School of Design, at the Stuyvesant Adult Center, and at the Adult Program in Great Neck. She was born and reared in Los Angeles, came here in the mid-sixties as a fashion designer, and switched to making quilts and quilted tapestrylike wall hangings five years ago. In collaboration with Holly Sidford and Susan S. Connor, she has written a book, "A Child's Comfort: Baby and Doll Quilts," which will come out early in December. She has run quilting bees in Central Park and elsewhere. She thinks New York is the cat's whiskers. "I like going to Delancey Street, where people sell ribbons, laces, embroidery threads, and all these cute little things that I like so much," she told us. One of her creations is a king-size quilt that was commissioned by the Federal Home Loan Bank of New York. "Since the bank mortgages people's homes, I designed a quilt of houses—windows and doors—with the bank's logo silk-screened, raised, and quilted in the center," she said. "There are twenty-five houses, appliquéd in bright primary colors. Six thousand stitches. I wanted it to be very happy. I had a wooden frame built for it. It hangs in the bank's reception area on the hundred-and-third floor of the World Trade Center building." No place for a sleeping baby.



"Season's greetings! I'm the old bum you often see panhandling on the corner of Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. As we approach the Christmas season, I hope you won't forget me. Just mail your dollars today to 'Bum—Christmas,' in care of this station."

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Einstein at the Met

A FRIEND of ours who believes there is still an avant-garde writes that he spent Sunday, November 21st, watching the Metropolitan Opera House catch up with the twentieth century. The Met's offering that evening, to a sold-out house, was the American première of "Einstein on the Beach," an opera by Robert Wilson and Philip Glass, and our friend saw not only the performance but a good bit of the backstage activity that led up to it. Here is his report, in the somewhat aleatoric style that the occasion seemed to warrant:

Sunday, 8:05 A.M. Arrive at main stage entrance and walk right through. Guard thinks I look avant-garde? Huge stage area aswarm with upward of eighty people. Carpenters nailing flats, painters touching up a life-size locomotive, prop people checking prop lists, stagehands rigging drops and laying gray linoleum in long sheets on the stage floor, electricians manning lights and light panels, sound people tending a vast array of electronic sound equipment in the orchestra pit. The score of "Einstein" is by Philip Glass, leading young composer, who uses a combination of live and amplified sounds. He is putting in four tons of equipment, including speaker towers at either side of the stage and speaker clusters across the top of the proscenium. Shouldn't be any problem hearing the music. The visual aspects of "Einstein" (can't speak of "libretto" here) are by Robert Wilson, stager of predominantly nonverbal epics and slow-paced amazements such as "A Letter for Queen Victoria" (performing time: three and a half hours), "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin" (twelve hours), and "KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE" (one hundred and sixty-eight hours). First time Wilson and Glass have worked together, but the word is that Glass's music, with its repetitive phrases by voices and musical instruments, all amplified, is the natural counterpart of Wilson's hypnotic, dreamlike stagecraft. Their opera, which comes fresh from a triumphal tour of seven European cities, lasts four hours and forty-five minutes. It will have two performances at the Met, the first tonight and the second a week from tonight.

8:15 A.M. Look for and find Gilbert Hemsley, listed in "Einstein" program as the man in charge of production coordination. A lighting designer and a professor at the University of Wisconsin ("I teach stage lighting and life," he says), Hemsley is a protean talent frequently called on by the Met and other theatres to be technical director of special events such as last spring's "Star Spangled Gala" at the Met or the forthcoming Inaugural Concert at the Kennedy Center in Washington—a man of abundant gifts and girth, abundant curly auburn hair, abundant good cheer, and abundant bounce. "There's been a slight change in scheduling," he tells me, smiling abundantly. "Phil Glass wanted the sound crew to start at 4 A.M. instead of 7 A.M., and after a little discussion they agreed. We had pink noise before eight." Pink noise, Hemsley explains, is a roar produced by revving up the sound system to ninety decibels in order to achieve the proper balances, and it sounds, he says, "like being in an I.R.T. local station when both the expresses go through at the same time." Glass, a brown-haired man in a dark-blue plaid shirt, is pleased with the way his music is going to sound at the Met. Wilson, who is tall and slim and has on a gray Shetland sweater over jeans, appears somewhat anxious. "I just can't get it into my mind how it's going to look here," he says, standing onstage and gazing out into the dimly lit sea of red plush and gilt. "I'm afraid people will miss the small movements. In 'Aida,' the gestures are all very big, but most of what we do is so small."

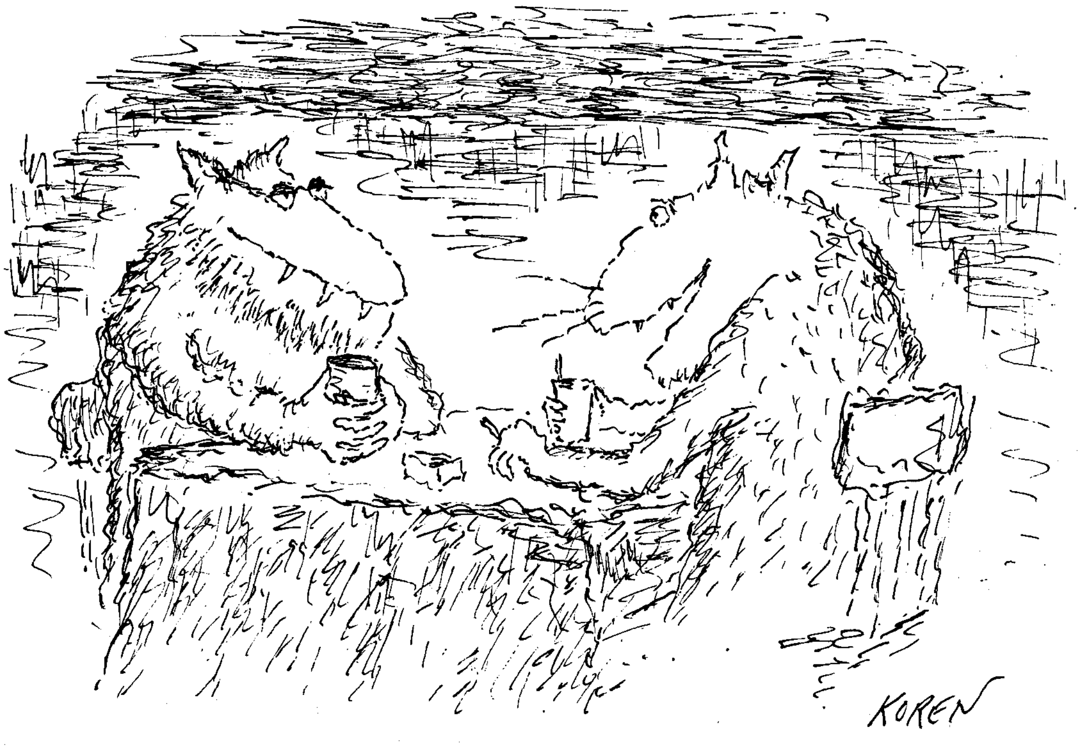
Sixteen stagehands go by carrying a twenty-four-foot-long rectangular box with one Plexiglas side. "There goes the rod of light," says Hemsley. "It flies, like everything else in this piece." Most of the stage properties for "Einstein" not only fly through the air but, like the rod of light, are also wired to light up. In most theatres, this would run afoul of jurisdictional codes involving, say, carpenters and electricians, but the Met department heads discussed the problems inherent in "Einstein" and worked out jurisdictions among themselves. According to Hemsley, the setting up of "Einstein" has gone "incredibly smoothly." The sets arrived on Friday morning, in two truckloads, and the daytime crew worked at assembling them, on a full stage to the right of the main stage, until three that afternoon. They had to stop at three in order to start getting ready for that evening's production of "Esclarmonde," the Massenet opera that was being given there for the first time. On Saturday, any work done on the "Einstein" set had to be done in moments between putting up and striking "Le Nozze di Figaro" (matinée performance) and "Lohengrin" (evening performance). At midnight, when "Lohengrin" ended, the night crew immediately started striking "Lohengrin" and simultaneously hanging the drops for "Einstein," and by 8 A.M. Sunday most of the hanging and flying items were secured and ready to go. What was left? Lighting, that's what.

"Bob makes scenery and lighting into active forces, not just backgrounds," according to Hemsley. "His lighting is a real participant in the stage action." In Europe, Wilson had several days in each city to set up and light the production; here he has just over seven hours, from 11 A.M., when the technical rehearsal is scheduled to begin, until 6:30 P.M., when the curtain goes up. Beverly Emmons, a pretty woman in a red sweater and a denim skirt, who is lighting designer of "Einstein," has been working with the lighting men since eight, getting them to focus the main sidelights on her as she stands on various parts of the stage. It is the first time she has worked at the Met, but that doesn't seem to bother anybody. "She's a real pro," the Met's head electrician observes. "You can tell right away."

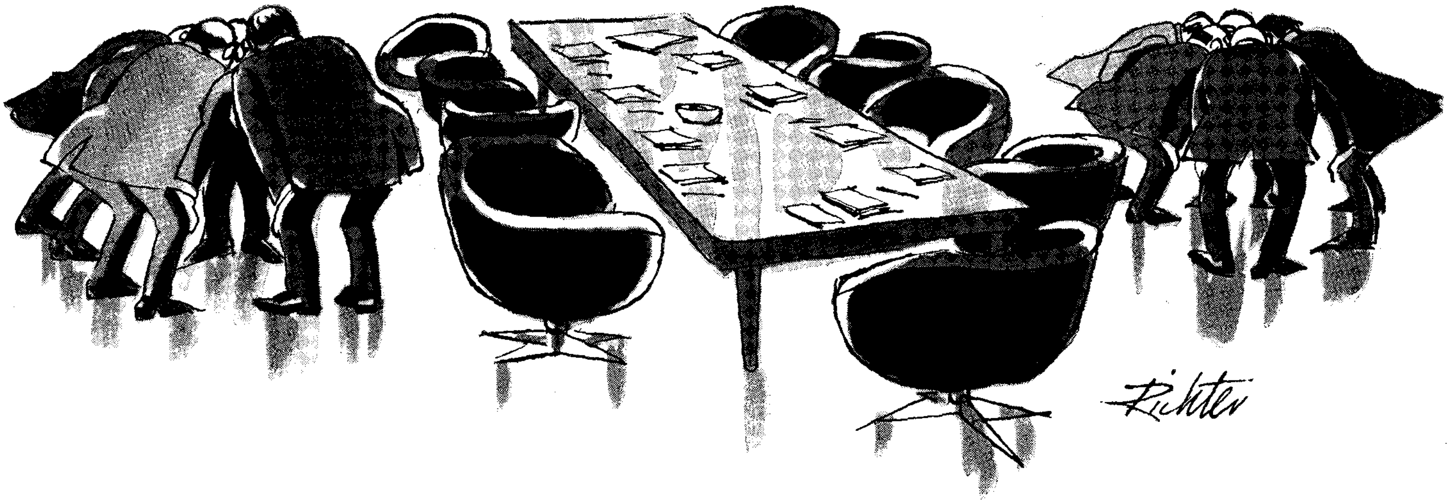
11:30 A.M. Go to watch the technical rehearsal from a box in the Grand Tier (Wealth! Power!), along with Benedicte Pesle, a Paris-based art dealer who was a prime mover in the European tour of "Einstein." She has seen the opera twenty-one times so far—in Avignon, where it opened last July, and subsequently in three other cities. "The best was Hamburg," she says. "There the coördination between the lighting and the sound was nearly perfect. The first night in Venice, at La Fenice, was a disaster—no coördination at all. Paris was O.K., but the stage at the Opéra Comique was too small. I think it is amazing that they have not been able to book a United States tour so far. Hamburg did it, Rotterdam did it, Amsterdam did it—what is the matter with your American cities?"

12:45 P.M. Technical rehearsal proceeding very slowly—too slowly. Hemsley, who flew over to Hamburg last month and saw two performances there, has worked out with Wilson and his stage manager, Julia Gillett, a complete master cue sheet including sound, lighting, property, and carpentry, which he has had Xeroxed and passed out in advance to each of the Met's thirty-five crew chiefs and assistants. Putting Wilson's lighting ideas into Met language has speeded things up a lot, but Wilson is too much of a perfectionist to stick to the plan. Nobody is stopping for lunch.

2:10 P.M. Meet Jane Hermann backstage. Jane Hermann works for Anthony Bliss, the Met's executive director, and has had a large hand in bringing "Einstein" to the house. How did that happen? "Jean Rigg kept bugging me about it all last spring," she says. Jean Rigg,



"Tell me about your first wife."



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who was then the administrator of Merce Cunningham and Dance Company, is a longtime admirer of Wilson and Glass. "She insisted that I come to an early runthrough in Lucinda Childs' loft"—Lucinda Childs is a featured performer—"and she called me from Avignon last summer to come over and see it there. I didn't go, but soon afterward Kathleen Norris, Wilson's administrator, came back with the French reviews, which were gorgeous. She wanted advice on how to get it produced in Manhattan—they really wanted Manhattan. They were thinking then of doing a week in a Broadway theatre, and we talked about how much money they were prepared to lose on that. Then, one night when we were sitting around O'Neals', across the street, I suddenly said, 'You ought to play at the Met.' It was just one of those dumb things. 'Einstein' *is* an opera, after all, and, considering its length and importance, it seemed to require the kind of institutional support that the Met could offer. The next day, after checking with our scheduling and technical departments I went in to Tony Bliss and put it to him. He didn't know much about this work, so he picked up the phone and called John Dexter, our director of production, who happened to be in London. John said, 'Hell, yes. It's the most exciting thing in Europe. Do it, by all means.' Dexter's been very supportive, and so has the entire Metropolitan staff. It's funny—I knew it was going to sell out here. When Bob asked me how I knew, I just said, 'Your time has come. The avant-garde has become official.' "

4:25 P.M. "We're going to have to cut it and go to the Spaceship at five o'clock," says stage manager Julia Gillett. "We're just not going to make it if we try to do every scene."

Wilson, on edge: "I knew this wasn't enough time to light the show."

Hemsley, backstage, tacking up a just-typed schedule of the playing time for each scene, so the stagehands who are not needed for ten minutes or so can grab a sandwich: "These people have been here since eight o'clock without even a lunch break, and not a single complaint. They all want it to be a great show."

5:12 P.M. The Space Machine (or Spaceship) moves downstage, propelled by an army of stagehands. A huge metal grid strung with thirty-two hundred three-watt light bulbs and providing, in front of the lights, three catwalks for performers to stand on, it is designed to make the people in the audience feel that they are travelling through space. The performers climb to their various levels, where musicians play into microphones, singers sing, dancers move their arms actively in front of the lights. Down below, crew chiefs shout instructions above the amplified din. In a sudden, unexpected silence, a stagehand calls out, "Tex, you want to look at my moon?"

6:00 P.M. Andy deGroat, the choreographer of "Einstein," paces off distances on the stage and makes small marks with yellow plastic tape. He has had just under four minutes' rehearsal time with his dancers on the stage today. "We've still got half an hour," he says. "Maybe I'll get another minute."

6:05 P.M. The performers are dismissed until six-fifteen. Beverly Emmons and Wilson keep on running light cues. A dancer in a flying harness practices his airborne entrances and exits, with four stagehands working the ropes. A prop woman in a threadbare jacket cleans the windows of a coffin-shaped "elevator" in which an actor will float through space in Act IV. Two painters move about the stage with long-handled brushes and cans of gray paint, touching up marks on the linoleum; people keep slipping in the wet paint or stepping over it with elaborate care. Nobody seems sore at anybody else.

6:30 P.M. The Metropolitan's front lobby is packed wall-to-wall with "Einstein"-goers. The ushers are not letting them in yet, because Wilson has not quite finished with last-minute details. Nobody sore out here, either. There is definitely the sense of an event. Le tout New York is present, and everybody knows at least twenty people. Most frequently overheard comment: "Didn't you see it in Avignon?"

6:50 P.M. Audience filing in. Chorus in the pit, singing the music for the "kneeplay" that precedes Act I. (There are five "kneeplays," which serve as liaisons, or joints, between the play's four acts and as prelude and coda.) Sheryl L. Sutton and Lucinda Childs, the principal performers, sit motionless at stage left, in front of a white square in a dark curtain.

7:40 P.M. From the wings, Hemsley cheerfully observes Andy deGroat's circling dancers onstage. "Looks good," he says. "Better than Hamburg." Early tomorrow morning, Hemsley leaves for Washington, D.C., where he will do the lighting for "Attila" (early Verdi) for the Washington Opera Society. Tomorrow morning, at the Met, a full dress rehearsal for "La Forza del Destino" starts at eleven. Tomorrow evening, the Met presents "Die Meistersinger." "The crew here is the best I've ever seen," Hemsley says fondly. "Five major productions in four days, including two premières, and they just take it in stride. By four o'clock tomorrow morning, you'll never know 'Einstein' had been here."

THREE PLACES

SMALL OAK PLACE

SWALLOWS glide hunting under the branches here, in the late afternoon. Rain flows east, when it comes. A dry ground most of the year, red, and shallow over stone. Every gray lives here, and changes like a cloud. The stones gather according to their kind. Waiting is here, no words, marjoram. Pink flowers of calamint, bees, seed heads so small that a blade of tawny grass hides them. Straw is native, and the smell of heat, and cracked bark. The yellow thistles first opened to an evening in summer, and to them morning is always a surprise. The clipped sheep hurried past in the mist at sunrise, with dew on them full of light.

Mice flow out of crevices, shadows have rabbits, snakes leave their skins among the stones. At noon, underfoot, it is pure night, trembling with the same cicada sound as the day.

Long ago some human being with an age came and thought to stay here, and decided where to put stones on top of each other, and which stones, and a roof over them. Nothing else is known of that person. Birth, name, face, death, friends. Above the stones there is the sky. In the summer, by the roofless houses among oak trees, plums can be heard falling into high grass a field away, hour after hour.

PROMONTORY

THE sea gleams all the way to the south horizon, on which there are two mountains, mirrors full of smoke. It is morning for all of us.

Lines of white foam are sliding in from the left hand. Breakers bright cerulean, and enamelled, in some places. Curled porcelain, alive. Sun after ten days of storm. Large waves, green, suddenly shouldering out of riding swells, and running forward. In other places, slate of a long roof of breath passing inland. Invasions, ages, generations of bright foam proceeding at the same time over coral, to coral sand, after innumerable changes and distances, continue to arrive at no arrival at all.

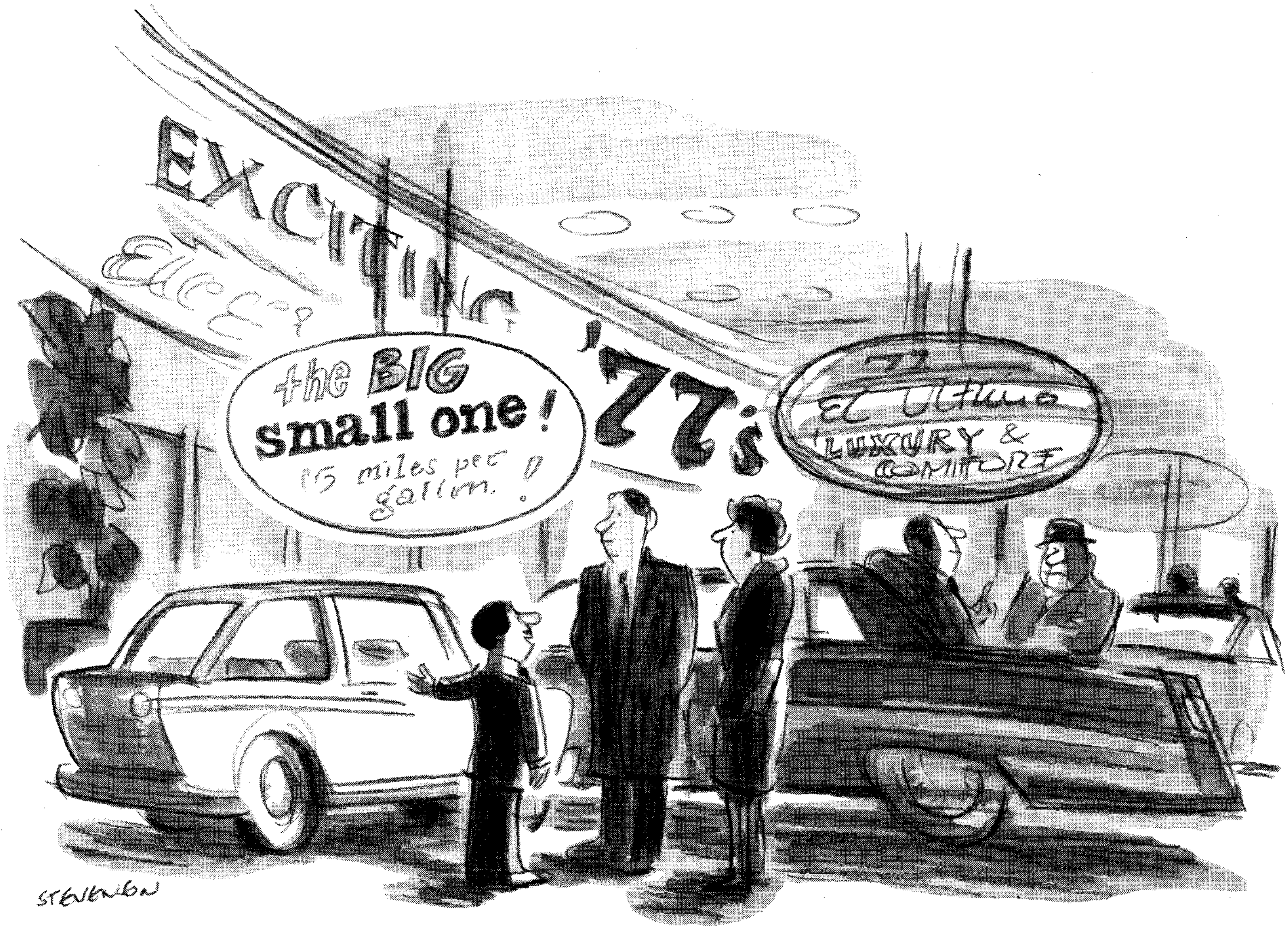
Over the foam a haze of blown spray is rising and moving landward to join heavy clouds against the mountains of the coast, to the right, on the west: green ridges straight up and down, regular as statues, not statues of anything. Steep foothills marbled with red that is erosion, a skin parted and drawn back without a word. Valleys opening, filled, where they widen out, with palms and banana trees, foam of leaves. Valleys of sunbeams between dark cliffs. Rows of sharp buttresses, necks of stone horses running together, flecked with lichen. Water rushing in white falls between them. The word palisade has gone around the world, echoing.

Clear east, blue east, mother of loud unseen wind without beginning, without name. Clouds gather on steep mountains, deepen, and their shadows blacken on dark, sharp, carved cliffs. They float through clefts. They fill high caves.

Two flat roofs, below, one on either side, hide parts of the sea. Neither roof is finished. A new tin chimney, on the one to the right, splashed with tar, is already turning the color of mist, a tower in our time. At the pace of the sea the rain is taking the mountains. Hammer sounds seem at first to be separate. Saw sounds run together. Rain disappears.

THE GREAT UNION

THERE was an old woman who lived by herself, up the hill—on Garfield somewhere, or Taylor, near where the paving had not reached—and made shirts that took a long time, so that people laughed about it. They were good shirts, though, it had to be said, and they ought to be. By hand. Like the ones she had made for her husband. There were people who said they remembered him, but if they asked the others who were present, it would turn out that they themselves were the only ones who had actually known him, which was halfway to his not having existed. Certainly she had pictures of him. If there had been any children they were long gone. Sometimes she came when the women's circle was having a sewing meeting, and it was always a surprise, and it was told about afterward as though the day had been an occasion. Because nobody knew what she would say next. She got cross and argued. They thought it was funny the way she remembered things that none of them had seen. And she took it for granted that they remembered those things, too, which was really what was funny. It was



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only a farm up there when she lived there, at one time. Before they started blasting the mines under the hill, and she heard them. Just grass and trees, then. Animals, and sheds with lamps.

SHE would walk fast, years later, farther than the neighbors ever walked, through the streets that had been fields and pastures and woods, on a snowy night before Christmas, with a shirt held out flat, in tissue paper, for a present, and a cake baked for somebody, and her cakes were famous for being bad. She never let anybody know she was coming. She would not go in. She never sat down or stayed. She was so thin they compared things to her, and she wore an old overcoat, and a round hat pulled down to her eyes in a way that people showed each other when she was mentioned. In the years to come, some would know, without being told, that she was dead, and some would suppose that it must be hard for people to remember her name—even the few still living who had known her.

She referred the passing weather to the great disasters. She spoke of the blizzard when it snowed. It never snowed like the blizzard. Did it? Not like the blizzard, though. And she meant '88. Or '85, whichever it was, they said every time. When nobody was born but one or two. And in the snowstorm she saw the church burn, in the terrible cold. The whole spire catching, and the snow shrinking back in a widening circle, and them crying. Then the bells fell out onto the stones and smashed like glass, and she always heard it. That was the year of the flood, too. It came after.

When the bells fell, that was the worst since the burning of the Great Union, she said, and they agreed. They said it themselves. They had heard it said. They knew it. What was the Great Union, and where? Nobody told. They looked away. Some nodded without meaning yes, and some shook their heads without meaning no. Even she had not seen it, whatever she might say. Unwatched by anyone alive, the immense white columns had bathed in flames, and dropped to their knees and faces in fire, reflected on all sides. The thousands of white candles hanging in rings of gold and crystal had melted and flown down through the high burning halls, onto the green marble, and the gilded roofs had hung for a moment on the heat like wings made by humans, and then had sprouted flames along cracks the shapes of lightning, and sagged and tilted, to shatter across beams and rafters, and splash into the piled fire. There was nobody to know whether it sank in land or water. It must have burned all night, all day. Night and day. There was nobody for it to belong to. The farm had not even been thought of. —W. S. MERWIN

•

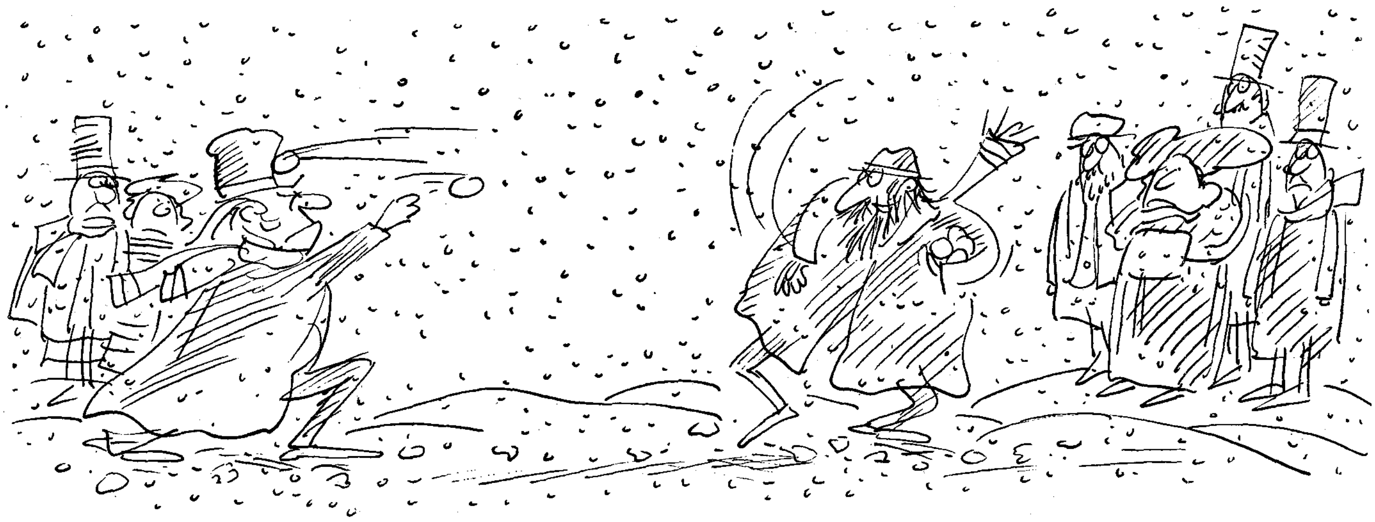
CALDER'S HANDS

In the little movie
at the Whitney
you can see them
at the center of the spell
of wire and metal:

a clumsy man's hands,
square and mitten-thick,
that do everything
without pause:
unroll a tiny rug

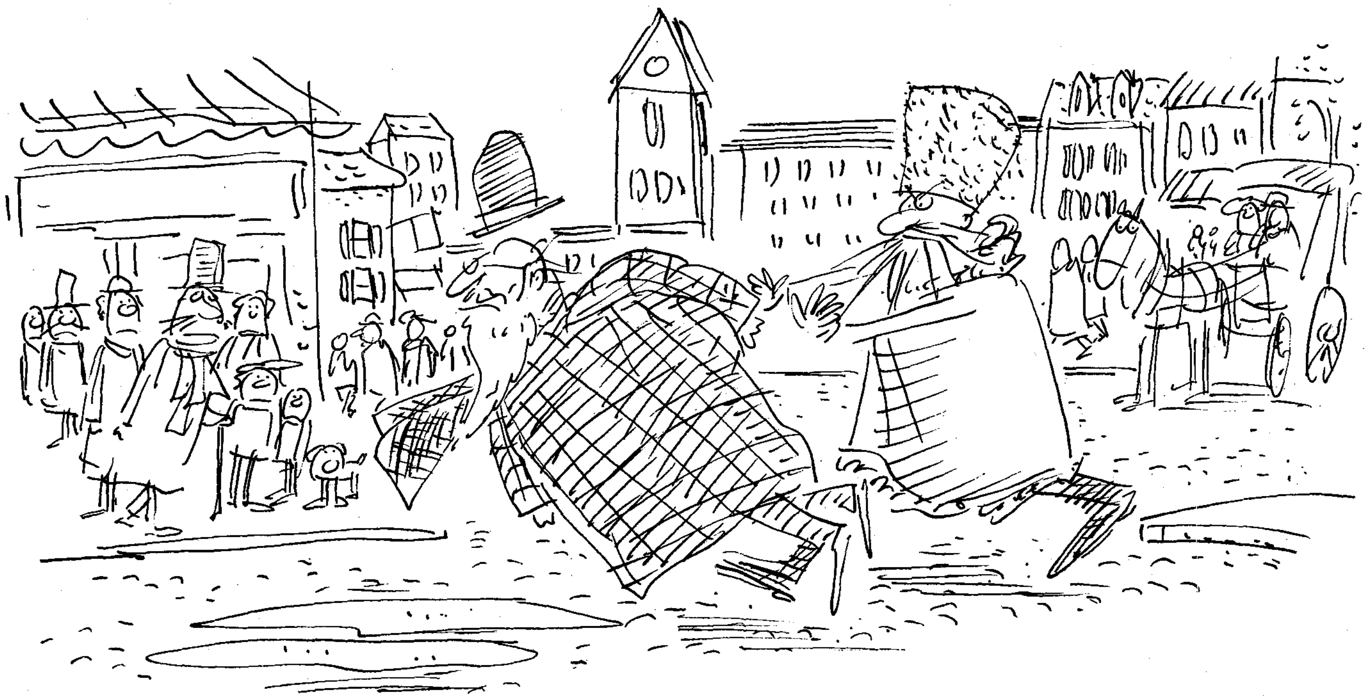
with a flick,
tug a doll's arm up,
separate threads.
These hands now dead
never doubted, never rested.
—JOHN UPDIKE

FAMOUS SPATS



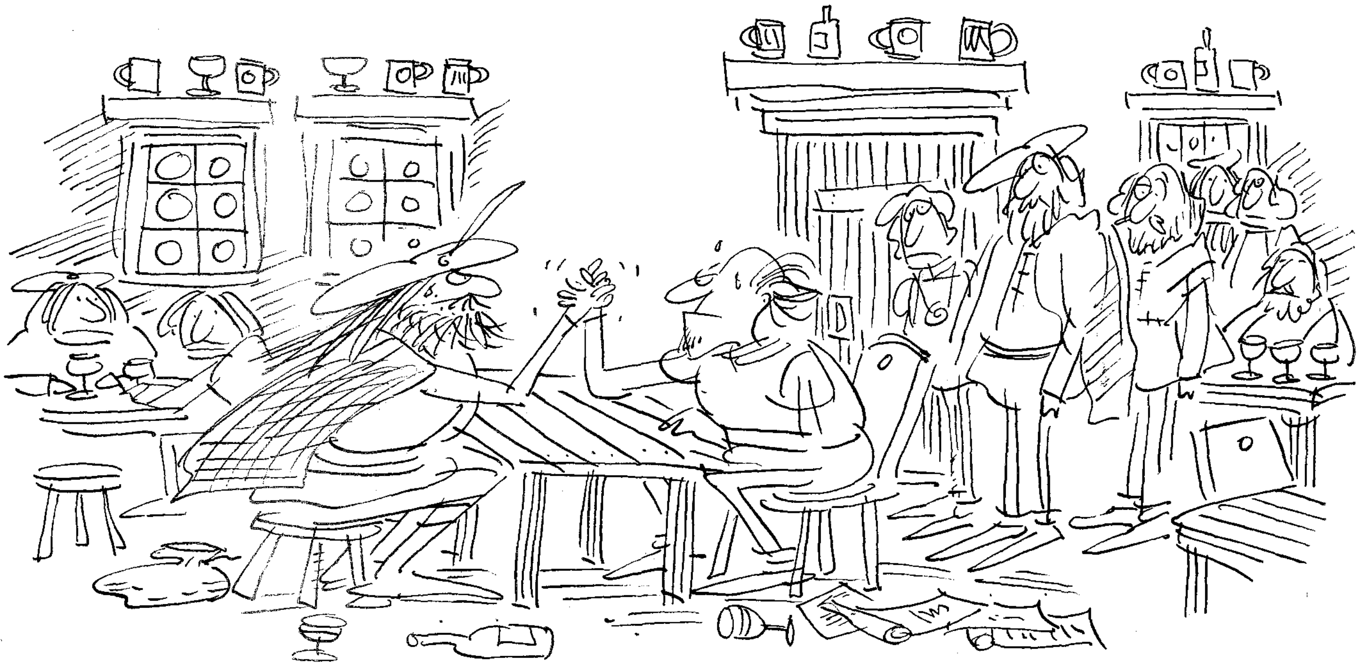
JAMES PELTS SANTAYANA

The celebrated snowball fight between George Santayana and William James began innocently enough. Santayana had earlier that week made an ill-natured crack about James' "Swedenborgian connection." James responded by suggesting that Santayana had fallen in love with another dead hypothesis. On a dark, slushy night, James spotted Santayana across the street and, on impulse, scooped up a handful of wet snow, compacted it, and sent a looper that splattered on the back of Santayana's neck. The ensuing battle lasted thirty minutes, with no clear victor. Santayana apparently bore no grudge. The worst he would say of James was that he recommended belief without reason and encouraged superstition. James, on the other hand, called Santayana decadent and an absolutist, adding, "And, furthermore, he throws like a girl."



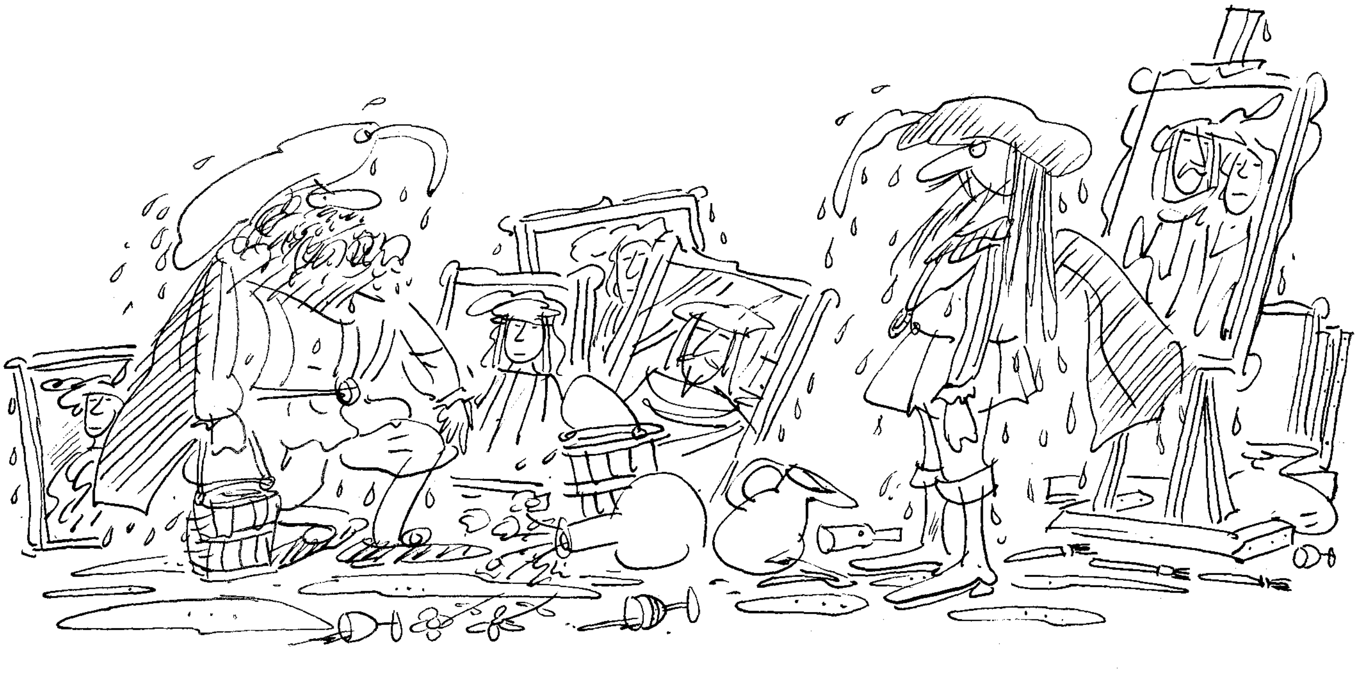
DOSTOEVSKI PUSHES DARWIN

An ugly incident between Fëdor Dostoevski and Charles Darwin was narrowly averted when they met in a Middle European capital. Unanticipated plot problems in the fifth chapter of "The Possessed" had made Dostoevski even more irritable than usual, and Darwin was still smarting from some unfavorable reviews of "Origin of Species." In addition, both men were upset by a mutual inability to pronounce the name of the city they were in. Dostoevski brushed lightly against Darwin as the two tried to pass on a narrow street. Darwin gave a hip fake to the right and then shoved Dostoevski's shoulder. Dostoevski pushed back hard, and Darwin tumbled into a puddle. At this point, Herbert Spencer, who was in town for the waters, walked up and introduced the two famous authors. The incident ended with handshakes and rather forced laughter all around. Dostoevski, however, immediately returned to Russia and never thought well of the West again.



THE ELIZABETHAN GRIP

Arm wrestling had hardly been invented when William Shakespeare and Sir Francis Drake met in a grudge match that lasted seventy-two hours and produced no clear winner. Drake had snored loudly through the second act of "Titus Andronicus," and Will was determined to defeat and humiliate him. Shakespeare had the advantage of youth, but Drake was in excellent shape from hoisting gold bars over his head. Essex officiated, and persuaded the Queen to declare a draw when neither man would yield. While they were wrestling, Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and, to show he was a good sport, Drake agreed to play the part of Titania.



RUBENS VS. VAN DYCK

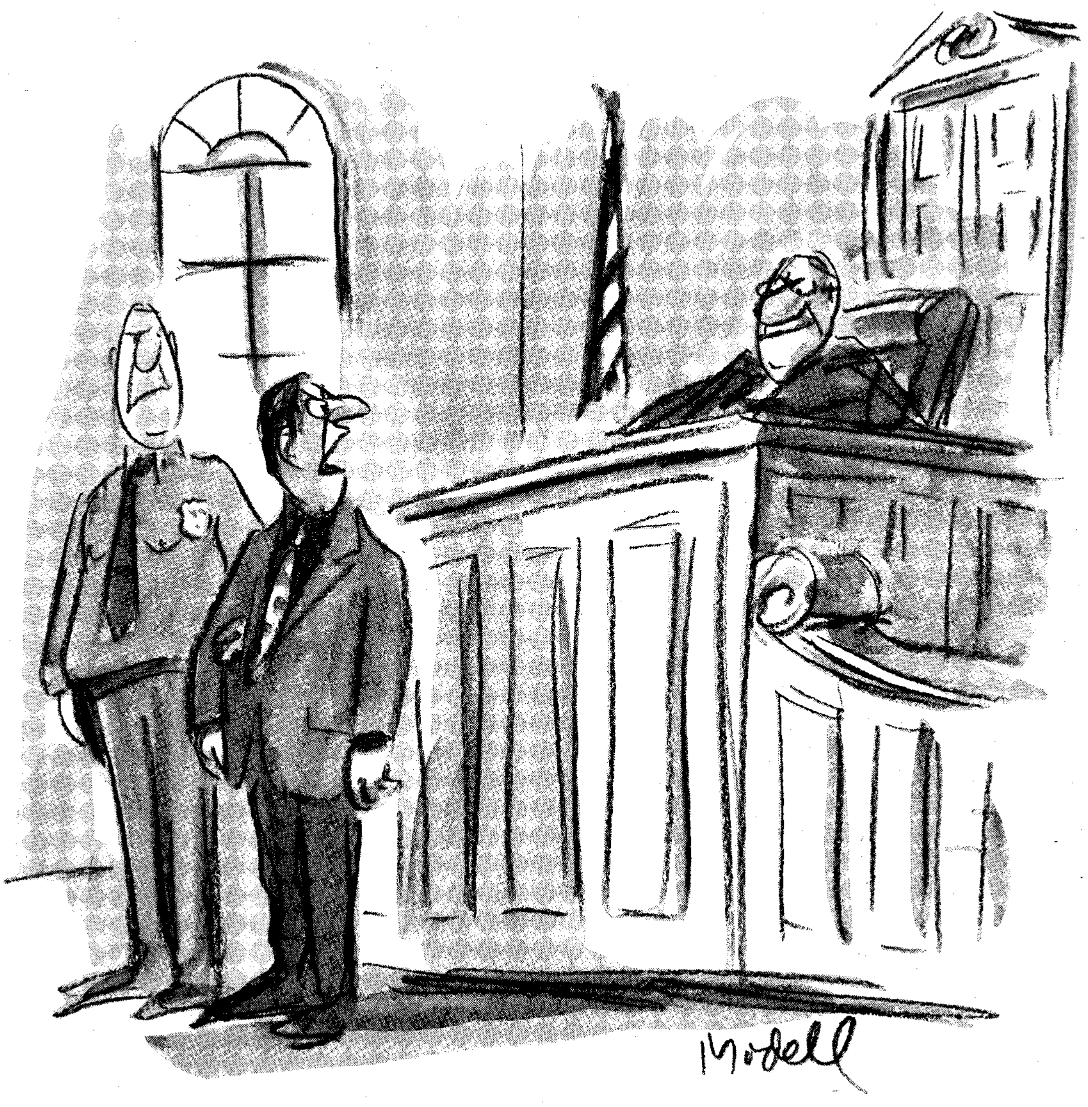
A good-natured drinking bout in the studio of Peter Paul Rubens turned into a free-swinging brawl when Sir Anthony Van Dyck characterized a recent Rubens work as "yet another platter of bauernwurst." Rubens poured linseed oil on Van Dyck's pink boots, and Van Dyck spattered varnish on Rubens' starched collar. When Van Dyck tried to clean his boots with Rubens' velvet cloak, Rubens tried to set fire to Van Dyck's beard. At this, Van Dyck left, but not before opening all the wine kegs, flooding the studio. Rubens got in the last blow, however, scoring a direct hit with a water bomb as Van Dyck left the building. "*Auf Wiedersehen*, painter of fat women!" yelled Van Dyck. "Fat," replied Rubens, "but *real*." This was their last meeting.

—DEAN VIETOR

REMEMBERED LETTERS

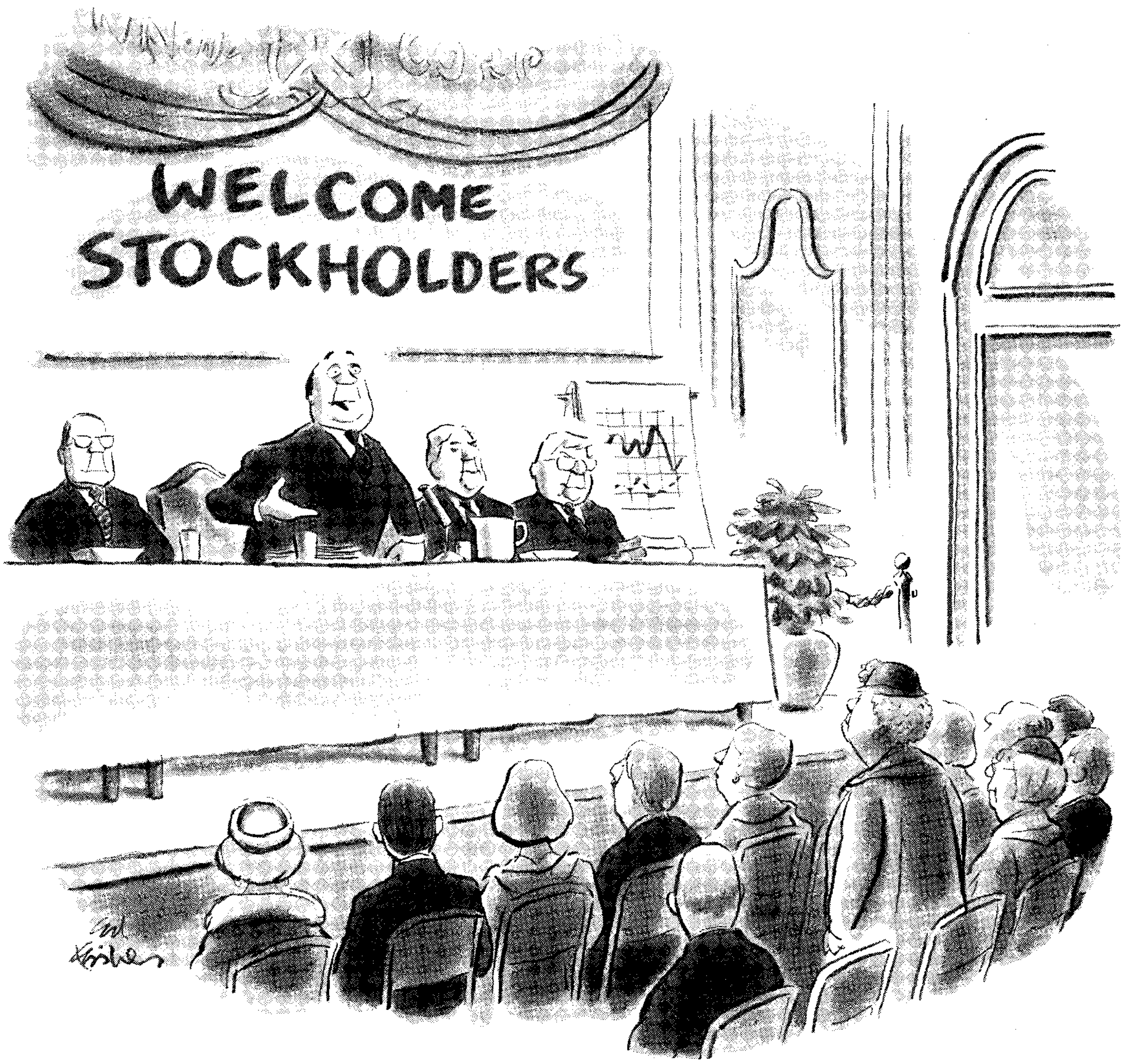
WHEN I was thirteen, I wrote to the Dalai Lama. I had been ill (more seriously than I knew), and in the weeks while I recovered my strength I read all the books on Tibet my mother could find in the local libraries. It was "Lost Horizon" that started me off—a paperback edition with a broken spine. The only other title I recall is "Twenty Years in Tibet." Once while I was alone in the house, I tried my hand at carving butter. Before anyone came home, I smoothed the butter back in its oblong dish and put it away. A natural linguist (my father had me taught French and German by the Berlitz method), I wondered, and worried, about the correct pronunciation of "*Om mani padme hum.*" This was years before mantras were to become everyday in the Western world. In a magazine I found a color photograph of a lotus flower. I pinned it to my bedroom wall and stared at it, imagining the jewel it contained. My dressing gown doubled as a monk's robe. When I was almost better and allowed to get up, I wrote my letter. It was short and reverential, and it contained, between my greeting and my homage, a polite request for an English-speaking pen friend. I searched in Pears Cyclopaedia for the correct mode of address for the Dalai Lama. The information was lacking, though I did learn, should I ever need to know, how to address a viscount, a marchioness, or the Archbishop of Armagh. I settled for "My Lord," and hoped to be forgiven if I had committed a solecism—the Dalai Lama was, I understood, a boy of my own age. On the envelope, beneath his title, I wrote, "The Potala Palace, Lhasa, Tibet." There was consternation at the post office. Nobody knew what to charge, Tibet not being listed under international postal tariffs. I asked for stamps appropriate for China, and added three more halfpenny stamps, which, if memory serves, in those days were a pleasant emerald green. "It will never get there," the counter clerk told me. "The country's not listed." But I mailed the letter, confident that the extra postage would generate a sense of urgency and expedition in the mail. Indeed, it was eight and a half months before my letter was returned to me, marked "Undeliverable." It had been a particularly severe winter, I concluded, and the Sherpa team had not got through. By now I was fit and well and interested in cricket.

AT eighteen (cricket having palled), I fell in love and began to write poems. My poems were tactile. My ample girlfriend wore improbably thick coats, but in the local gallery there was a statue one could handle. The girl respected me for my mind, to which verse (not only my own) adhered like summer bugs to a flypaper. She gave me—and for this I forgave her her coats—the "Collected Poems 1909-35" of T. S. Eliot. At school I had been given the impression that Tennyson had been the last, the very last, of English poets. I wrote to Mr. Eliot, at Faber & Faber, to let him know that I, too, was practicing the art. My letter was written in violet ink on magenta paper and was sealed in an envelope of faded burgundy. I wrote to him as an equal, in a copperplate hand I taught myself from advertisements for Player's No-Name tobacco. The writing made exquisite use of the space available. I put Eliot right on a few points concerning some snatches of French verse he'd filched. All very well, I said, but it should be quoted exactly, if at all. On the other hand, I said, I defended him against my father's criticism that there was no *particular* way in which a madman shook a dead geranium. (Madmen, my father had said, would shake a dead geranium, or dead gerania, in much the same fashion as sane men would. "You miss the essential point," I'd told my father.) It was a very long time before I heard from Eliot. He sent my letter back, having made pencil squiggles in my margins.



"What makes you think you're so hot?"

"Deliberate" and "Derivative," he marked against my reference to Laforgue. "Thank you," he wrote adjacent to the word "geranium." By this time, I had a sense of my callowness. The copperplate looked as false as it was, and the violet ink made me sorrowful. Eliot had been kind to me. I was grateful to him and scathing of myself. I put the letter between the pages of Volume II of my father's Modern Carpenter, Joiner and Cabinet-maker, where all the important family documents—birth certificates and such—were kept. I think of it whenever Eliot is mentioned. I thought of it the day I stood in his office at Faber & Faber (he'd been dead several years; I never met him), and I wondered if he had stood at the window for a moment trying to decide whether to toss the magenta sheet away or spare me a minute of his life. I could hear the sound of horse's hooves on cobbles somewhere outside in Bloomsbury. The day he died—the moment of his death, as I discovered later—I was driving past Pevensey Castle on my way to visit a poet in Rye. That evening, I called in at my father's house and asked to see the letter. It had been lost. We looked in every volume of the encyclopedia, and found a dozen or so photographs and newspaper clippings to remind us of times past. But the letter, inexplicably, had gone. I still have the girl (I married her) and the book she gave me. I wish I had the letter. I think that every so often, apropos of nothing in particular, I would have thought of it, looked at it, put it away.



"Madam, do *we* look like men who'd be insensitive to the needs of the consumer public?"

• •

GOUGH ISLAND is in the South Atlantic, not quite halfway from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn. It is a British possession. The summer of my graduation from Cambridge, I was invited to join the university scientific survey of the island, which at the time was uninhabited. My task would have been to write the book of the expedition—the chatty human-interest story, that is, not the grim stuff about plants, rocks, creatures, and climate. I turned down the offer. I was getting married in the middle of August, and the bridesmaids' dresses were already cut out and tacked. However, I did my bit to help the preparations. For example, I carried quantities of rope from an upper room at the Scott Polar Research Institute down to the street. The rope was loaded into the back of a green 1927 Morris "bullnose" owned by my friend Roger, the expedition's geologist. (Roger, had he not gone to Gough Island, would have been best man at my wedding.) Home from our honeymoon in the Tyrol, I wrote a letter to Roger, telling him what he was missing by not staying in England. He'd missed, for example, the film "Genevieve" and some notable batting performances by Denis Compton in the county cricket championship. The address on the envelope looked stark: after Roger's name I wrote, "Gough Island, South Atlantic." On second thought, I added, "Near Tristan da Cunha." Needless to say, the letter was never delivered. Nor was it returned to me. I do still have the letter Roger wrote to me, though. The envelope would be of special interest to philatelists, having Tristan da Cunha stamps cancelled with the expedition's own marks. Roger didn't tell me a great deal, apart from the fact that the little party of scientists dined off a wandering albatross on Christmas Day. But when I grow maudlin and loquacious after a few drinks, I have a way of regaling the company with information about Gough Island. I give long, graphic, and detailed descriptions of the rugged terrain, the lofty cliffs,

THE FRENCH NIGHT

Seeing them merely moving from the car
to the fine ambiguity of woods,
where you know road somewhere stops being road
and begins, in the half-light, being night,
you know, of course, what you have always known:

never will there be darkness quite like this.
Even before the night has wholly fallen,
what you sense, not yet saying how you sense it,
is the burden of dusk finding their shoulders,
the scent of French verbs heavy on the air,

the particular texture of the evening
in that province whose name you think you know
but wish neither to tell yet nor be told,
the wilderness beginning to unravel,
darkness, but more than darkness, coming down.

But the car, moments later, where the roadsides
take a momentous turn to something else,
that something else which shall not yet be named,
seems no longer the means by which they came,
vague in a foreground overwhelmed with vagueness;

the woods, if one is certain they were woods,
doubling in fever, chill, have passed from woods
into a wisdom bordering on strangeness,
their dark the darkness of the still unentered
whose name, of course, remains to be disclosed;

and the road, which in French is not a road
but the articulation of becoming,
leading out of before and into after,
places them neither there nor there but here,
the sum of what you know and need to know.

Who they are, where they travel, why the dark
assumes dimensions, fluent on their shoulders,
darkness has never quite assumed before,
has to do with the French, with the French night,
with what one knows, what one has always known:

never will there be darkness quite like this,
the car, stricken with shadow, not a car,
the woods, profoundly altered, more than woods,
the road, at some extreme, transcending road,
that darkness more than darkness coming down.

Not really certain where they may be going,
not even certain they wish to be certain,
they move, step from the car, evening to evening
ask of evening only that it come down,
only that possibility assail them

in that far reach of field in French called lives,
ready to bear the strangeness of their breathing,
to approach the name of the ground they stand on,
waves of the French night breaking, wave on wave,
and context, context, all night coming down.

—HERBERT MORRIS

* *

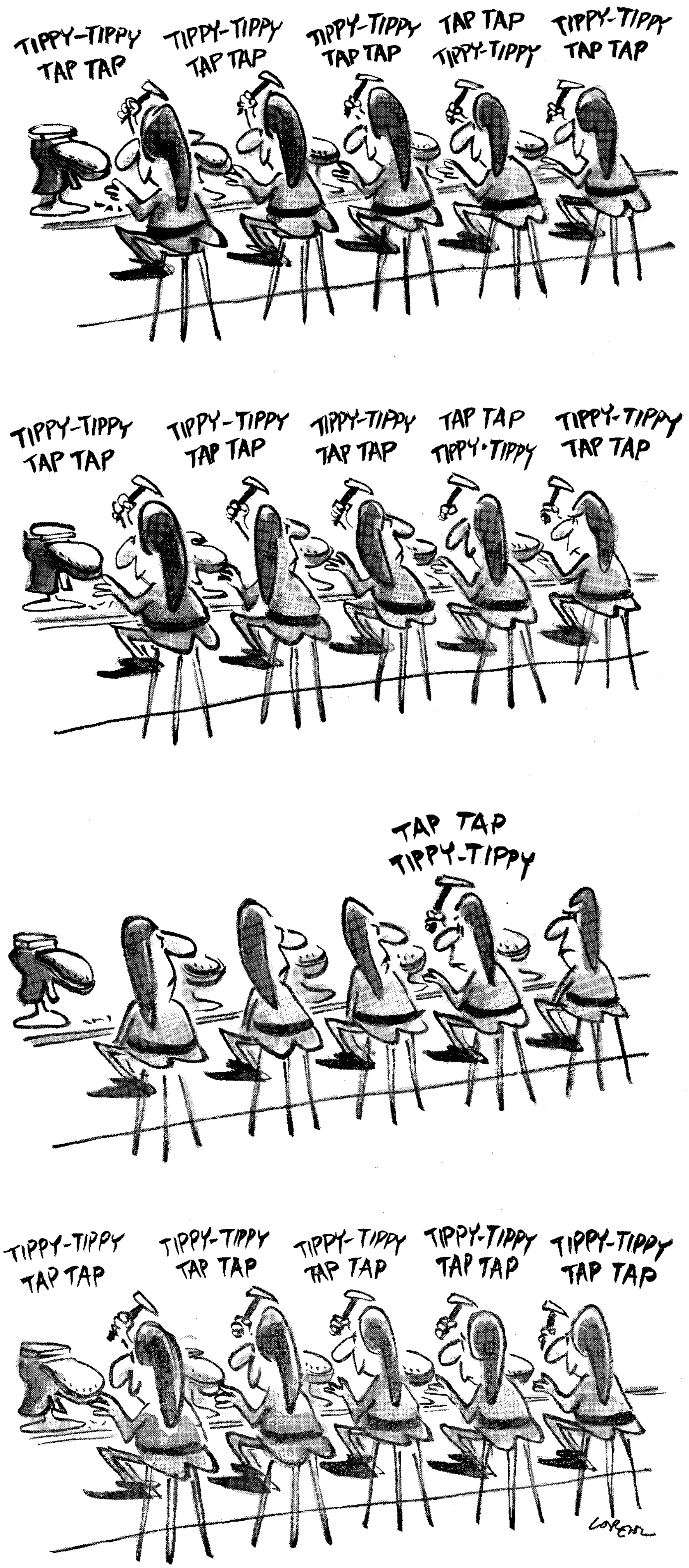
the Hag's Tooth mountain. There are plants that grow there and nowhere else. There are mice—ordinary little house mice—which must have come ashore when Captain Gough made his landfall in the mid-eighteenth century. I can't remember where I learned these facts. I suppose they *are* facts. Oh, and Roger added a P.S. to his letter. When the party was put ashore from the Tristania, the expedition leader collapsed, apparently from a slipped disc, while poking about on the beach. He went straight back to Tristan after the provisions and gear were unloaded, and from Tristan a Royal Navy frigate took him to Cape Town. So it was that neither he nor I wrote the book. Sad.

BY my mid-twenties, I was the father of three. I was a schoolmaster. We were abjectly poor, and we had expensive tastes. In a room so damp that fungi grew along the waist-high tidemark on the walls, my wife and I would sip brandy after a meal of turnip-and-potato soup. One summer, I took a vacation job as a tour leader for Thomas Cook. The pay was poor, but with the tips I received I was able to bring home duty-free wines, spirits, and cigars each time I crossed the Channel with a group of tourists. We ate meat—sometimes four times a week—from mid-July to the beginning of September. The children thrived. I grew very depressed. It seemed that we should never emerge from our chronic debts. I felt cornered, frantic, as the new school term approached. During the final crossing of the summer, from Dieppe to Newhaven, I sat in the first-class bar, and on the back of a menu I wrote down a full account of my wretchedness. The first half was in French, the second in English. My style was extravagant. I was self-pitying in a manner redolent of, say, the worst of Alfred de Musset. There were twelve lines of classical Alexandrine followed by twelve in iambic pentameter. When I had done, I wrote my name and address at the bottom. The barman gave me an empty Booth's gin bottle. I rolled up my verse, put it in the bottle, secured the stopper. I cast it from the quarterdeck in mid-Channel. When I returned to my drink, the barman offered me a piece of advice I have always followed: "Buy what you want, whatever it is, and haul your salary up behind you." Gradually, our financial position did improve. The more we spent, the better the job I moved to. I got out of teaching, went into broadcasting, publishing, and, finally, the wine trade. Sometimes I wonder if anybody ever found my *cri de cœur*, or whether the bottle slowly filled with water and sank. I've never, myself, found a message in a bottle. But I was with my brother once when he found one. It was in a lemonade bottle, which I thought lacked panache. The message was short and poignant—particularly for me, as it was saying, in its way, what I had said in mine. My brother still has it. It reads: "I am a young, intelligent, and hardworking man. I have a boring job with no prospects, and I despair of making a success of my life. If anybody should

find this and can give me sound advice, please contact me at the address below." My brother and I sat on a breakwater for a long time trying to decide what to do. It was an embarrassing responsibility. We both knew the young man. He lived in our village, worked in the local store. Next to his name he'd written the date. He must have cast his bottle on the morning tide the day my brother found it. That was five years ago. The man still works in the local store; this very morning, he sold me a superb Brie. He seems fretfully happy whenever I see him.

WHEN a man enters middle age, he is inclined, for a short while, to become portentous. His children appear to know as much as he knows on certain subjects. He makes out his will, and deposits it in his bank. He may even—as I did a couple of years back—write a letter to his family which is To Be Opened in the Event of His Death. I spent a great deal of time composing that letter. It contained a joke or two, some reminiscences, and an inordinate amount of sound, boring advice. I wrote it in longhand, of course, and when it was sealed in its fancy vellum envelope I placed it in my filing cabinet with the insurance policies. Since then, I have been acutely aware of its existence every time I go to the cabinet for my tax returns, or whatever. It has been a baleful presence in the room, like the lingering smell of something turned rancid. In the same drawer, as it happens, I used to keep my shotgun cartridges. The gun, a 12-gauge, made me nervous, and I got rid of it some months ago. There's no knowing what a fellow may do if he gets drunk and depressed and there's a gun in the house. Well, one does accept after a while that actually *being* middle-aged isn't anything like as awesome as *becoming* it. And similarly, I guess, death itself won't be as terrifying as the dying of it. Today I decided to destroy the letter. I read it through again before I burned it. The style was not mine; the thoughts expressed were excruciatingly banal. I could have had nothing but contempt for any child of mine who acted upon such limp advice as I offered. It may well be that one day I will write a note to them beginning, "I have done what I have done because . . ." But if I do I'll not require an envelope, vellum or no. One reaches a point beyond which it is impossible to write ridiculous letters.

—TED WALKER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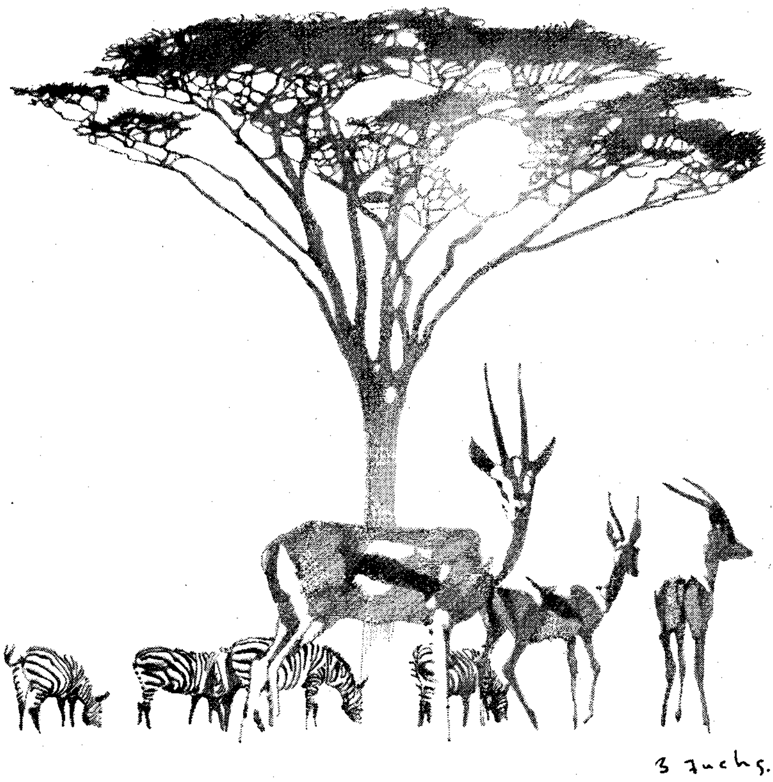
LORENZ

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST PLACE



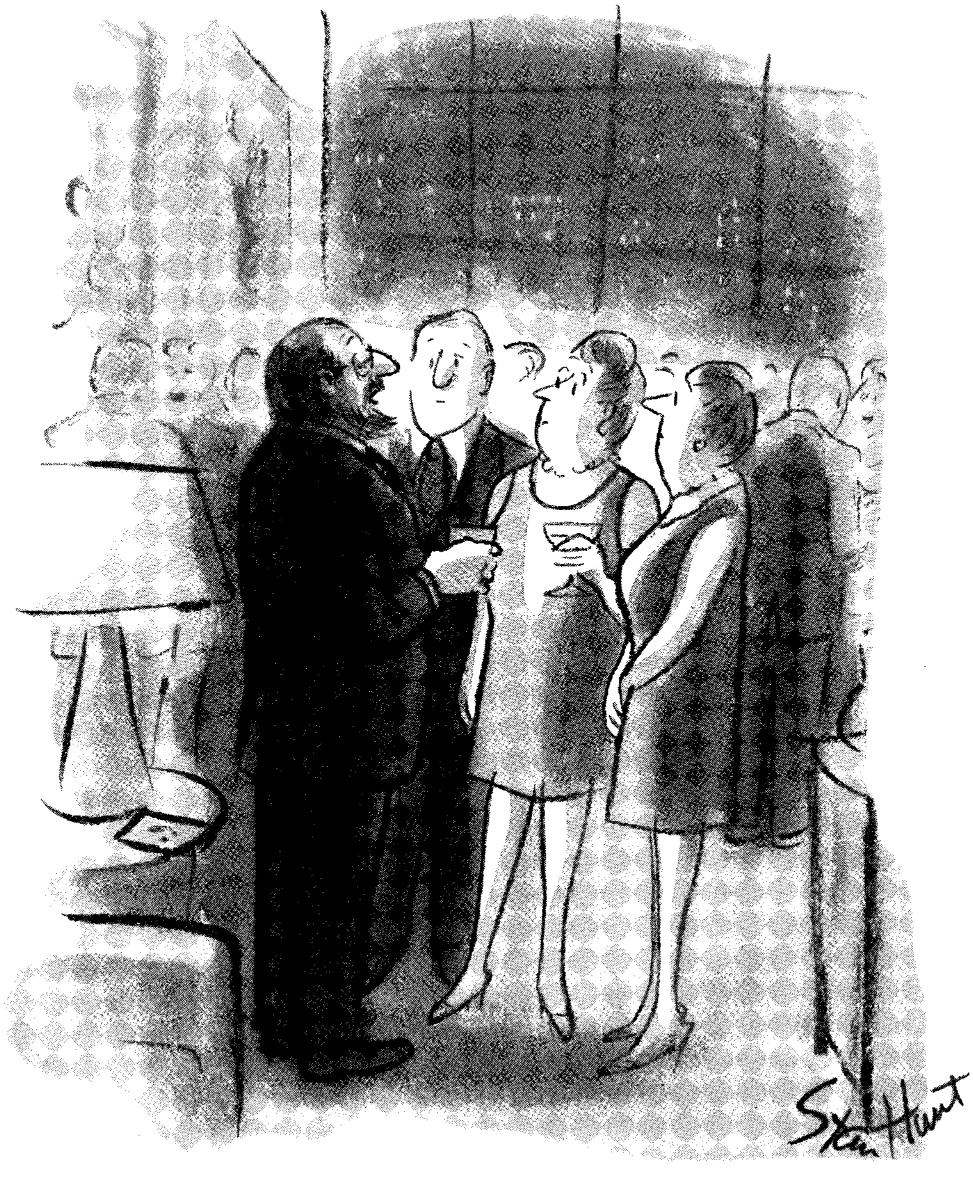
"SIRINGET," the Masai core of the modern word "Serengeti," means "an extended place," which is as apt a phrase as any to reflect the rather vague impression that most people hold of that section of East Africa known as the Serengeti Plain—thousands of square miles along the northern border of the United Republic of Tanzania. For those who have been there, however, it is a place extended in time as well as in space, and visiting it produces an unexpected emotive experience of serenity drawn from deep in the mind, like loneliness, or extreme exultation. The scientist George Schaller, who studied lions there for three years, has written, "The plains, when verdant and covered with herds of wildebeest, zebra, and gazelle from horizon to horizon, surely present one of the loveliest sights on earth." Fritz Jaeger, a German geographer who walked across it in 1907, described it in his journal as "grass, grass, grass, grass, and grass," adding, "One looks around and sees only grass and sky." Even without the presence of game, it is an awesome sight; for example, from Lake Ndutu, slightly south of its center, the green plain extends outward without visual interruption for thirty miles except toward Labai Hill, which is twenty miles away; toward Seronera, a small settlement to the northwest, it extends for sixty miles. To someone driving the dirt road from Seronera at about thirty-five miles an hour, which is good going speed—not too hard on the vehicle and fast enough to sense the great distances—it seems like a sea of grass, sweeping out on all sides, rolling ever so slightly to the bottom of the sky. Serengeti is only a hundred and fifty miles below the equator, but it is situated on a plateau west of the Gregory Rift, five thousand feet high, and clouds come in low, as though in final approach, stacking up sometimes and allowing the sunlight through only in shafts. The air is sharp and clear, the light so intense that, except during the hours between dawn and eight and between five and dusk, professional photographers are unable to work with the assurance that their film will reflect what they see. Travelling the plain on a summer day in January, one scans hundreds of delicate Thomson's gazelles, tails twitching as they browse the green, receding into the distance so that finally they are lost to view—brown specks to strain after, which can be confirmed only through binoculars, and then the viewer finds that within the glass there is still a second degree of specks extending outward, on and on. Blue-gray overcast sky, green plain, golden shafts of light, and the rust-brown animals—a celestial sight.

Serengeti is the last place on earth where large herds of wild animals gather in sufficient profusion to suggest the way one part of the world must have looked in Pleistocene times. There are more than four hundred and fifty species of bird there, making it one of the world's richest bird habitats, and, seemingly, an infinite variety of mammals: lion, leopard, cheetah, buffalo, elephant, giraffe, wild dog, jackal, hyena, ratel, wildebeest, gazelle, hippopotamus, crocodile, warthog, hyrax, rhinoceros, mongoose, spring hare, porcupine, grass mouse, waterbuck, baboon, dik-dik, and colobus monkey. (There are also three of the most poisonous snakes on earth—the puff adder, the spitting cobra, and the mamba.) No one can be precise in such matters, but current estimates place Africa's large-mammal population at ten million; two million of the mammals are in and around the Serengeti Plain. Fifty-one hundred square miles of Serengeti is a national park, which means, by the classical European definition, that the animals have priority within its borders, and human beings are allowed in only as visitors or on official business. But the borders are man-made and arbitrary; the plain rolls on and so do the animals—the wildebeest, for example, using only a little more than half of the park for its principal grazing grounds. The larger Serengeti ecosystem covers an area of about fifteen thousand square miles, including all of the park; the Maswa Controlled Area, to the southwest; the Grumeti Controlled Area, to the west; the Ikorongo Controlled Area, to the northwest; the Masai Mara Game Reserve, north past the Kenya border; part of the Loliondo Controlled Area, to the northeast; the Salei Plains, to the east; and, to the southeast, part of the Ngorongoro Conservation Area, which until 1959 was within the park. There are short grasslands, tall grasslands (in the wet season, one species reaches five feet in height), and, in the north and west, bush and woodland plains. Some of Serengeti's streams run into alkaline basins and end there; others drain into Lake Victoria and may therefore be considered among the fabled sources of the Nile.

In the Ngorongoro area, where the plains rise slowly to the foothills of a chain of extinct volcanoes, time seems accelerated by the presence of land configurations only a few miles apart: Olduvai Gorge, where in 1959 Mary Leakey, the anthropologist, picked off the ground a fragment from the skull of *Australopithecus boisei*, a form of near-human life dating back a million seven hundred and fifty thousand years; Ngorongoro Crater, an extinct volcano whose rim of almost perfect symmetry encloses, like the walls of an amphitheatre, a tiny peaceable kingdom two thousand feet below filled with one of the heaviest concentrations of large animals in Africa, all wandering about a lilliputian soda lake, acacia forest, and grassland plain, in a Fabergé version of the Serengeti outside; and, several miles east of the crater, a near-vertical drop to the floor of the Gregory Rift, the massive prehistoric fracture that began at the Dead Sea and split the earth's surface all the way to Rhodesia, its center sinking more than half a mile at the slow-motion rate of an inch and a quarter a thousand years and eventually forcing its walls thirty miles apart. All this is packed in together and traversed by a dirt road that leads from the plain, offering the visitor the eerie sense that he is being rushed from the Garden of Eden backward through the first six days of Creation. It all happens too quickly. From Seronera, at the center of the plain, to Mary Leakey's camp, in the gorge, is a distance of only seventy miles; from the gorge to the top of the crater, twenty-five miles; from the crater to the floor of the rift, thirty-nine miles—in all, a hundred and thirty-four miles along a small road that rises and falls four thousand feet in altitude and twenty degrees in temperature, moves from tall grassland plains to short grassland plains, descends (at the gorge) to a lava riverbed, climbs through mountain woodlands to the crater rim, winds halfway around the crater, and then drops at a dizzying rate through rain forest to a wide plateau above the floor of the rift valley. Mary Leakey, in her battered old station wagon, hurrying on from Olduvai past all these wonders to Arusha, the first town beyond the rift wall, where she will fill her monthly shopping needs, can make the trip in about four hours.

There is a sign at the Seronera airfield, in the center of the park, advising visitors to take care, for they are about to enter a world "young and fragile." By outside time, Serengeti is only eighty-four years old, having been first observed by a German explorer named Baumann in 1892 and soon thereafter found to be inhospitable to human settlement, because of a variety of pestilences and wild animals. Today, it is considered the greatest natural attraction on the African continent, the most celebrated national park in the world. Each of the area's three principal features—the plain, the crater, and the gorge—has its advocates among nature writers, who, reporting with care and restraint on data acquired through years of observation, ultimately give way to rhapsodic superlatives. While Schaller sees the plain itself as "one of the loveliest sights on earth," Henry Fosbrooke, a former conservator of the Ngorongoro Conservation Area, maintains, "The Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania is probably Africa's most beautiful reserve and one of the most spectacular wonders on earth." To the untrained eye, Olduvai doesn't seem to offer much competition: it is a sort of miniature Grand Canyon of scrub bush and raw earth, formed over millions of years by evaporating lakes and rivers, whose residual sediments have left, by the extraordinary coincidences of nature, fossils and stone tools scattered about on the surface of its gullies. Olduvai was discovered in 1911 by another German—a butterfly collector named Kattwinkel, who spotted on the floor of the gorge fossils of the three-toed horse, *Hipparion.* But it is the essence of time past on this tropical moonscape which is its wonder. On a recent occasion, Mary Leakey, strolling with a visitor and her five Dalmatians about her campsite, looked down at the ground, picked up a black object about the size of a walnut, and said, "Look at this! It's a molar from old Kattwinkel's *Hipparion!*"

SERENGETI's herds are under constant but unobtrusive surveillance. From laboratories at the center of the plain, scientists of the Serengeti Research Institute use computers, aerial cameras, and other devices to monitor the animal population. They tend to divide the animals into two broad categories: predators, or carnivores, such as the lion, the leopard, the cheetah, the wild dog, the jackal, and the hyena; and prey, or herbivores, the majority of which are ungulates, or hoofed



"In theory, yes, Mrs. Wilkins. But also in theory, no."

animals, such as the zebra and the gazelle. Vegetation sustains the prey, and the prey sustain the predators. Although the classification is inclusive for the objectives of most of the institute's studies, some herbivores manage to live out their existence without having to endure the racking tensions that constantly beset the ungulates. For most predators, the elephant and rhinoceros are too big, the buffalo too mean, the giraffe too troublesome, and the ostrich too alert. But the zebra, the gazelle, and the wildebeest are prey of daily fare; constantly stalked, they are constantly on the verge of flight. They seek safety in numbers and in a complexly interdependent warning system. It is the presence of these few highly visible species—at some times in small groups, at others in vast congregations—that, together with the extraordinary recovery rate of the vegetation, characterizes the Serengeti as a unique habitat for African wildlife.

Ungulates wander the plain in fairly predictable patterns. Perhaps because there are simply more of them than of any others, the wildebeests—animals with the graceful body of a horse and the dull, listless face of a cow—lead the movements of the herds. At last count, there were more than a million of them on the plain. With their frequent attendants the gazelles and the zebras, they graze selectively, each species taking the grasses at a different height, leaving something for all. The weather leads the wildebeests, and the other ungulates follow, the predators feeding on the lame, the aging, the newly born, and the unwary at the edges of the herds. After the long rains occurring between March and May, they move from the east and center of the park to the bush country of the north and the west—toward Lake Victoria, where there is permanent water. They remain there until the short rains of November, when they form into columns and head back again. In some years (the precise date varying according to the weather), the grazing animals assemble into a single mighty horde twenty miles wide and thirty miles long and stand together, almost shoulder to shoulder, on the short-grass plains between Seronera and the foothills of Ngorongoro. This phenomenon is known in East Africa—and elsewhere now as well, for there is no comparable sight left on earth—as the Great Migration. Anyone is lucky indeed who has timed his arrival in Serengeti to coincide with this spectacle, for it is then possible to drive out on the plain and actually cruise slowly among the herds.

AUTUMN

The moon's coiled in barbed wire now

Old men and boys
Prisoners in ghostly drives

Harvest the great slopes
That have suddenly become news

The long wing
Of the samara's flickering coolly now

The first fruits opening with a dark moan

In those damp palaces our debts mature

The snaky scales
Of the trees entering the sooty vines

The leafy carcass where the night breathes

Women are painting the silences now

Shells being fed to the mouths of guns
Bullets to the rifles and machine guns

Over the road
The rain hymns its dreamless thoughts

Pines white pines yellow pines
Clusters of evergreens peer in all directions now

And below in the still water
Are the mines that wait for a ship's hull

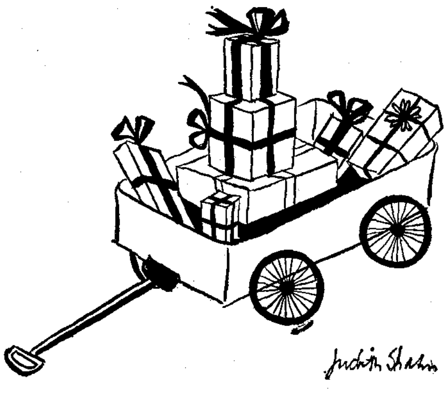
As a lover for the sight of a loved body

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

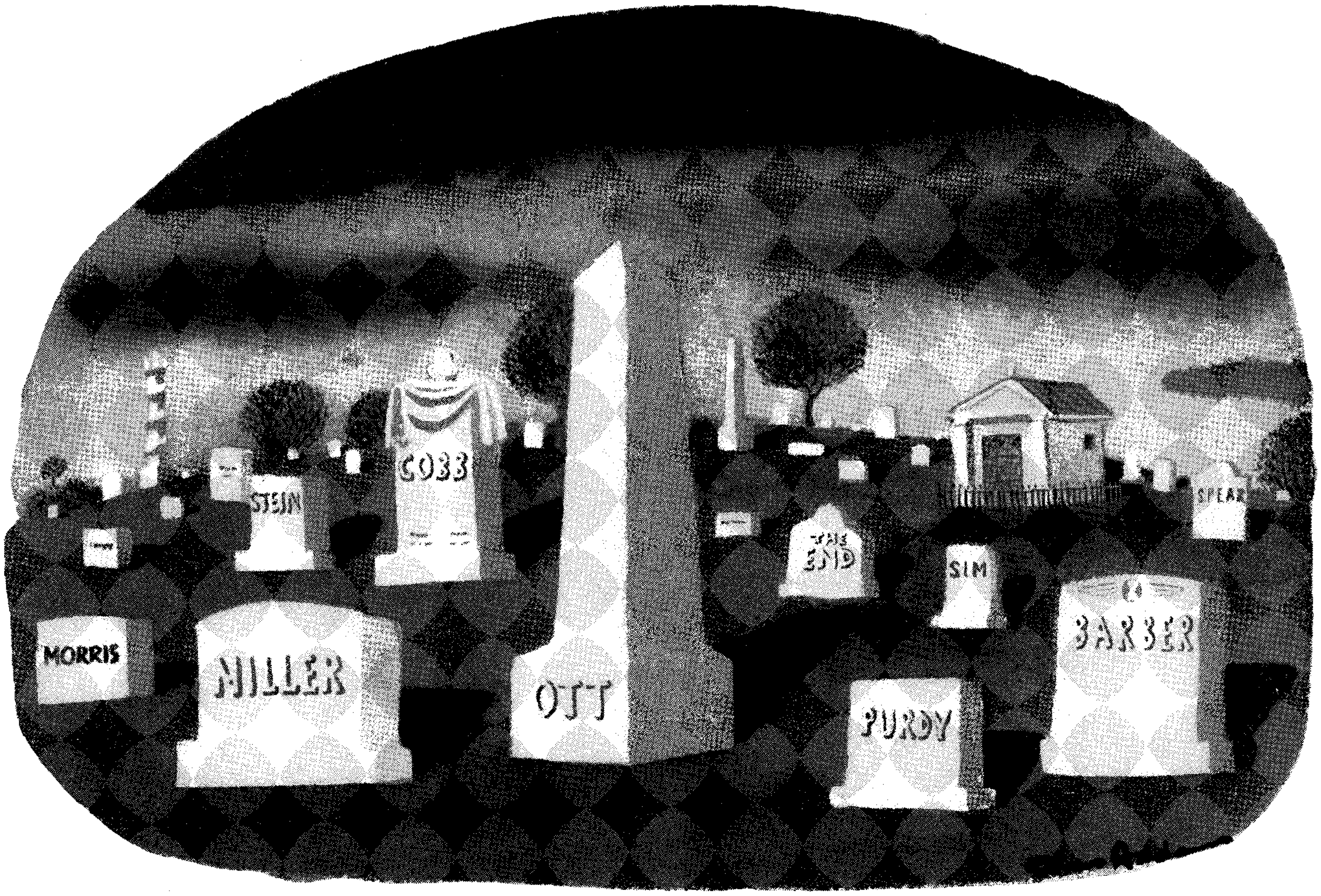
• •

The animals part to make room for the intruder; and then, returning majestically to place on the endless flat grass reach, their number extending to silhouette mirages on the horizon, they create for one moment the illusion that wild animals have regained possession of the earth.

No one knows quite how much longer this fragile illusion will hold. The sea of grass is not endless, of course; at its widest point the open plain is only about eighty miles across. Cattle overgraze its harsh shores; to the southwest, small farms are edging closer; poachers take some forty thousand animals from the herds each year; and the people of the Wakuria, Wasukuma, Waikoma, and Masai tribes, who encircle it, add to their own numbers in Malthusian leaps. Serengeti is scarcely more than a memory of our primitive past, surrounded now by the imperatives of modern civilization—the hunger of impoverished people sharpened by the scarcity of arable land—and, except for the added imposition of the animals, its dilemma is not unlike that suffered through much of the Middle East and Asia.



In East Africa, which includes Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania, large families are considered a matter of necessity and a measure of prestige; almost half the population is under fifteen years of age. The population increases at the rate of three and a half per cent a year; it is expected to double in twenty-five years. The income of the average East African is less than two hundred dollars a year. In Tanzania, four-fifths of the people live on one-fifth of the land, and Serengeti falls



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within that fifth. The pastoralists of Serengeti—and particularly the Masai, who believe that God gave them all the cattle on earth—view the park's boundaries with mixed feelings. They have always lived peaceably among the great herds, but in times of drought, when their own water holes dry up and their own grasslands have been trampled into dust, and the privileged wildebeests graze serenely within sight of their dying herds across an invisible boundary line, there seems no other place to turn—a dilemma that has increased in agony with the almost predictable recurrence of such circumstances in the Serengeti.

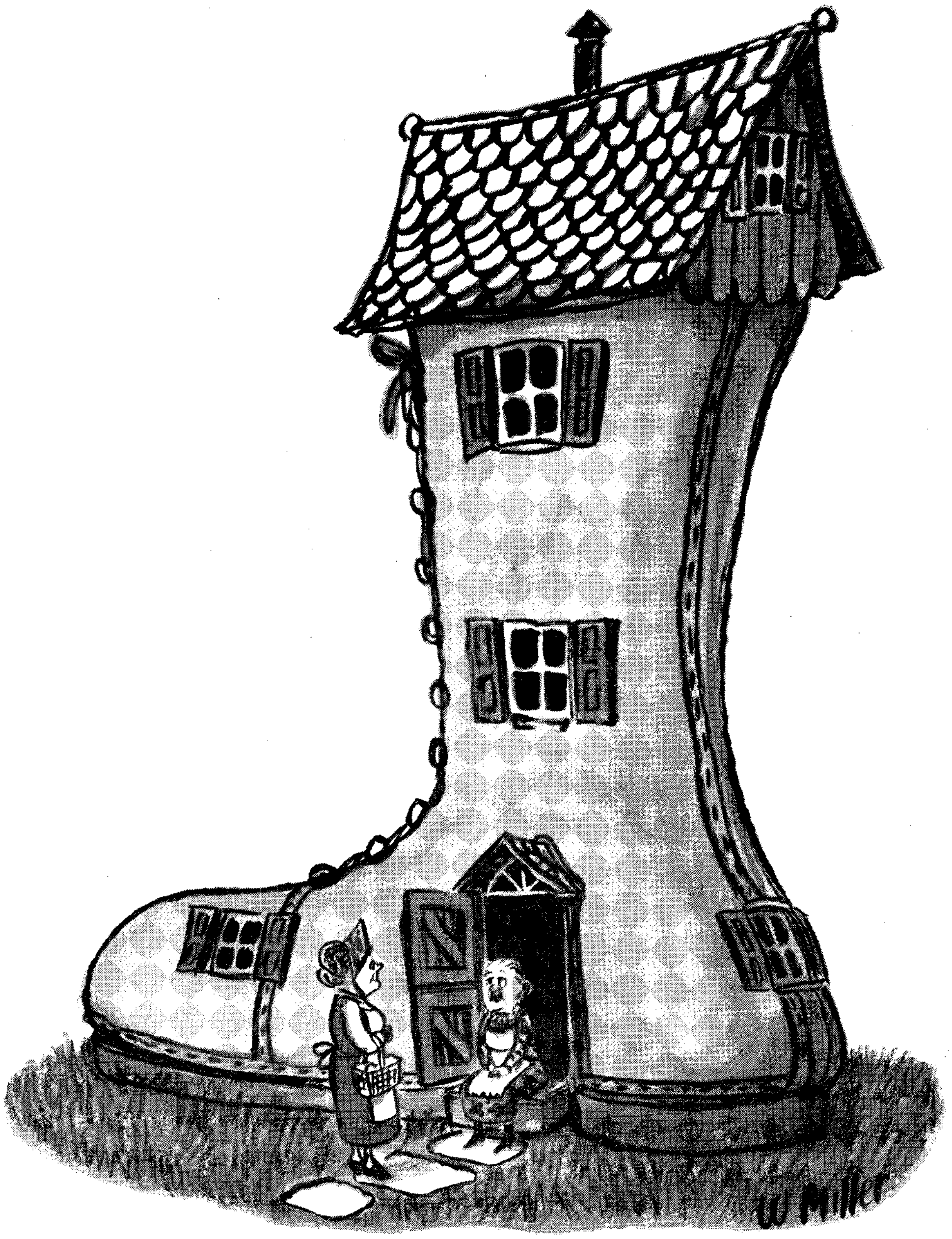
There is no plain in the world comparable to Serengeti. Wild animals still graze in obscure corners of the African continent from Cape Town to Chad, but as civilization moves in, the animals are quickly crowded out. Every major civilization has eventually destroyed its wildlife, and civilization is fast overtaking Africa. Serengeti remains the great anachronism, its survival maintained through an odd, near-mystical series of countervailing conditions, which have thus far managed to tip a fragile balance slightly to the side of the animals: drought and famine versus population increases; pestilence and disease versus cattle proliferation; tourist income versus pressure for land cultivation; the vagaries of nature versus scientific research. Serengeti's agonies are local and for the most part are unrealized by the rest of the world; its importance as a cultural resource for the world community, however, is unchallenged. Scientists see it as a sort of ecological paradise regained, however briefly—and not only for its importance as the last gathering place for the rich diversity of African wildlife but as well for the light it may shed on the larger question of man's survival. "Serengeti is basic to the concerns of conservation," says William Conway, the director of the Bronx Zoo. "The problem is not so much to save the animals there as to save the *habitat* of the animals. If animals can live there, so can man; if not, man cannot. It is a case of what we often hear referred to in our circles as the canary simile—the coal miners in Wales took canaries into the pits to serve as an early-warning system; when the foul air killed the canaries, the miners knew it was time to get out. There are some very practical aspects to all this. The production of the Salk vaccine required the destruction of six hundred thousand wild monkeys over a three-year period. Between this country and Japan, science is currently using them up at the rate of a hundred thousand a year." Peter Jackson, director of information of the World Wildlife Fund, says, "All our domestic crops and animals have been bred from wild stock, and especially among plants it is the genetic resources available in the wild which have helped to produce new yields." Conway asks, "Do we save animals for themselves or for ourselves? Another way to put it is: Will man set aside for tomorrow something he can use today? It hasn't happened yet. Specifically, are human beings going to stop the development of population and the spread of their farmlands solely to preserve wildlife? All of which, of course, leads to the key question: Does man truly *want* wildlife on earth, and is he willing to make the sacrifices necessary to keep it here?"

IN the eighty-four years since Western man discovered that the animals of Serengeti were there, they have lived a touch-and-go existence, seldom regarded as much other than a cause of disease, a threat to life and property, a secondary food source, or, on rare occasions, a diversion for wealthy sportsmen. Large portions of Africa are infested with tsetse—a mixed blessing. The tsetse is about twice the length of a housefly, with a painful bite, and is as much surrounded by myth as the python or the gorilla—except that when it carries certain trypanosome strains that cause sleeping sickness it is considerably more lethal to both man and his cattle, though harmless to most plains game. At the turn of the century, some two hundred and fifty thousand people in Uganda died from sleeping sickness. The presence of tsetse in any area was enough to keep most people out; on the other hand, because tsetse were to be found in the company of wild animals, the prevailing opinion was that tsetse could be eliminated only by the extermination of their hosts. After the Second World War, hundreds of thousands of large mammals were destroyed in Uganda and Rhodesia. Tsetse have always been present in Tanzania, covering seventy-five per cent of the countryside—a principal reason that the majority of the population lives in so small an area. Since tsetse existed in the woodlands of Serengeti (and still do), most people tended to stay clear of it.

They stayed out, too, because of the presence of rinderpest, a disease brought in by man—or, more precisely, by his cattle. Rinderpest is a viral infection that attacks ruminants of all kinds, wild and domestic. It came to East Africa with Asian cattle in the late nineteenth century, and in a short time it swept across the continent. Serengeti's wildebeest herds were sharply reduced, but the wildebeests that survived developed an immunity to the disease, and their continued survival suggested that they probably transmitted not only sleeping sickness but rinderpest as well. Although Serengeti's animals were later proved innocent of both charges, wildebeests *are* guilty of carrying a third infestation, known as malignant catarrh; this is a pestilence, spread on the grass by the afterbirth of the calf, to which domestic cattle alone are susceptible—a warning as lethal as it is symbolic for cattle to keep out of Serengeti.

There was a further deterrent to settlement, however, for which the animals could not in any way be held responsible, and that was the water of the Serengeti. During the dry season, much of the open water on the plain evaporates, that which remains becoming concentrated with salts and turning alkaline as it dries. At these times, apart from the presence of Grant's gazelles, oryx, and ostriches, which obtain water from their food (and some enterprising Masai who in the past have dug a few fresh-water wells in the hard pan), the plain stands empty.

Wherever such circumstances were not present, one reason or another has been found to move against the larger animals of East Africa, most of which have now been eliminated. During the Second World War, the British drew upon them as a food source for their prisoners of war. By the late forties, prophylaxis had reduced the death rate of both East Africans and their cattle, and as the numbers of both surged upward the colonial government sought various ways to increase the productivity of the land held by the wild animals. One scheme called for the destruction of thousands of them to make way for



"Of course, it wasn't easy, and there were plenty of times when I didn't know what to do, but, God bless 'em, all the kids had gumption. Homer is a full partner in a prestigious law firm now. Daphne is a psychiatrist. Ollie is the comptroller of an enormous conglomerate. Irma's second novel has just gone into its seventeenth printing. Osgood is a top-echelon TV-network executive. Penelope is a professor of oceanography at a large university. Louis is concertmaster of a world-famous symphony orchestra. Miriam owns a chain of highly successful boutiques. Elsie ran for the legislature and won by a landslide. Mortimer is the chief geologist for a giant oil company. Gertrude is vice-president of a big advertising agency. Herman is a plastic surgeon with a huge practice. And little Jerome, the baby of the lot, has his very own Ph.D. and heads an important research group that analyzes the media, bless his heart."

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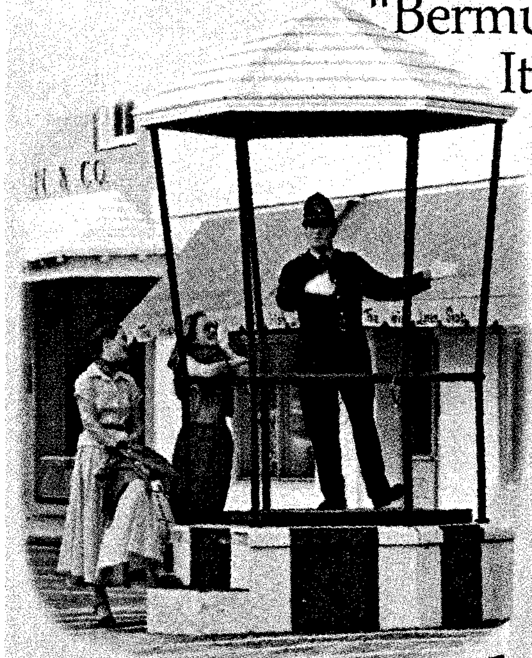

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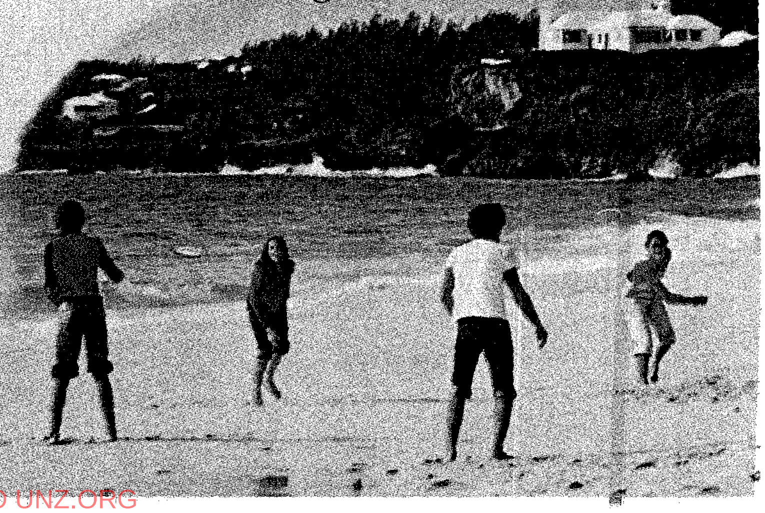
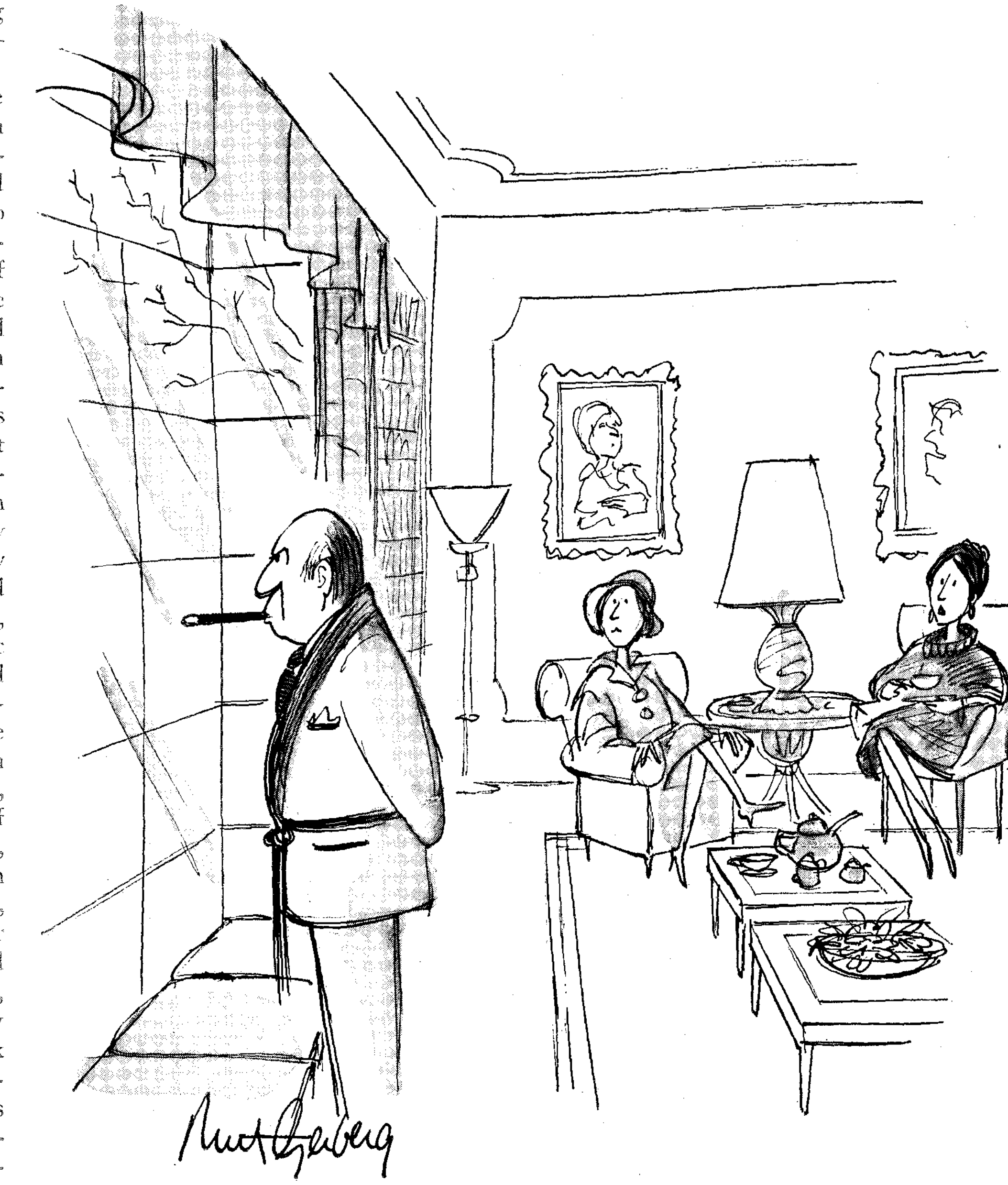


peanut crops—an experiment eventually abandoned, but only after many animals had been slaughtered. Another called for the total extermination of wild ungulates throughout Tanganyika, to eliminate rinderpest and create a beef-stock center for the British Commonwealth.

Outside Africa, meanwhile, there was surprisingly little scientific interest in the wild herds. The study of animal behavior was still in its infancy, and not considered of much importance. As late as the end of the Second World War, what was known about African animals came mainly from the notebooks of hunters or from studies conducted in zoos. The prevailing assumption outside Africa was that the African continent still teemed with game—in the jungles of the Congo (where there had never been a lot) and along the great savannas to the east. In reality, what Africa teemed with mostly by then was cattle, and the destruction they were causing to the environment was—and still is—incalculable.

In East Africa, where the human population suffers a marked deficiency of protein, cattle are considered by many tribal pastoralists to be too valuable to be squandered as a routine source of food; they are an immediate index to wealth and social standing. Cattle have been present on the African continent since the earliest years of civilization, and for most of that span they were seldom out of balance with their environment, primarily because there were too few of them to cause widespread damage. By the mid-fifties, however, with the systematic reduction of the principal cattle diseases, cattle had begun to increase in the same geometric intervals as man himself. (On earth today, there is a larger biomass of cattle than of men; in Asia, cattle consume more protein than man.) In East Africa, as cattle began to spread over the savannas, encircling and diminishing the wild herds, those who watched closely saw an apparent paradox form: the same rich grasslands that had for hundreds of thousands of years supported hundreds of thousands of wild animals, from the small gazelle to the voracious hippopotamus, began now, under the grazing of cattle, to wither into scrub-bush desert. Small notice was taken at the time, even by those conservationists who had come to be directly concerned with the preservation of Serengeti's herds, for by the mid-fifties—it seemed to happen virtually overnight—the Serengeti had become an acute political problem.

The first conservationists in Serengeti were the first hunters—men like Philip Percival, J. A. Hunter, the American filmmaker Martin Johnson—and they were drawn there by the great profusion of lions. Only in Serengeti are lions apt to be encountered standing squarely in the midst of an open plain, as though at the center of a Rousseau landscape, supremely oblivious of their surroundings. Coming upon the creatures in such a setting—it is still a fairly common sight today—one may easily imagine the hunters' wonder at having arrived finally at the supreme hunting experience. The sense of the lions' presence is heightened at night. Lying under thin canvas, one is awakened by their roars rolling across the plain—deep, throbbing warnings for their migratory cousins to stay clear of the territory. It has never been difficult to kill a lion. On the few hunting safaris still permitted (outside the park), the standard method is to string up the carcass of a zebra, wait at a safe distance until the lion comes to feed, and then shoot it. Earlier visitors tied the zebra carcass to the rear bumper of their vehicle and shot the lions at leisure from their seats. In the early twenties, a man named Saxton Pope wrote a book about his hunting experiences in the Serengeti, and toward the end he remarked, more or less as an afterthought, "We've now shot 52 male lions. I think possibly we're overdoing it a bit. Oth-



"Like the nation, Barton is going through a period of transition."

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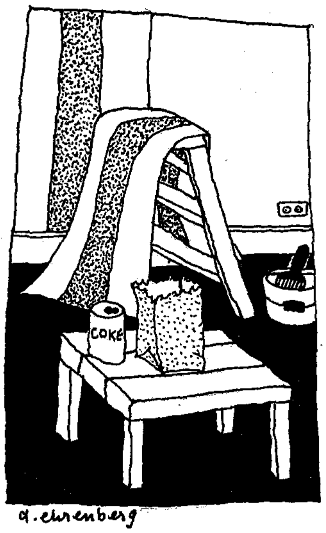
ers will be coming after us." And, indeed, soon there would be, some driving down in Model T Fords, until, as the result of complaints from professional hunters, the colonial government became so concerned that it moved to establish protective restrictions. In 1929, nine hundred square miles at the center of Serengeti was set aside as a sanctuary for lions. In the thirties, additional land was gazetted, including the Ngorongoro Crater, and the list of protected species was extended to include most of the carnivores, together with giraffes, buffalo, and rhinoceroses. In 1940, the British declared Serengeti a national park—the first in East Africa. Most of the game to come under the protective laws was believed by then to be concentrated on the central plain of Serengeti—it was widely accepted that this was the main grazing land for the migratory herds of wildebeests—outward to the shore of Lake Victoria, to the west, and onto the floor of the Ngorongoro Crater, to the east, these two natural barriers forming boundaries logical to the definition of the park.

At that early time, the decision to establish a national park seemed an enlightened one for the colonial government to reach, and it was, except in one important respect: it did not take into account a handful of Masai who lived on the plain and had adapted themselves amiably to the hazards of bad water and disease. Although by European custom a national park delegates all rights within its borders to flora and fauna, barring even the entry of man except as caretaker or tourist, the problem of the Masai had not seemed pressing in 1940. Serengeti's herds obviously ranged far beyond the park's somewhat arbitrary boundaries; the tsetse were still a deterrent to permanent settlers; and the few Masai who lived there had occupied the area since long before the arrival of the British. In drawing up the Game Ordinance of 1940, the colonialists of Tanganyika had considered it a matter of little consequence whether the Masai remained; in fact, there even seemed a certain logic to their presence. If the purpose of the park was to preserve nature, primitive man was a part of nature, and the Masai were primitive to the point of intransigence, rejecting Western ways; half-naked savages, some saw them, existing on a diet of cow's blood and milk. The Masai's presence in the park could be justified as simply exemplifying another form of wildlife.



In 1946, however, Tanganyika became a trust territory of the United Nations, and in 1961 it gained its independence. In 1964, Tanganyika joined with Zanzibar to form the United Republic of Tanzania. While the transfer of power in this part of Africa occurred amicably in comparison with the experiences of other newly independent regions of the continent, political priorities shifted no less radically in favor of the needs of the Tanzanian people. At first almost imperceptibly and then with great swiftness, the preservation of the Serengeti habitat, beginning as a local issue and ultimately turning international, forced the question that persists to this day: Between the needs of animals and the needs of man, which has the right-of-way? As early as 1949, the pressure of the Masai—and by then there were believed to be some ten thousand of them in the park—seeking a place to pasture their cattle against the pressure of the wild animals seeking a place to graze brought this question to a head.

No people could have been less suited to the role of antagonist than the Masai. As nomadic pastoralists and comparatively recent settlers in vast sections of East Africa, they had themselves been increasingly pressed by the growth of modern agricultural interests—had been pushed downward from Nairobi and inward from the coast to the north-central region of Tanganyika. They had been the most desirable of neighbors for the wild herds, living peaceably among them and roaming the plains without fear. By 1949, however, the ten thousand Masai had been forced by land pressures onto the central plain and the floor of the Ngorongoro Crater, where they occasionally poached lion and rhinoceros (to demonstrate their bravery) and increasingly, with their cattle, blocked the wild herds from their water holes. Belatedly, the colonial government sought to impose restrictions on human settlement in the park, and the Masai

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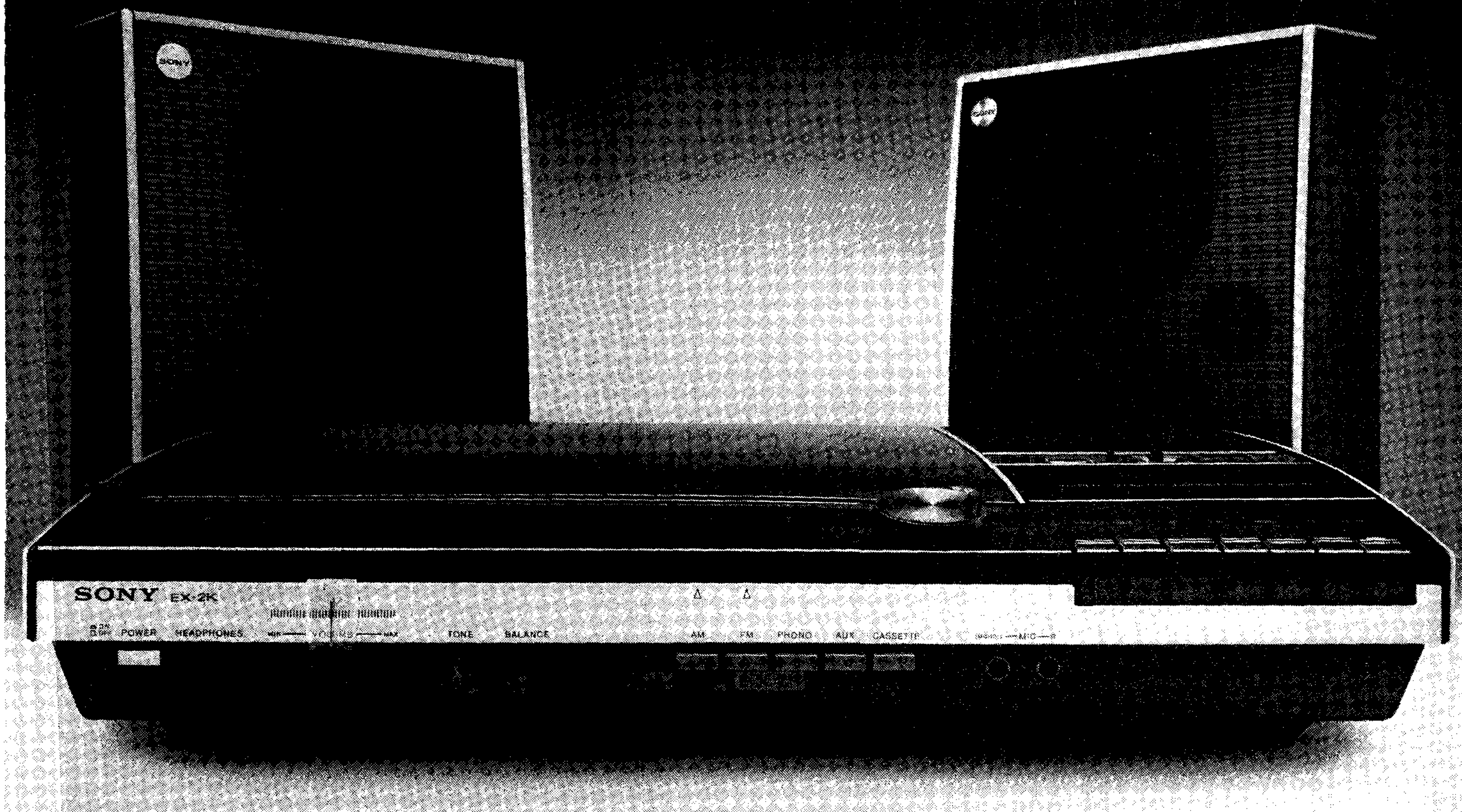
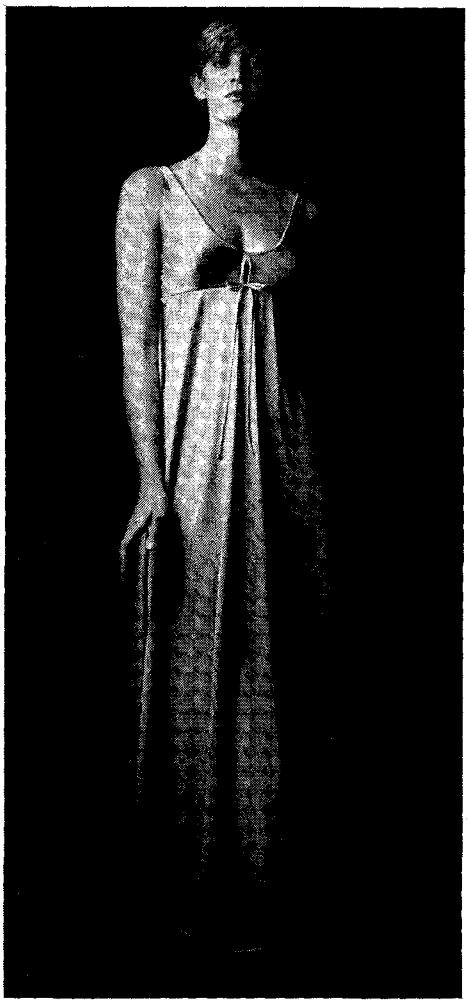


THE EX SERIES
"IT'S A SONY."

were ordered out. The order was ignored. With Mau Mau disturbances going on in Kenya, the colonial government, which, in any event, had an inherent sympathy for the plight of the Masai, decided not to press the issue.

Meanwhile, though, Serengeti had come to the attention of conservationists outside Africa, and its reputation was established among them as a unique habitat—"the finest remaining assemblage of the plains game of Africa" was how the Encyclopædia Britannica described it at the time—and now it was the conservationists who began to press the issue. Why wouldn't the government honor its own regulations and move the Masai out? In 1956, *harassed and confused, the colonial* government announced with some uncertainty a new solution to the problem of the borders—one that favored the Masai. If the Masai would not move, the borders would have to be changed to make room for them. The central plain—acreage that was vital to the migratory path of the herds—would be degazetted as park land and opened legally to the Masai; the western corridor would become a small park in itself, and so would Ngorongoro and a smaller crater, Embagai, at the eastern edge. In effect, the center of the park would be cut out.

Instantly, the controversy spread beyond the continent. Some conservationists became so outraged that they demanded that Serengeti be removed from the administration of the British and placed directly under the supervision of the United Nations. Successive committees of inquiry were announced by the government, and a stream of expert witnesses flowed into Arusha to testify, among them forestry and engineering officers from the British Colonial Office, the anthropologist L. S. B. Leakey (who was *living and working* at Olduvai, in the disputed area of the central plain), Masai elders, and officials of the New York and London Zoological Societies. In London, the Fauna Preservation Society commissioned a well-known botanist from the University of London, Dr. W. H. Pearsall, to visit Serengeti, survey the ground in question and the movement of the game, and draw up recommendations along scientific lines. In deference to Pearsall's credentials, and with some relief at the possibility of being let off the hook, the government postponed its decision until Pearsall should submit his report. It was at about the time of the intersection of these events that a forty-eight-year-old German and his twenty-three-year-old son, aghast



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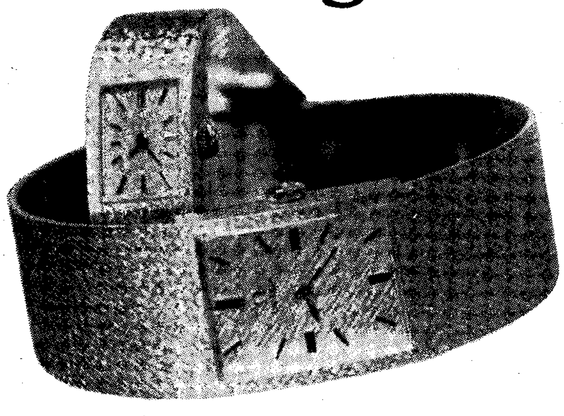

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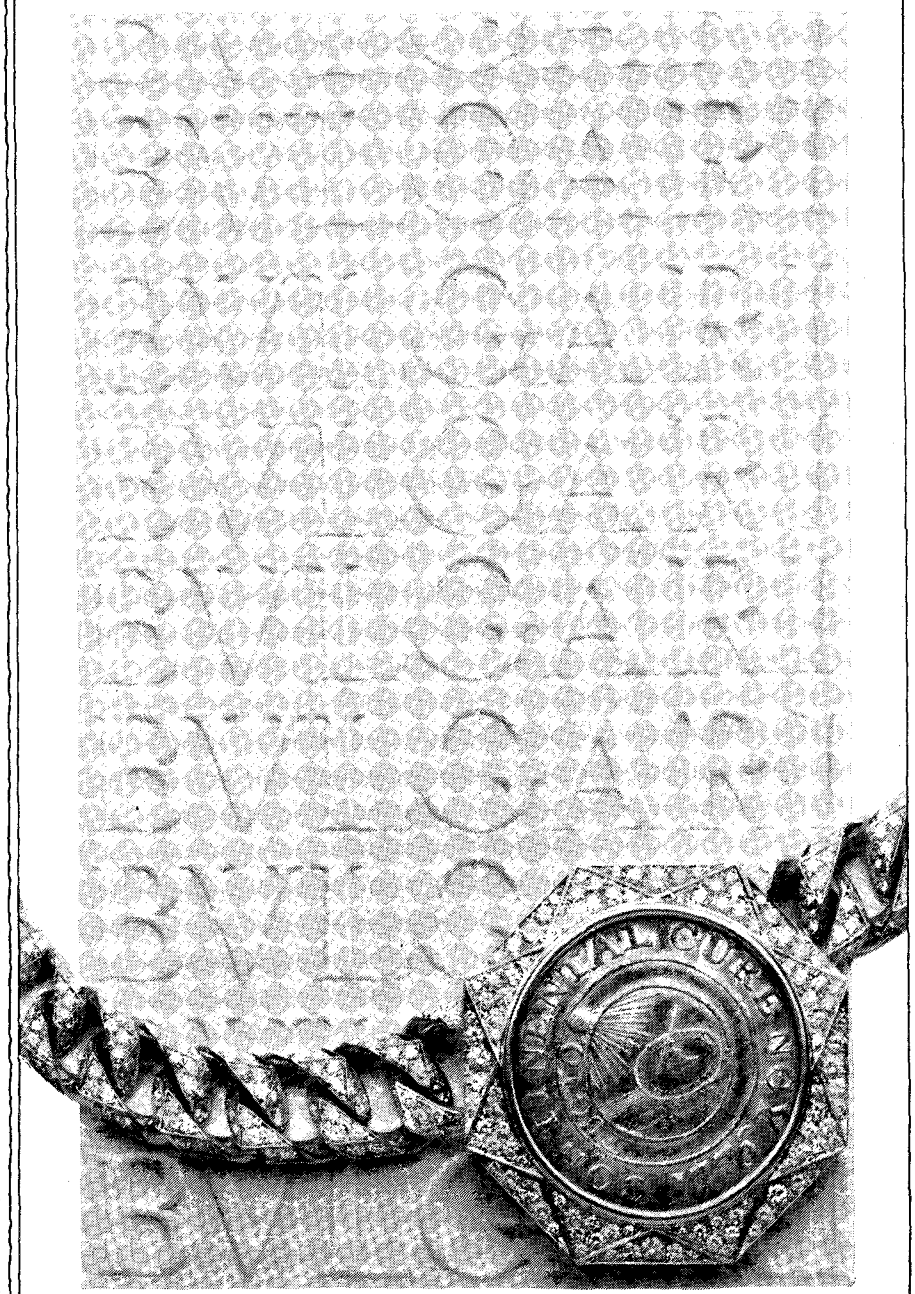
at the government's equivocations, decided to take matters into their own hands. To begin with, they offered the governor of Tanganyika the money to buy land and give it back to the animals.

THE father and son were Bernhard and Michael Grzimek. The name is Polish—quite impossible to handle in English. "G," its elder bearer has patiently explained, "as in England, rz as in measure, i as in *I*ndia, m as in *M*ombasa, e as in *e*gg, k as in *k*ingdom." Most of his English-speaking friends pronounce it "Jimek." In any case, it is a name more closely associated today than any other with the rising and falling fortunes of Serengeti. Dr. Bernhard Grzimek is a German veterinarian turned zookeeper who has devoted most of his life to the care and well-being of animals, the latter half of it specifically to the preservation of African wildlife, with emphasis on the wildlife and habitat of Serengeti. Grzimek defines his purpose in life as "biophylaxis"—the protection of living species from extinction. His commitment has been steadfast since his earliest consciousness of hedgehogs and rabbits in the Upper Silesia of his childhood, and it has carried him through poverty, wars and revolutions in Europe and Africa, personal loss, and public celebrity—all of which he has survived by making unequivocally clear to the world at large exactly what his intentions are. ("First by soft line, then by hard line, next by bribery, and if necessary by outright blackmail," says John McDougall, of the Nairobi *Daily Nation.*) In the spring of 1974, when Grzimek retired as director of the Frankfurt Zoo, he described himself to the local press as "a showman of pity"—a precise insight that his career has supported since 1945, when, by his manipulation of the people and materials at hand, he restored the zoo from fifteen acres of bombed-out rubble and a few half-starved animals to its place as one of the leading zoological gardens in Europe. Grzimek looks after animals—"Elephants can't vote," he is fond of saying—and though he is not a religious man, he aligns himself with all who are similarly concerned, secular or sacred, from Nietzsche to the authors of the Book of Genesis. "I sometimes ask myself: Must one really and repeatedly make one's life so uncomfortable and wearisome?" he once wrote, having just returned from an especially enervating trip to the Congo. "According to the Bible, one of our ancestors once built a big vessel and, as



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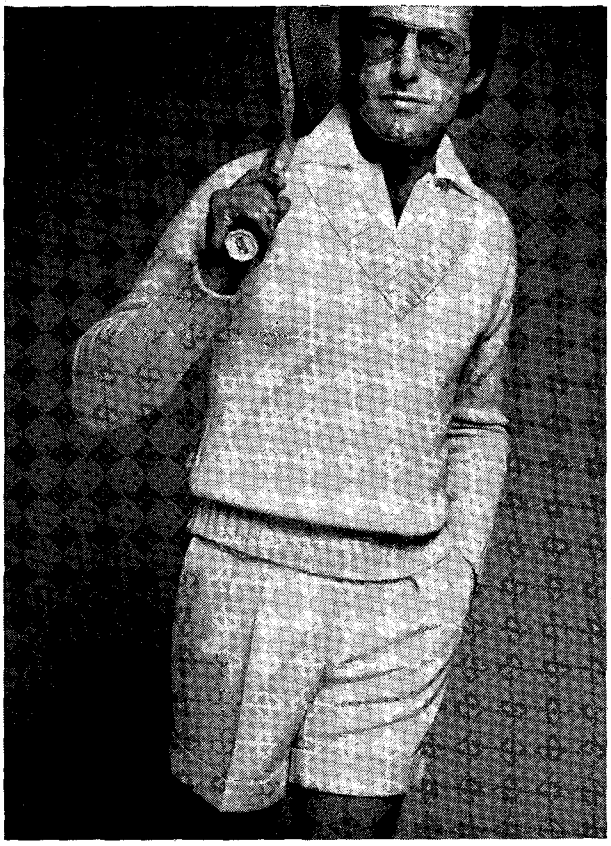
the waters rose, he saved from drowning lions and tigers, horses and cattle, giraffes and camels, and all the animals two by two; by so doing Noah bestowed upon future generations a gift richer than all the works of art, the discoveries and the knowledge, the religions and inventions of great men throughout the history of the human race. The swirling, ever-rising tide of humanity is today drowning the wild animals just as surely as did the Flood in the Bible. But this flood kills more surely and lasts much longer. Creation is in dire need of a second Noah. Someone, then, must enter the lists on behalf of the animals; and not for the animals' sake alone, but for the sake of all mankind."

So far, if elephants *could* vote, Grzimek would be a likely candidate. In their interests, he has been put upon by them—charged by rhinos, bitten by apes and wolves, infected with bilharzia—and held as a spy by the Sudanese, and subjected to a scare during the Congolese revolt, when he barely escaped capture and probable execution. Today, because of his international identification with his constituency, he is one of the few white men in the world welcomed by heads of state all over black Africa. In 1972, while General Idi Amin Dada's bloody revolution was traumatizing Uganda, Grzimek flew into Kampala, its capital, to lecture university students on animal behavior and to warn Amin about the damage xenophobic policies were doing to Uganda's tourist business—an important source of revenue for the economy from Amin's point of view and for the wild animals from Grzimek's. "That's one of the main difficulties with international organizations," Grzimek has said. "They are nice people, but they will say they can't persuade the American or German government to do anything for a chap like Amin—he's killed too many people, and so on. That is the situation in which chaps like me have to go in, because we can't help it if a country is Communist or if Uganda has a dictatorship. That has nothing to do with conservation, or with natural ecology." And, on another occasion, "People say I was a Nazi during the war. What they don't know is I was not *asked* to join the Party. . . . What is important is that I would sit down to dinner with either Hitler or Stalin if it made any difference for my animals."

From a lifetime of standing off human adversaries, most of them politicians, Grzimek has himself become a political sophisticate, adapting his meth-

Paul Stuart



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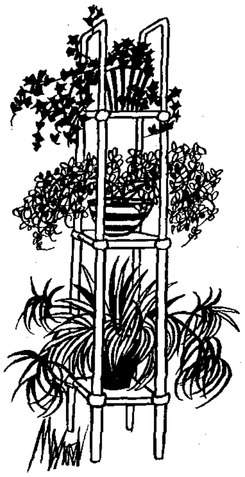
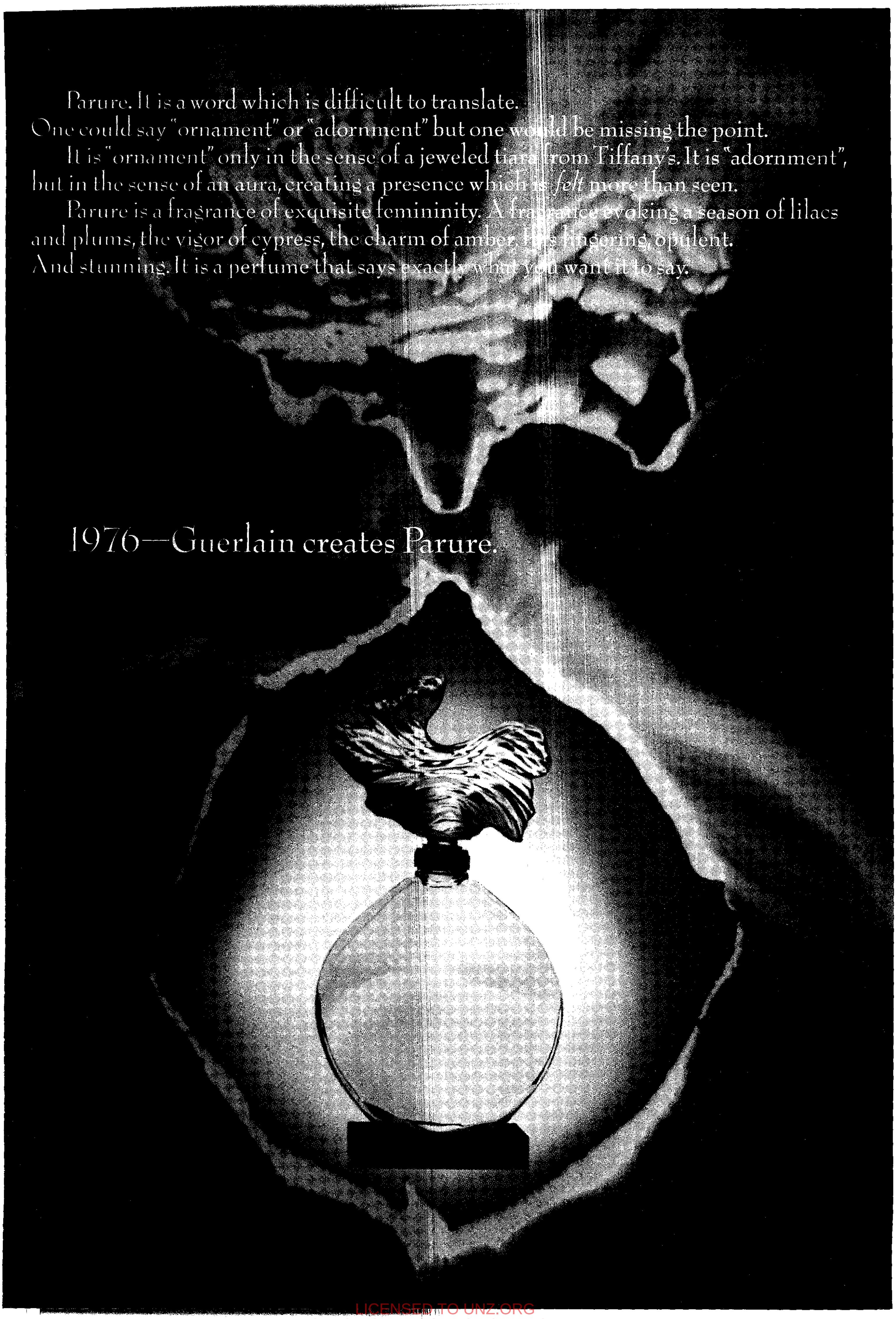
ods to the situation at hand in order to see his purpose through. He has outwitted—not necessarily successively—the German Army, the Allied Occupational Forces, the city fathers of Frankfurt, miscellaneous chicken and cattle breeders, the Canadian Parliament, the leather industry in Offenbach, certain fellow-zookeepers in Europe, entrenched officials of the delicately sensitive governments of Africa, and ministers of agriculture wherever they have crossed his path. But especially ministers of agriculture, whose concern for the arable-land needs of people is for the most part directly opposed to the exclusive use of such land by animals. Grzimek's methods appear to be based on two unfailing perceptions, applicable in most of the circumstances in which he has found himself, from Siberia to New Guinea: (1) everybody likes animals unless he is immediately threatened by them, and (2) everybody has his pressure point, which Grzimek, if he is patient enough to seek it out, will be able to press. His success at what he has sought to do is measurable by many honors, among them gold medals from the World Wildlife Fund and the New York Zoological Society, and by the esteem in which he is held by his peers. "He's a genius," says William Conway, of the Bronx Zoo. "He has done more than anyone else to dramatize the plight of African wildlife." "He has undoubtedly been one of the greatest zoo directors and conservationists of our time," says C. G. C. Rawlins, the director of London Zoos. "One of the most important zoo directors of our time," says Dr. E. M. Lang, the director of the Basel Zoo. The Swiss zoologist Dr. Heini Hediger says, "I think that he did more to save the African fauna than any other person."

Grzimek is the author of a number of popular books about animals, all of which are based on expeditions he has made to Africa, New Guinea, Australia, and South America, and perhaps the most famous of which is "Serengeti Shall Not Die." During the sixties, he organized nearly two hundred scientists throughout the world to produce a thirteen-volume wildlife encyclopedia, the most comprehensive ever published, entitled Grzimek's Animal Life Encyclopedia. He is co-editor, with Heini Hediger and the ethologist Konrad Lorenz, of *Das Tier*, a magazine about animals published in Frankfurt, and he has a television program, "A Place for Animals," which is among the most popular in Germany. While conducting these activities, Grzimek has also managed over the years to construct an *apparat* that enables him to move swiftly and effectively against anyone who gets in his animals' way. In the late forties, he persuaded the financial community of Frankfurt to revive the Frankfurt Zoological Society, whose function was to help finance the reconstruction of the zoo and to free it from total dependence upon the city budget. He enlisted the help of, among others, the late Georg von Opel, the automobile manufacturer, who had a hundred-and-eighty-acre zoo of his own, and a German official of the Common Market. As Grzimek became increasingly concerned with African wildlife, he began to focus the attention of the society in the same direction. He is president of the society, and his decisions and intentions are now virtually indistinguishable from the society's or from those of the several other organizations he heads. In fact, when an African park warden needs an airplane or a bulldozer, it is to Grzimek that the request is usually directed, and, as far as the beneficiary is concerned, it is Grzimek who finds the money. The fiscal construct of Grzimek's funding sources is intricate as a spider's web. By the time of his retirement, he had raised six and a half million marks from his television shows and had given more than a quarter of a million marks of his personal income for wildlife causes. In all cases, Grzimek decides how the money will be spent.



GRZIMEK first appeared on television in 1956, with a documentary called "Gorillas Need to Sleep, Too," and subsequent documentaries, made with his son Michael, increased his audience. Since 1959, his television specials, appearing four to six times a year, have drawn between sixty and eighty per cent of the viewing audience. "When Grzimek is on the air," a German cameraman has told me, "the streets are empty." Grzimek's shows are fashioned directly out of his views, anthropomorphic sometimes to the point of archness (*Das Tier* is edited from the animals' point of view) but au-



Parure. It is a word which is difficult to translate. One could say "ornament" or "adornment" but one would be missing the point.

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IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 52 PROOF thoritative, and there is no nonsense about priorities—no music or other gratuitous embellishments: only Grzimek and the animals. Often, he will talk on about a given subject while the film moves off in an unrelated direction. He puts the show together himself, directing, cutting, and writing for footage he himself has often shot. He has film crews on assignment in various parts of the world, and sometimes he buys the film of others and adds his own informed comment. Grzimek shamelessly asks his viewers for money and airily invites those who criticize him for taking this liberty on subscriber-supported television to examine his financial records.

But public opinion is perhaps Grzimek's greatest tool, especially in Europe. "Very early on," says Dr. Dieter Backhaus, managing editor of *Das Tier*, "Grzimek decided there were several ways to accomplish what he was after. Either you had to be a politician or you had to be very rich or you had to know how to use public opinion, and he chose the last way." Now, after two decades as a television celebrity, and as one who can shape attitudes with intuitive brilliance, he still regards the will of the public with the awe, respect, and optimism of a cub reporter heading for City Hall on his first day. He knows that the expressed attitude of a mass audience can change things. Despite his distaste for politicians ("I would prefer a prime minister go hungry than a lion," he once remarked), he has gained more political power, his associates say, than any other German outside the German government—a fact that is particularly galling to his enemies because he acquired this power on the state television system.

In Frankfurt a couple of years ago, I had the opportunity to see this power in harness by attending a private showing of one of Grzimek's television specials. Without music or accompanying titles, Grzimek suddenly appeared on the screen, a well-tailored Lutheran minister of stern countenance, cold eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, a faint smile—either ironic or bemused or slightly patronizing, I wasn't quite sure which—along with gray hair and long mod sideburns. Sitting at a desk, he spoke softly but firmly, as though to misbehaving children, into a camera frozen rigidly at attention. There were no "two-shots" or closeups—just Grzimek head on. As he talked, a cheetah suddenly appeared at stage left, leaped onto the desk, walked between Grzimek and the camera, and

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stopped. Grzimek continued talking. After several moments, the cheetah moved off to the right, and the screen filled again with Grzimek's face. The hard look was still there. The picture on the screen now shifted to scenes of chicken hatcheries and cattle stalls.

Grzimek's producer, a short, earnest young man with an excellent command of English, who had arranged the showing of the program at the Frankfurt television studio, tried to keep up a running translation for me: "He's telling about the cruelty imposed upon domestic animals to get maximum production yields. . . . He is talking about the force-feeding of cattle and livestock, synthetic diets, and deliberately overcrowded conditions. . . . He says it persecutes the animals and reduces the food value for the consumer. . . . Now he is showing a chicken egg with a rubbery shell. He says this comes from the use of synthetic food. . . . He is showing how cows are force-fed with tubes down their throats. They get no exercise. . . . That is a ball of hair he is holding up. It was taken from the stomach of a cow. Licking is instinctive to cows, he says; it is how they take in necessary minerals. But in such close quarters they have nothing to lick but themselves." Grzimek was still on camera, holding the grotesque object in his hand. It was about the size of a volleyball. "Grzimek is denouncing the members of the government responsible for permitting these conditions—mostly the Minister of Agriculture. . . . He asks the audience to tell their families and friends to write the Minister and protest these things." Abruptly, the picture shifted to an idyllic scene on the East African plains, with gazelles and waterbucks nibbling grass side by side. The producer whispered, "He doesn't like the people to think it is that way for all animals."

Afterward, at the commissary of the television studio at which the showing took place, a cameraman who had worked with Grzimek sat down at the table with the producer and me.

"He has a lot of cameramen on contract," the cameraman said. "He can't go everywhere, you know. He has a team right now in Rwanda studying the gorilla. He has contracts with all these people in various places, and he takes every chance he can to extend himself. I don't like to call it business, because he does it for the animals. He gives his own money, too. It's of no use if some great doctor works as a specialist in one area and never goes out to the public with what he finds—

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just sits on in his museum. Grzimek believes you have to bring it to the public. He's very hard on people who do not care about animals. He will tell the audience what to do about this—he is the only one on television who would dare to do so. He asks for help, too. I know a lot of people who don't have a lot of money who spend it on animals because of Grzimek. Very often, he will say on the air, 'I received five marks from an old lady in Essen. Thank you very much. We will spend it on building a fire zone in Tsavo Park.' He had a lot to do with bringing tourists to Africa. The zoologists say we have to save the animals from human beings, we should keep human beings out. But Grzimek says no, you have to use the tourist. Then Grzimek will say to the Africans, '*We* are bringing you the tourists. There were sixty thousand Germans in your country last year, and in this way I helped bring many thousands of marks into your country,' and this is a point they can talk about—that if they go on allowing the animals to be shot, or overcrowded, no tourists will come. This is the way Grzimek talks with *them*."

I told the cameraman that I hoped to meet Dr. Grzimek in Nairobi and talk with him.

"You will find that he is a hard person to talk with," the cameraman said, frowning. "He doesn't like human beings very much. It takes a long time to get through to him." He thought for a moment, and then he said something that fitted with the ambivalent impression I had begun to form of a man I hadn't met: "First come the animals, and then for a long time comes nothing. And then come the human beings."

IN 1957, when Grzimek began to concentrate his energies on Serengeti, he was better known throughout Europe than he was in Africa, although it was already known about him in Tanganyika that he followed a hard line on wildlife conservation and that the offer to buy land for the animals was unlikely to be an idle gesture. The truth was that the money would come from Grzimek's son Michael, who had it to spend, having earned it by filming African wildlife on a 1953 trip with his father. Both Grzimeks were strikingly attractive men, well over six feet tall, Bernhard with gray hair and Michael with blond, and both with wide, turned-down grins. Michael had come to regard wild animals as part of the family, having been raised in the midst of visiting infants of various species—

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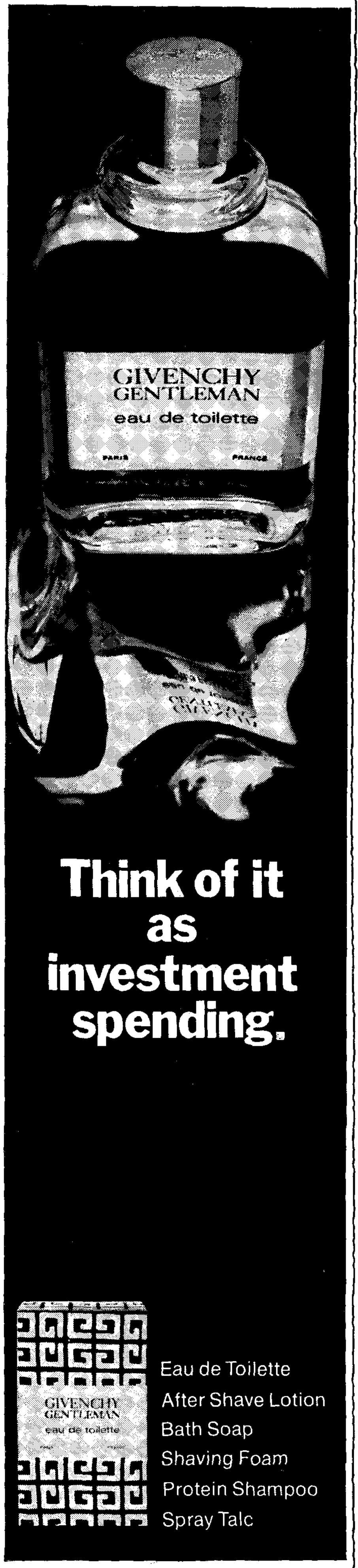
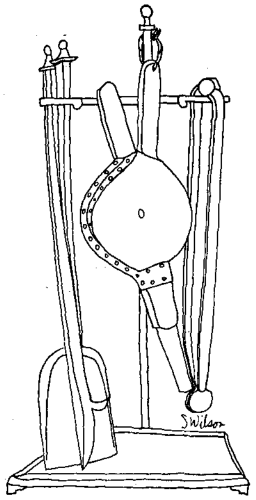


gorillas, kangaroos, wolves, and a group of chimpanzees given to occasional temper tantrums, which prompted Bernhard to wear his old war helmet in their presence. Michael looked like his father and thought like him, and by the time he reached adolescence the two were inseparable. The Grzimeks had two other sons—Rochus, Michael's older brother, who had gone into business, and a younger boy, named Thomas, whom the Grzimeks had adopted. But Grzimek seldom spoke of these two. It was Michael who was closer to him than anyone else. "He was not only my son," he would later write, in an oddly revelatory moment, "but my only real friend."

In 1951, when Michael was sixteen, Bernhard, on his first trip to Africa, took Michael along, and the two travelled in an ancient truck through the rain forests of the Congo. Once, while they were in pursuit of forest elephants, they became lost in the dense undergrowth and wandered on foot for two days without food or weapons, subsisting on wild onions that they had observed chimpanzees eating. The trip had been intended primarily as a sightseeing expedition, but what is born in the bone is bred in the flesh, as Grzimek later observed, and the two returned to the west coast with a variety of animals—chimpanzees, monkeys, birds, snakes, and civet cats—all caged for shipment to the Frankfurt Zoo. By sea, the trip to Hamburg would take more than four weeks—a longer time than Bernhard could spare from his duties at the zoo. He arranged passage for his son and the animals on a small freighter, turned the expedition over to Michael, and flew on ahead. All concerned arrived safely.

The Grzimeks made a second trip, two years later, which was more ambitious and provided the means for their later entry into Serengeti. Bernhard wanted to bring back an okapi—the exquisite forest animal that appears to be a cross between a giraffe and a zebra and whose existence was not discovered until 1900; he planned to write a book (he had written one, called "Doctor Jimek, I Presume," following the previous trip), and Michael was going to make a documentary film, for which he had arranged financial backing on his own. Again the Grzimeks wandered the Congo, pursuing the okapi, living with pygmies, and gradually forming the perception that was to obsess them both: there were too many people now, even in darkest Africa, and no room left for animals. Grzimek made this the theme of his book. "During the few minutes which it takes you to read to the end of this chapter," he began, "the number of people on earth will have increased by four thousand. By tomorrow at the same time the earth's population will have risen by almost one hundred thousand. . . . To feed the new arrivals of a single month, new arable land has to be found equal in size to the combined areas of Rhode Island and Delaware." He entitled the chapter "Africa's Wild Animals Are Doomed," and the book "No Room for Wild Animals." The book was eventually translated into more than a dozen languages; Michael's film, with the same title and the same theme, achieved equal success, winning the Golden Bear at the Berlin Film Festival over Walt Disney's "The African Lion." The film also gave the Grzimeks opportunity to express their concern over impending events having to do with Serengeti. Now, as Michael's profits began to mount, they made their offer to the British colonial office in Tanganyika.

To Frankfurt came a representative of the embarrassed British, Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Molloy, bearing a counterproposal for how the money should be spent. Because of the limited time the British scientist Pearsall would have on the plain, his survey would not be likely to provide the data needed. Molloy suggested that the Grzimeks survey the Serengeti, attempt to determine the migration routes of the animals there, and advise the government on the proper placing of the park's boundaries. The Grzimeks were enthusiastic, not only about Molloy's assurance of the government's good intentions but about the invitation to be part of the effort. They saw it as an unprecedented opportunity, comparable to having been invited to help save the great American bison herds of a hundred years ago, and with the added advantage that in this case the host government seemed genuinely committed to advanced principles of conservation. The Grzimeks began to plan. Bernhard would write about the



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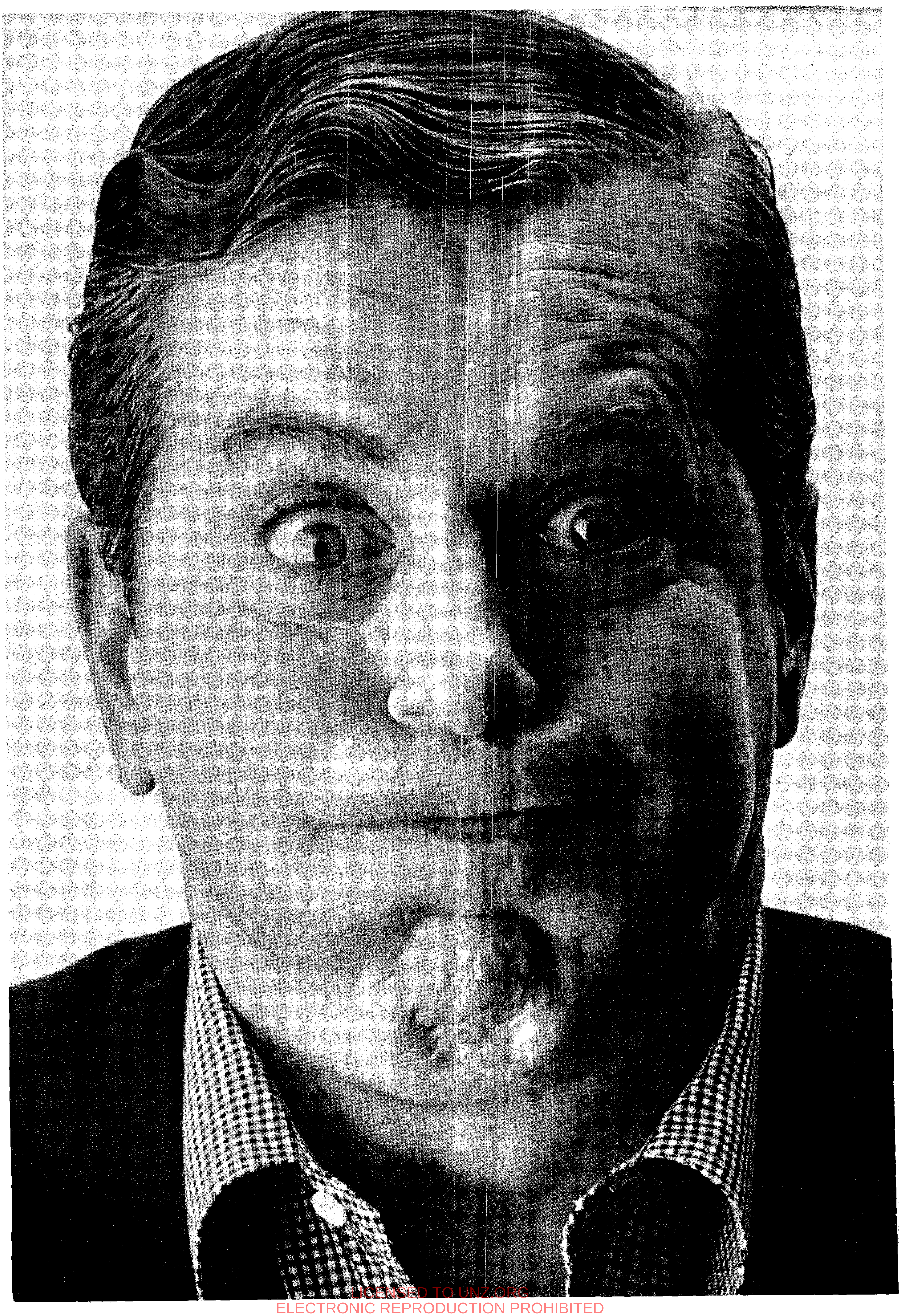

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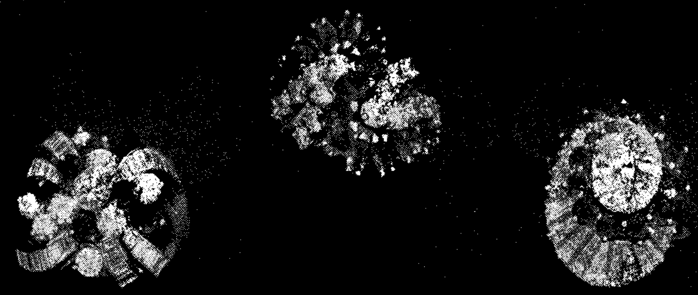
expedition and Michael would film it, but first, and most important, Michael insisted, they would have to learn to fly. Otherwise it would be impossible to count such large numbers of game over so wide a territory. And since they would be counting by eye, and landing and taking off on rough terrain, they would need a plane especially suited to the mission. The Grzimeks ordered a Dornier 27, with a wingspan longer than the fuselage and thus capable of slowing the craft to thirty miles an hour at low altitudes. Only a few years earlier, and also at Michael's insistence, had Bernhard learned to drive. Now they both took flying lessons, had their plane painted with black and white stripes, like a zebra, for easy identification, and, on December 11, 1957, took off from Frankfurt for Serengeti, four thousand miles away, on the most extraordinary adventure of their lives.

MYLES TURNER and Gordon Harvey, senior park wardens, were then responsible for supervision of the entire Serengeti area—Turner for the Serengeti Plain, and Harvey for Ngorongoro. Even now, when both have retired from the Tanzania parks system, they give the impression of having been selected for their roles by a knowledgeable British film director. Turner is a small, wiry redhead with hooded eyes and a melancholy cast to his features; Harvey is older, with silver-gray hair and regular features. Both are politely distant until they become interested in the conversation, at which point Turner grows lyrical and Harvey turns brusque, with clipped, descending phrases. In predictable fashion for such men, both became conservators after some years of hunting the game. "I'd had enough," Turner says. "I loved hunting, I've shot ever since I was a kid, but you go on killing these animals and all this misery gets to you. You just get through it, and there comes the stage when you want to do something for the animals, and then you get mad on photography. And the final stage is to sit in your car, without your camera or anything, and just look at them."

At Banagi, the original headquarters of the park, in the heart of the wilderness plain, Turner and Harvey helped the Grzimeks put up a corrugated-tin shelter that would serve both as housing and as a laboratory during their stay in the Serengeti, and the Grzimeks set to work, flying grid patterns at thousand-yard intervals and counting the animals by eye from a height of a hundred and fifty to three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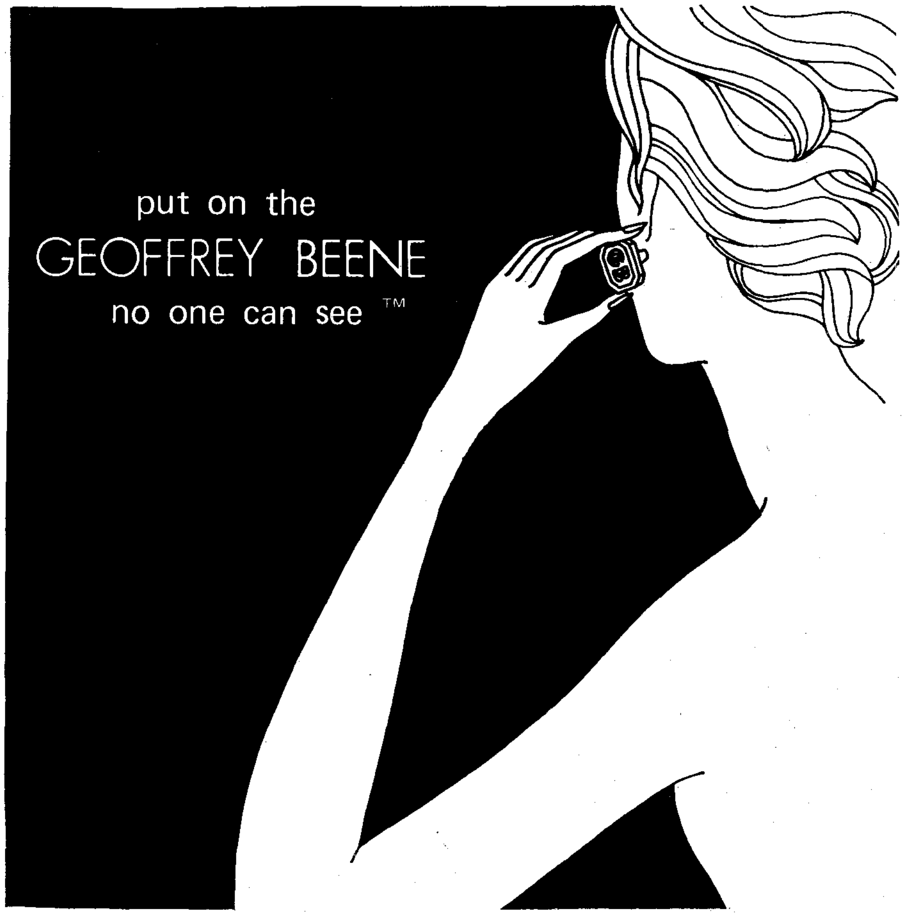

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hundred feet. There was room for four in the plane, and Turner and Harvey often flew with them, two men counting from one side of the plane and two from the other. "You could count only in the months of the long rains, when ninety-five per cent of the ungulates—the wildebeest, zebra, and gazelle—were centered on the plains," Harvey says. "We would take off and fly quite low. We had a writing pad and a method. A dot meant ten, a cross fifty, and a circle a hundred. We got our count to a remarkable accuracy."

As the expedition progressed, Michael concentrated on his film, working with Alan Root, the Kenyan filmmaker, who was just beginning his career, and with a school friend named Hermann Gimbel, a law student who was specializing in liability cases resulting from air crashes. The Grzimeks worked in the Serengeti throughout the year, experimenting with methods of animal observation that are now considered standard techniques: they lassoed ungulates from their Land-Rover, tranquillized them with the first crude dart guns, and marked them with dye for later aerial observation of their migratory movement. Grass samples were shipped back to a laboratory in Darmstadt to determine the grazing preferences of the animals. "The Grzimeks went to great pains to be accurate," says Harvey. It was for all of them a time of high excitement as well, and life on the plain was unpredictable. (On one occasion, hyenas ate the rubber off the wheels of their airplane.) Both Turner and Harvey now recall Michael as irrepressible and adventurous to the point of recklessness. Once, while he was trying to lasso a zebra from the roof of the Land-Rover, his rope pole slipped to the ground, jabbed backward into his throat, and knocked him off the vehicle. His father flew him to Musoma, a town on Lake Victoria, northwest of Serengeti, for emergency treatment. Twice, Michael seriously damaged the Dornier, and on one of these occasions he was obliged to leave his father alone on the floor of the Ngorongoro Crater at dusk in the company of an impressive variety of predators, all of which look on a man wandering alone at night (unless he is a Masai) as an invitation to a banquet. "Grzimek wandered across the crater and just before dark ran into some Masai," Harvey recalls. "He spoke no Swahili, but they figured he was in trouble. They took him to their manyatta, killed a sheep for him, and kept him through the night."

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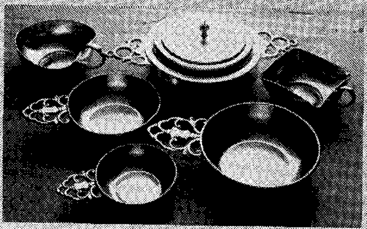

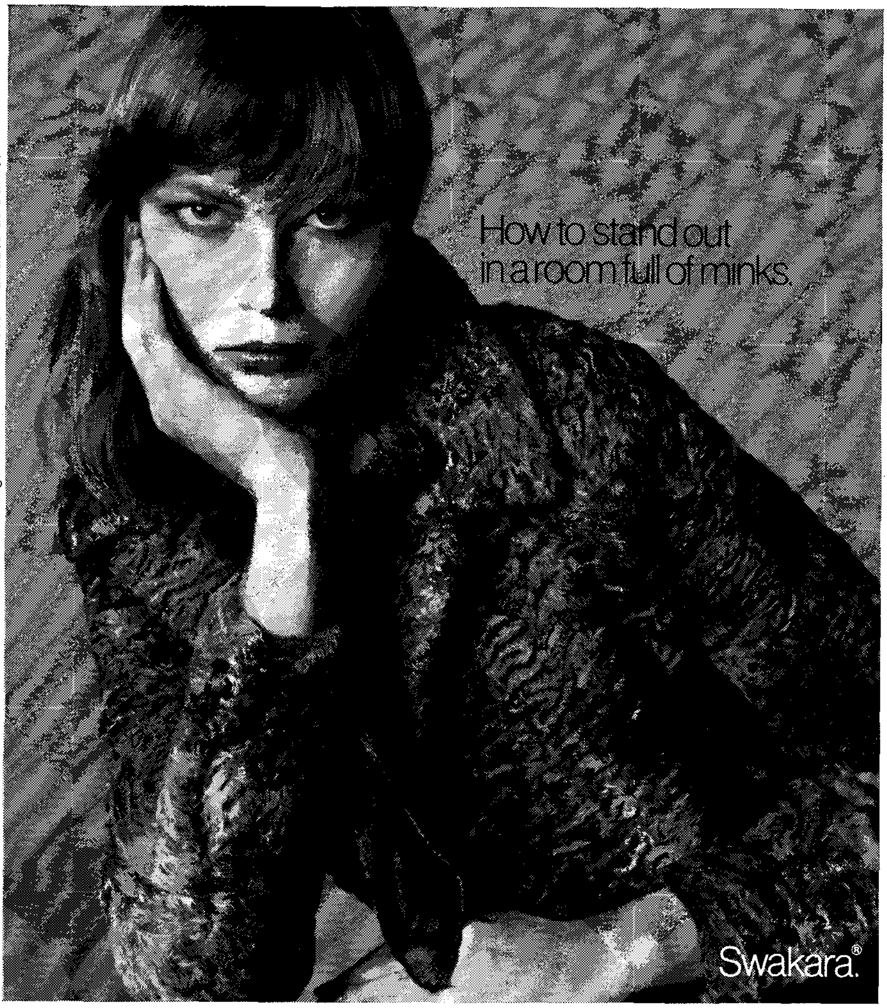

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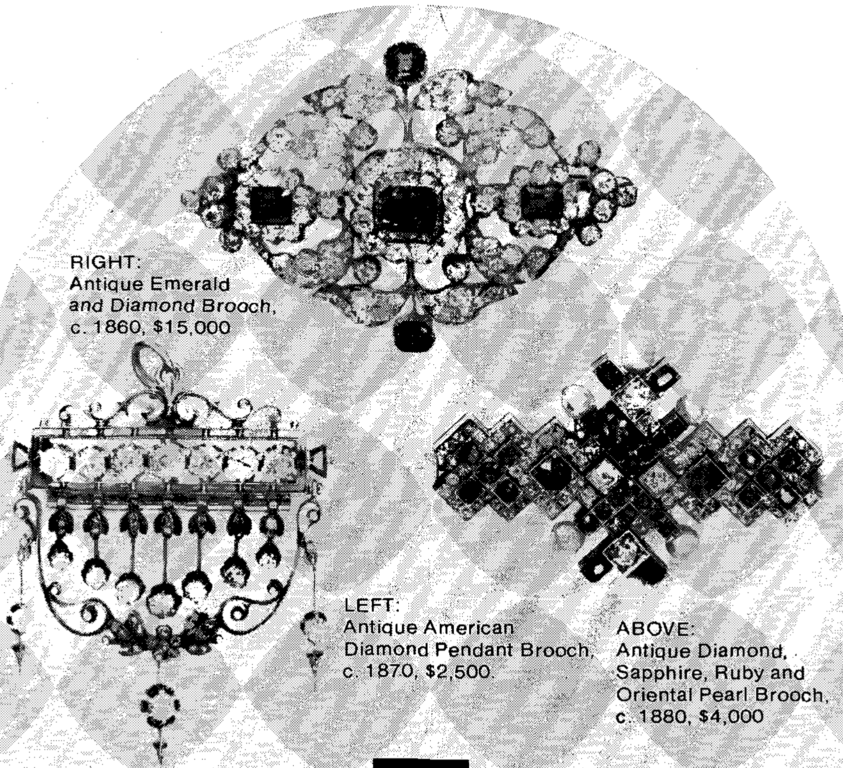
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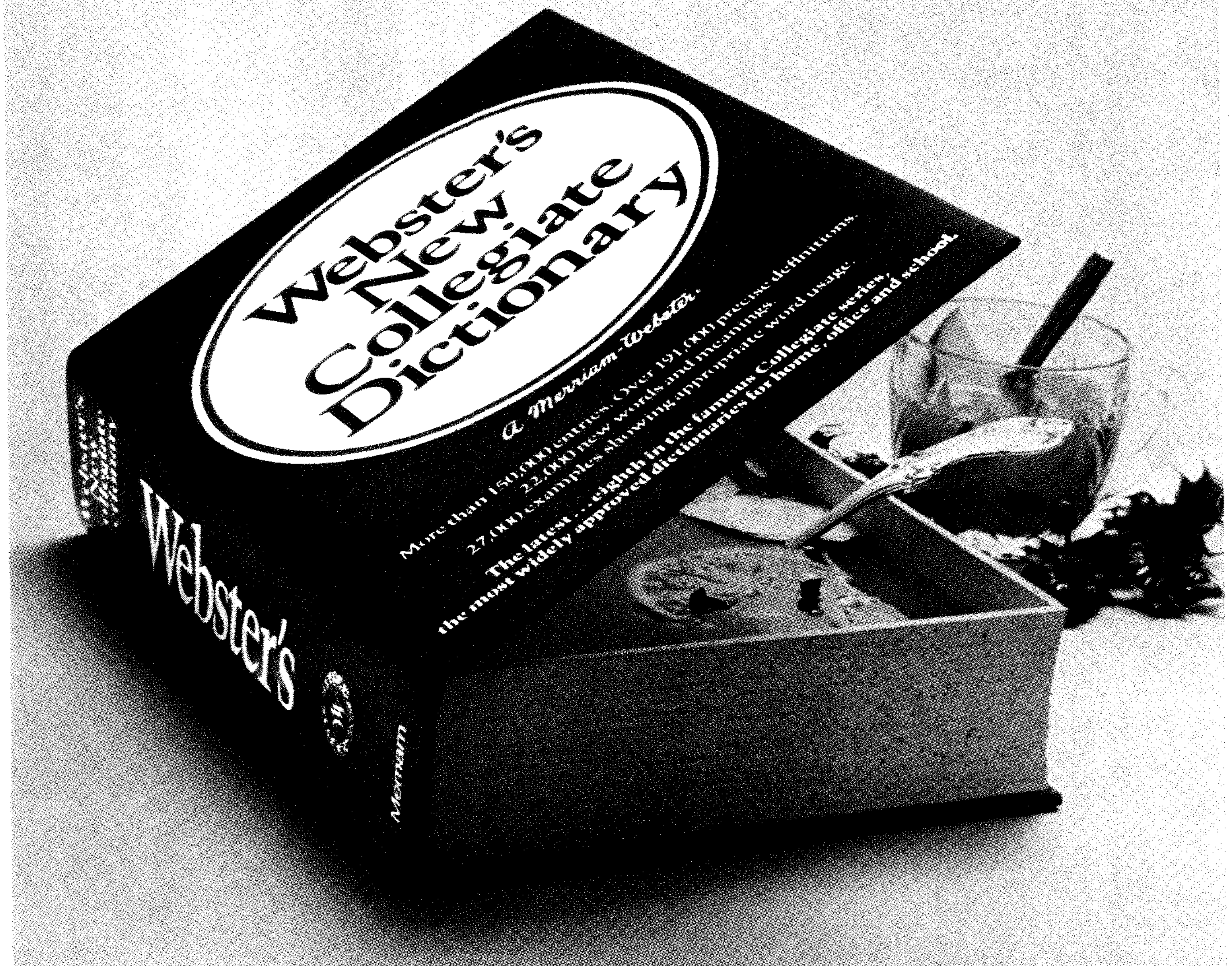
the Grzimeks had completed the major part of their study—with grim satisfaction, for their investigations confirmed what they had suspected about the inadequacy of Serengeti's proposed new borders—and were making plans for their return to Frankfurt. They had counted 366,980 large animals in the Serengeti area—194,654 Thomson's and Grant's gazelles, 99,481 wildebeests, 57,199 zebras, 5,172 topis, 2,452 elands, 1,717 impalas, 1,813 black buffalo, 1,285 kongonis, 837 giraffes, 284 waterbucks, 178 storks, 115 oryx, 60 elephants, 57 roan antelopes, 55 rhinoceroses, and 1,621 ostriches—but not always were these animals to be found within the park's present boundaries, and, of course, when they were outside the boundaries they were free for the taking. The Grzimeks discovered that in the dry months of July and August most of them weren't in the park at all but just above the western corridor, in populated areas around the shores of Lake Victoria.

The Grzimeks believed that they had also established the direction of the migration—that it moved south from the western corridor to the central plain near the foothills of Ngorongoro and back. And they had determined the reasons for it. The wildebeests, zebras, and gazelles—the greater part of the migratory herd—grazed only on certain grasses, and they took them when they were short. Hence, they would follow the rains moving eastward across the plains (at a rate of approximately twelve miles a day) as the first shoots were sprouting and then double back after the grass had grown up again. The Grzimeks' survey confirmed the worst fears of the hard-line conservationists, themselves included: the elimination of the central plain would destroy the migration—the single unexpendable element in the biological life of the plain. Moreover, they believed that their evidence supported an argument not just for retaining the old boundaries but for extending them. The Grzimeks were later proved right in their conclusion, but not precisely for the reasons they offered. At the time of the Grzimek count, scientists now believe, there were more than twice as many wildebeests on and about the Serengeti Plain as the count had indicated. Not only were they bunched together in the northwest during the dry months but there were many more directly above the park as well, roaming north to the Kenya border and across to Masai Mara. The Grzimeks had flown over the north, but at times, apparently,

was·sail



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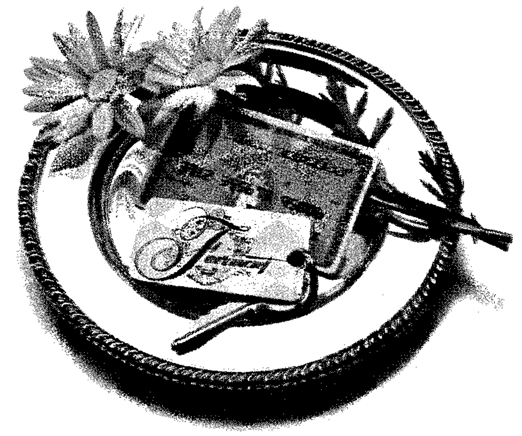

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when the animals were beyond their observation; and since the northern region was sparsely inhabited, there had been no documentary indications of their presence.

But the findings of the Grzimeks proved academic in any case. Sir Richard Turnbull, the governor of Tanganyika, had decided not to wait for their report. Unbeknownst to the two of them, he had settled on a compromise solution that he hoped might please all parties. Under a multiple-land-use plan, the contested central plain would become part of a greater Ngorongoro "conservation area;" some agriculture, forestry, and cattle-grazing would be permitted in the vicinity of the crater, but the central plain would be reserved for the game and any migratory movement within the plain's boundaries. The western corridor would continue as park land, but added to it now—rather arbitrarily, almost as an afterthought for the concerned conservationists—was the large block of uninhabited land stretching north from the central plain to the Kenya border. Thus occurred another of Serengeti's curious, almost mystical ironies. Although the new northern extension was seen as worthless at the time, it turned out to be the dry-season grazing grounds for the huge herds the Grzimeks had overlooked in their expedition—grounds absolutely crucial to the wildebeest migration. Not until a study completed the following year by Lee and Martha Talbot, American ecologists, did this fact become apparent. But now, finally, a decision had been made and the borders fixed, including the providential northern extension, and they have, with some minor but important modifications, remained the same to the present day.

Word of these developments reaching Banagi brought shock and disappointment to the Grzimeks. Bernhard and Michael had invested considerable time and effort in their study, with the understanding that they would be serving some purpose. Now, evidently, whatever they might recommend would come too late. On January 10th, at their camp at Ngorongoro, the Grzimeks began to make preparations for departure; they were to leave the next day for Frankfurt. Around four in the afternoon, Michael flew off toward Banagi to pick up Alan Root and Hermann Gimbel, who had been photographing a sequence for Michael's film. Flying quite low, the Dornier collided with a griffon vulture, the force of the vulture's body pinning the aileron cables along the leading edge of the

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right wing against the forward side of the main spar and sending the plane into a steep dive from an altitude of six hundred feet. Michael was killed. A group of Masai were in the area, boring water holes for their cattle—precisely the sort of encroachment that the Grzimeks were working so diligently to end. They saw the plane crash into the ground, and one of them ran to tell a nearby ranger.

Gordon Harvey was away in London on leave, and it was his replacement, Max Morgan-Davies, who first received the news that Michael had died in the crash. "We made arrangements for the body to be collected, and a parks lorry was sent," Morgan-Davies recalls. "I followed on down to sort out the plane and get the place ready for the aviation people who would want to inspect it. We sent a message to Bernhard before I left, to tell him what had happened and to break the news carefully to him. Possibly he would have arrived after the body had been recovered, and this gave him the opportunity to pull himself together before viewing his son's remains."

Michael's body was buried the next day on the eastern rim of the Ngorongoro Crater, at a site overlooking the soda lake on the crater's floor and, beyond that—because the crater's shelf dips down along the facing western rim—the beginning of the central plain of the Serengeti.

BERNHARD GRZIMEK returned to Frankfurt and completed the scientific report of the survey, which he published in a monograph entitled "A Study of the Game of the Serengeti Plains." Next, he wrote the book he had planned, ending it with Michael's death, and then he turned to the task of completing Michael's film. The book was published in 1959, and later the same year the film was released. Both met with immediate success. The book was translated into twenty-three languages, and the film won an Oscar—the fifth in the then thirty-three-year history of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to go to a German film. Both the book and the film had as their title the ringing injunction "Serengeti Shall Not Die."

As a departing gesture, the British colonial government established, in Michael's memory, a laboratory in the Serengeti for the study of wildlife. By 1965, the Michael Grzimek Memorial Laboratory had become part of the major complex known today as the Serengeti Research Institute, a wildlife station housing from fifteen to twenty international scientists of a variety of disciplines—geology, botany, zoology, behavior—all studying the interrelation of the Serengeti animals and their environment. The Serengeti Research Institute has subjected the fifty-one hundred square miles of the Serengeti Plain to more careful scrutiny than has been received by any comparable wildlife acreage on earth. Moreover, since the Grzimeks first raised the alarm regarding its future, the Serengeti has drawn the concern and active attention of Niko Tinbergen, Konrad Lorenz, Peter Scott, George Schaller, the late Sir Julian Huxley, and the late Charles Lindbergh. It has received financial support from the Fritz Thyssen and Max Planck Foundations, in Germany; from the Ford Foundation and the Canadian International Development Agency; from the New York, London, and Frankfurt Zoological Societies; from the United Nations; from assorted conservation societies and universities; from numberless individuals, including African schoolchildren (whose donations helped construct the Michael Grzimek Memorial Laboratory); and from a group known as the Friends of Serengeti—wealthy American tourists, for the most part, who, having seen the plain, want, like the Grzimeks, to try and save it.

Yet, while the care and support from outside agencies have been important to the preservation of Serengeti Park in the years since, Grzimek realized in 1960 that the people who would ultimately decide its fate were not the people in charge of Tanganyika at that time—the colonial British, who were moving out—but the people who would soon reclaim it, the native citizens of the new nation eventually to be called Tanzania. Outside financing was crucial and would continue to be, as was also true of the proper scientific attention to certain aspects of soil, weather, fire, vegetation, and animal behavior, and Grzimek would play his role in seeing that both were made available to Serengeti. But in the longer view these matters were primarily tactical; Grzimek's concern was strategic, and by now he had gained an important edge. His experience in the Serengeti had been acquired at the expense of his son's life and the rejection of his and his son's research. Most men would have turned away in disgust and bitterness, but Grzimek simply decided to increase his efforts. Among emerging black African leaders, he had earned the right to be regarded as a European different

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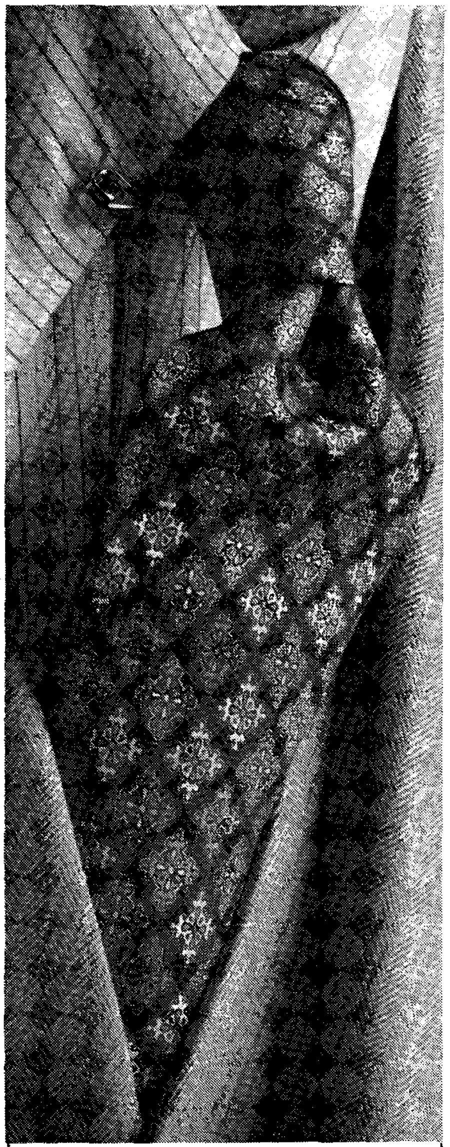

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from all the rest; his sole concern was to help Africans conserve their own resources. In the political turbulence fast overtaking Tanganyika, Grzimek's sacrifices in the Serengeti and his success as an international spokesman for its problems provided him with a degree of influence that money could not buy or diplomatic power force. As he had foreseen in "No Room for Wild Animals," food and the arable land necessary to produce it had become instant priorities in nearly all the emerging African nations, and especially in poor countries like Tanganyika. But even in independent countries with greater subsistence resources, such as Uganda, the reordering of national goals immediately increased the danger to wildlife, for not only did human poverty threaten the animals but, paradoxically, so did economic progress. "Grzimek realized that as exports in these new countries increased—coffee, for example, or sisal—industrialization would rise," says William Conway. "And when the gross national product of a country goes up, the value of land goes up, too. When this happens in countries like Tanzania, the value of animals on that land goes down."

Grzimek realized that he had to provide the new Tanganyikan leaders with hardheaded, practical reasons for conserving Serengeti. Tourism seemed the most immediate way. By "civilizing" the experience—adding roads and lodges and modern conveniences—the government could draw an international audience to see the animals, and this would provide revenue to equal that from coffee or sisal. But tourism, he soon perceived, could not be counted as a reliable source of support: political tensions, economic fluctuations, even fashion might work against it. The only enduring course, Grzimek realized, was the one that also appealed to him most—the establishment of Serengeti as a cultural resource for the world, under the watchful care of the Republic of Tanganyika. Coming late to modern society, the East African countries as yet had little to attract the interest of the industrial nations of the Northern Hemisphere. But their stock of wildlife was unique and irreplaceable. The great reserve of Serengeti, the last of its kind, could offer the rest of the world a glimpse of past time, of its own beginning—something worth treasuring in perpetuity against wars, plagues, drought, even famine. In Tanzania, his objective would be to instill a pride of possession for the world's sake. It would be a difficult argument to make; no other civilization had accepted it. Nevertheless, by 1960 Bernhard Grzimek decided to see what he could do to put it over.

FROM January through March, Bernhard Grzimek lives in his second home, in the upper-middle-class suburb of Westlands, roughly four to five miles from the center of Nairobi. It is the best time of the year in East Africa—the spell between the short rains and the long rains—and, to the mild discomfort of the residents, the city is filled with visitors from all over the world, crowding the hotels, taking over the restaurants, and jamming the roundabouts in all directions. Arriving in East Africa after my brief stay in Frankfurt, I called Grzimek's private number from my hotel room in Nairobi. "*Bitte?*" came a metallic voice out of the receiver. I told him who I was, and said that I was eager to meet him. He was decidedly unenthusiastic. He would not be free for the next few days, he said, because he was going to Dar es Salaam to see Tanzanian officials. His English was heavily accented but distinct. He said he could call me toward the end of the week, but he seemed impatient to get off the phone. At lunch the next day with the former Serengeti park warden Gordon Harvey, I learned that Grzimek would in fact be at my hotel for tea that evening. To get my first look at him, I peeked into the lounge around five, and there he was, giving me the slip. He was dressed in a sports shirt and slacks, and was seated with three elderly women, who were doing all the talking. I hardly recognized him from his television show. The gray hair was combed stylishly over the top of his head to cover a bald spot, and the stern visage was not so much ironic, or even bemused, as sad and distracted. I seriously wondered if it was his plan to see me at all. Over the next few days, all those I talked with who knew him confirmed his intense desire—in Nairobi, at least—for privacy. On Thursday, I called him again; he said he would come to the hotel at five the next evening and meet me in the lounge. I waited, and almost missed him, though he came through the lounge twice. He was taller than I had expected (he is six feet four) and slightly stooped, but he had an athletic bounce to his stride. I had become befuddled by the inconsistency of my previous impressions of

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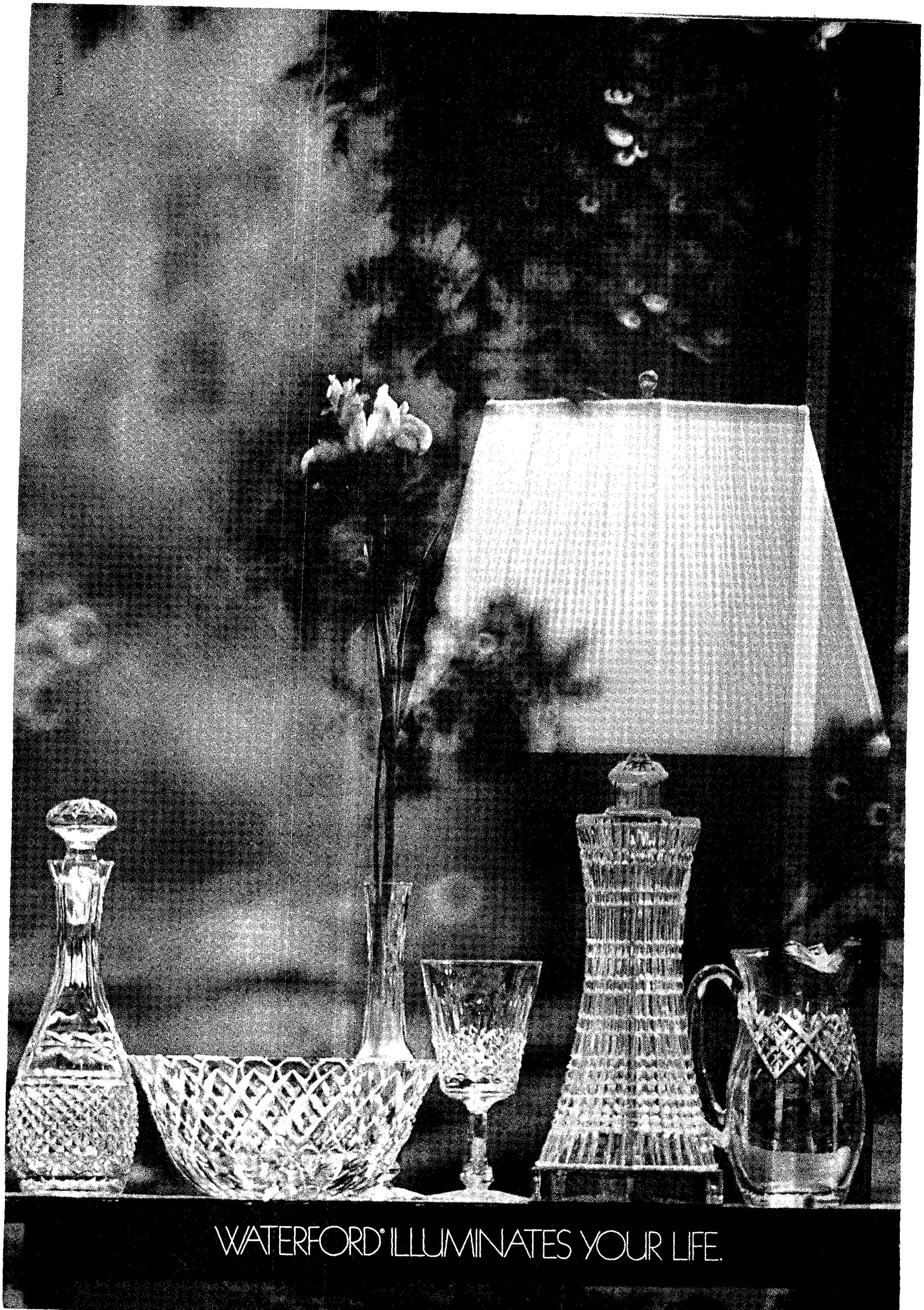
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him; I recognized him now, finally, by his gray sideburns, and introduced myself.

He sat down, and ordered a pack of cigarettes from the waiter. He said that he had a bet with his daughter-in-law, Michael's widow, that he would not smoke, so he did his smoking away from home. By the end of the first hour, he had finished off the cigarettes and switched to my cigars. It was not always easy to follow his talk. His English turns careless when he wants to eliminate detail. He tells his story mechanically, and in disconnected fragments, as though he has told it so often it has lost its flavor for him. "I am like a missionary," he said once. "Stay around me long enough and I tell the same story over and over." He has no memory for dates and a poor one for names. His humor is heavy and obvious, his favorite stories end in melodrama or sentiment, and he laughs first when he feels laughter is appropriate.

"You should be careful not to say so much about what we Europeans and the old colonialists have done out here," he said. "It is only partly true. The main benefactors are black politicians. Look at the record of the colonialists. The British game department was always among the smallest departments, with the smallest budget. The animals came under its sole jurisdiction. The game department had to earn money by selling ivory, inviting foreign hunters, and they regarded the game as pests. They were not interested in conserving animals. They wanted to control them.

"Look at what happened to the hippo. It was an animal that used to be found from the origins of the rivers down to the ocean. It was totally shot out, just for the pleasure. I remember the book of one of the famous explorers. He wrote, 'We met this river and it was full of hippos. I sat on a rock and amused myself for three hours shooting at hippos.' They dared to publish this at the time. Hemingway and his books were the main attitude of those times. Now it turns out that the hippo has six or seven compartments in his stomach and he can graze totally dry grass, which few antelopes can utilize. The hippo was a source of meat for the African people. They never took more than they needed, so their meat supply was in equilibrium with the balance of nature. But it was shot out in colonial times, and now you have a protein deficiency in the children and you see them with protruding bellies. Shot out everywhere. If you go down the Congo River now,

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you see not one hippo, no crocodiles, because, all the steamers going up, the people just sat there shooting at everything. That was the colonial tradition. National parks came very late, in just the last few decades, and after a very hard fight. We can be proud of *those* developments, and it is always the Africans who have changed the whole shape now, and they deserve our gratitude.

"From the beginning, I was different from many others. I was fighting for last pieces of wilderness, not for elephants and lions, because the main condition of having an ecological unit is that you do not place an unnatural emphasis on the question of animal survival. This is very difficult to sell to the public. For example, when it was published that elephants were dying from thirst in Tsavo, I got letters from people saying, 'Why don't you send trucks of water?' I can't tell a big audience in public, 'That is *nature* that a part of the elephants have to die. The drought comes. It has been so for thousands of years, and if I made the elephants survive, then you would have double the population next time, and in the next drought you have to take double the action.'

"It is a similar matter, and I see no solution for it, with people starving in Ethiopia. I think they have starved there in every drought for tens of thousands of years. In this way, the human population remained at a number which could survive in this country. In old times, nobody cared. You didn't hear about it. You had many people dying from starvation in European countries. You had no roads, no cars, and if you had a bad harvest, people died from hunger even in Germany. For instance, now at Lake Rudolf, with the Turkana tribe, they had a heavy drought and a lot of people died. In the modern state, you can't afford to let people die. It's against humanity, human dignity. They brought food and put up barracks at Lake Rudolf, and after eight years these people are still separated from their nomadic tribes. They are not related anymore. They are fed by international aid. They try to learn fishing, which does not seem to work. What is the solution of it? I do not know. I wouldn't dare to say let people die. It's *awful*. But I think the answer to it should be that there must be some way to inhibit such a growth of population in such countries. And that again is *very* difficult to do, because these people are used to having many children, because up until some decades ago half of the children would

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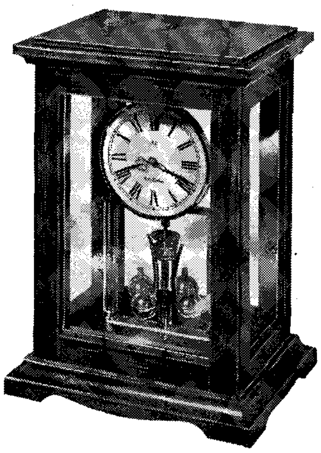

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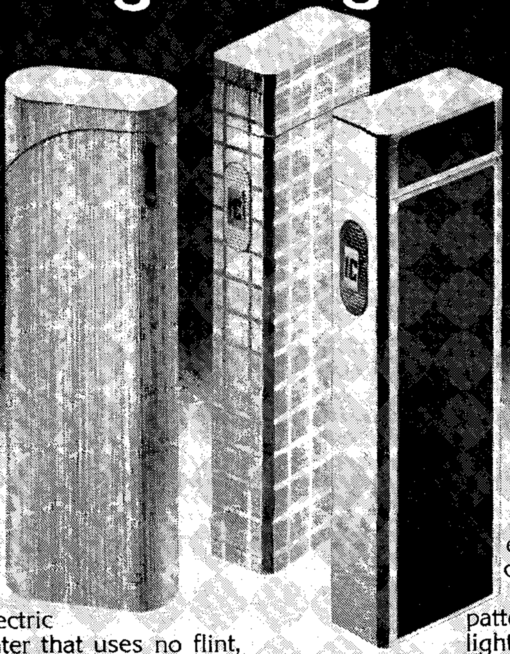

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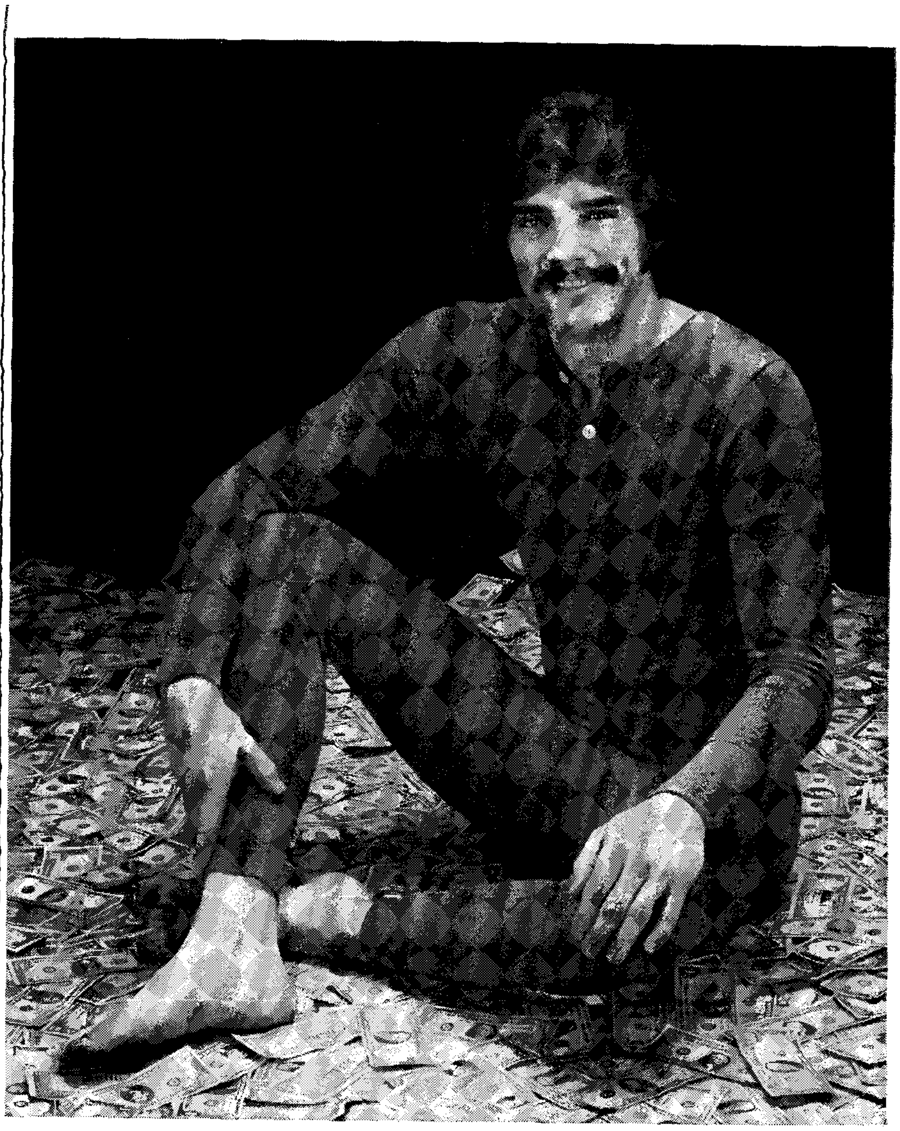
die. Now we have introduced international vaccinations, hospitals, and so on, and immediately there is a big increase in human population.

"Veterinarians successfully fought rinderpest and now you have an invasion of cattle, which are not used for food but are just for the pride of their proprietor, and so on. The country turns into desert. Cattle are not African animals, they are forest animals. You can see they look like skeletons just outside the parks, whereas all the game looks, even in dry times, quite well. It is because of modern development that cattle have increased so much. At the end of it, there will be a new India in Africa. And nobody will care for it. Who cares now for India?

"Very often people criticize me for asking for money for animals on television. They say I should instead be asking for money for starving children in Biafra, starving children in Egypt. My answer is always, 'Knowing human nature, I am well aware that the other nations won't pay for the next two hundred years the starving population of India.' You have to enable the parents to earn money to send their children to school, and that is what we have done, by promoting wildlife in certain countries in Africa and by promoting tourism, so that people really earn the money to build schools, to build roads, and to develop their country. So that I dare to say that a very few conservationists have achieved more for the economy of some of the African countries than the official aid of our governments, which mostly need to be paid interest, and to be paid back after some time.

"People need animals. What I always tell politicians and journalists is that they don't realize how times have changed. In the last century, eighty per cent of our population in the West lived in villages or on farms, together with animals and nature. Now is the first time in human history that eighty per cent of our Western civilization lives in big towns, *separate and apart* from animals and nature. What they don't realize is that what becomes rare becomes precious. This was the basis of my argument to Julius Nyerere, who was the leading black politician in Tanganyika—and is now, of course, the President of Tanzania—when I first saw him, during our trip to Serengeti. I told him what tourism means for some countries. I told him to look into books of famous travellers to Europe two hundred years ago—like, for instance, Casanova. Casanova has travelled nearly all the countries of Europe



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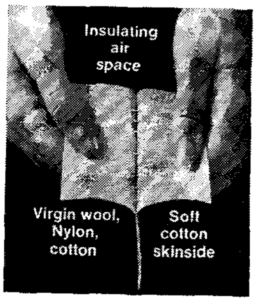

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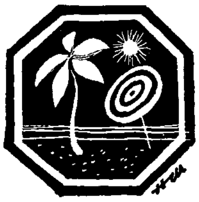
and he has described them. Kings' courts, castles, big towns, famous buildings, but not one word about nature, although he travelled for weeks in slow-moving coaches. The most beautiful landscapes of Europe were ignored, because the world consisted then mostly of small villages and open country. A human being always appreciates things which are rare and difficult for him to get. Goethe, travelling to Italy, had to cross the Alps. For him it was dangerous, very difficult, a wilderness. I told Nyerere that now millions spend millions to see the Alps and have their holidays there because they come from big towns. I told Nyerere I thought wildlife could become a big source of income for the newly founded African countries.

"Then independence came, and tourism didn't arrive as quickly as I thought it would, and I felt ashamed, because I had argued the point with so many African politicians. I tried to persuade German Lufthansa and B.O.A.C. and the other big airlines to give cheaper travel for package tours to Africa, but they refused. Then I did an ugly trick. I told one day on television, 'It is now possible to go for three weeks to East Africa from Germany and back to Germany for two thousand marks, all included,' which was a lie, because the *air fare* was more than two thousand marks. But the next three days all travel agencies in Germany phoned me. Everybody was asking for these journeys. Who would be doing them? One travel agency was forced to hire old propeller planes—the airlines were just then changing to jets—and to hire Yugoslavian pilots and to do the first package tours at the price I had quoted. The newspapers attacked me, because I had misused state-owned television for commercial propaganda. I answered them, 'Yes, I did; I don't do my television program for the pleasure of old ladies loving cats, and so on. I have the purpose to achieve something with it, and I will continue. You are right if you can prove that I earn anything through the tourist business, but you will never be able to do that.' Sixty people went on the first tour, and when they came back they told ten thousand, 'How marvellous! How wonderful!' I always used to say, 'Africa is like an infection. If you get it once, you can't get rid of it. You always go back.' That is how it worked, and after that many other tours came in.

"But in the last few years my aim has changed. Tourism may stop, because of wars—anything—and you must make people *proud* of what they have done. Tanzania has spent eight times as much on its wildlife, in proportion to its national income, as the United States has spent on *its* wildlife. Nyerere has created *ten* national parks since 1961. He has even moved people out of the parks to make room for the animals. This has never happened in Germany or the United States. Maybe Africans will or will not develop a high culture in the next centuries, but they are already leading in the conservation of nature. They really *preserve* a part of this world for future generations.



"That is very different from the attitude in the rest of the world. The United Nations, for example, is hopeless! Until recent times, it didn't care for ecology or the preservation of nature. It left that mostly to associations raising private funds. If you look over the past twenty years and see what has happened to the ecology and the economy of mankind by not going into the conservation of nature—what money, what possibilities of survival have been lost!—you may realize what a mistake that the U.N. has created the Food and Agriculture Organization with *millions* of dollars and didn't make a similar unit from the beginning for the conservation of nature. All this must now be done by the I.U.C.N.—the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—which is mostly supported by private money. A matter which has come to mean survival for this planet, for *mankind!* It is really *unbelievable* that this should depend upon private funds. It should be one of the *first* responsibilities of the United Nations.

"If it becomes the common conscience of all mankind that wildlife is valuable as the common property of mankind—the pride of mankind—and for research in ecology, which is becoming more and more important for all mankind, and if we make Africans proud of this property because they are leading in the conservation of it, then I don't think this property will be in danger. Because if you raise such a lot of money to preserve ancient symbols, dig up antiquities, as they have in Athens with the Acropolis, which is now sacred to all peoples, then there will never be a scarcity of such things in this world. But if the elephants are gone, or the tigers, which are close to extinction, then they are gone, and we will never discover them again on another plan-

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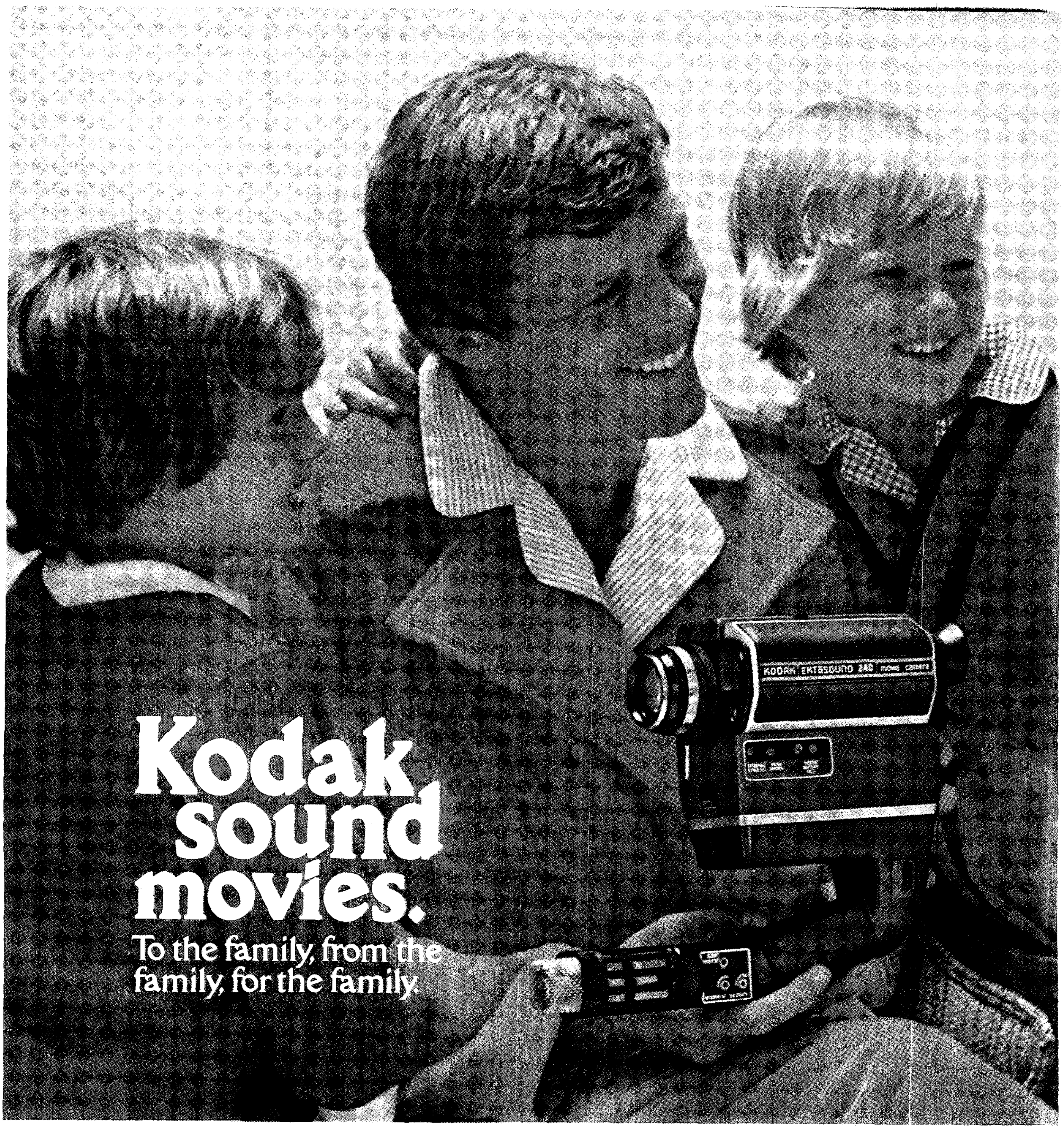
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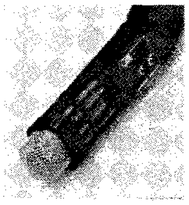

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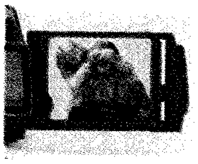
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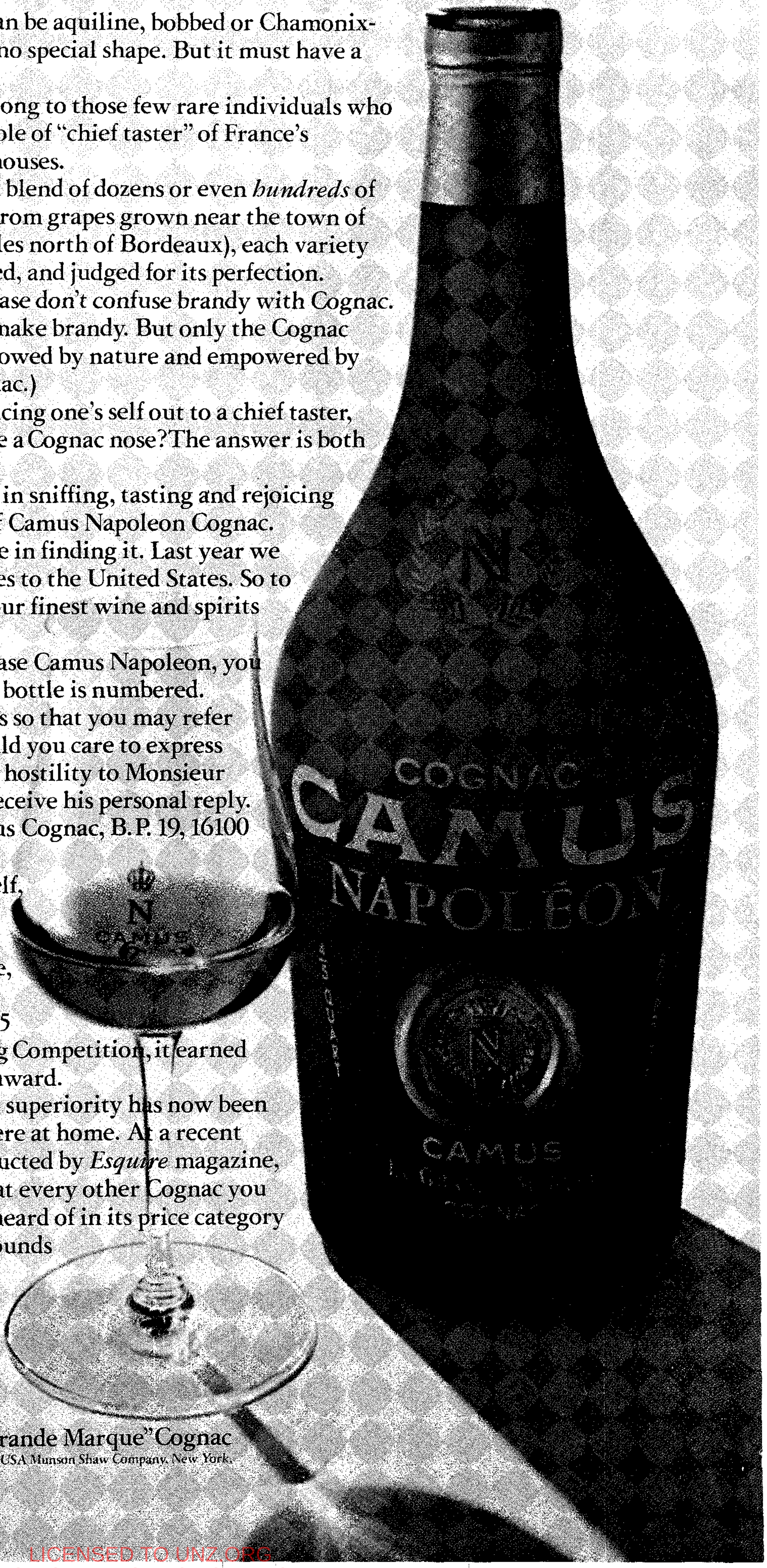

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et. They belong to our planet, and the planet belongs to the animals, too. They are part of nature and we are part of nature. We must realize we are animals, too—we eat the same food and breathe the same air and live from the same soil. Every species dying out is a warning of the death of mankind."

THE wildebeests are the most important animals in the Serengeti. There are more of them than of any other species—they account for half the biomass of the plain—and their migratory movements condition the welfare of many of the other animals as well, both prey and predators, which, for their own good, follow the wildebeests' course. The Grzimeks' Serengeti expedition had as its principal purpose mapping the wildebeests' migratory routes and determining their food preferences and grazing habits. In 1961, two years after the Grzimeks were on the plain, there was a severe drought, which caused concern that the wildebeests might be overgrazing the grasslands. There were other scientists in Serengeti now, and what to do about the possibility of overgrazing became their first priority. Predictably, one question led the scientists backward to another: the study of animal behavior led to the study of vegetation; vegetation to soil; soil to fire and rain; and so on. In order to find out whether the wildebeests *were* overgrazing Serengeti, the scientists had first to establish the relationship of the wildebeests to their food supply. This, in turn, led to the question how many wildebeests there were. In 1958, the Grzimeks had counted over ninety-nine thousand. In 1961, Lee and Martha Talbot counted two hundred and fifty thousand. By 1969, there were half a million. (Today, there are more than a million.) Evidently, the wildebeests were not overgrazing the Serengeti, and by the mid-sixties some of the reasons for this would come clear. The drought had soon ended. Moreover, the plague of rinderpest which had limited the growth of both wild animals and cattle had been arrested in the late fifties by the development of a serum inoculation, and since cattle had previously infected the wildebeests but did so no longer, the wildebeest population had grown. But these facts did not explain the whole situation, for the land surrounding Serengeti—the land that fed cattle—*was* overgrazed, while the same grasses feeding the wildebeests within the park remained thick and healthy. Inexplicably, as the cattle outside the park were starving, the wildebeests in-

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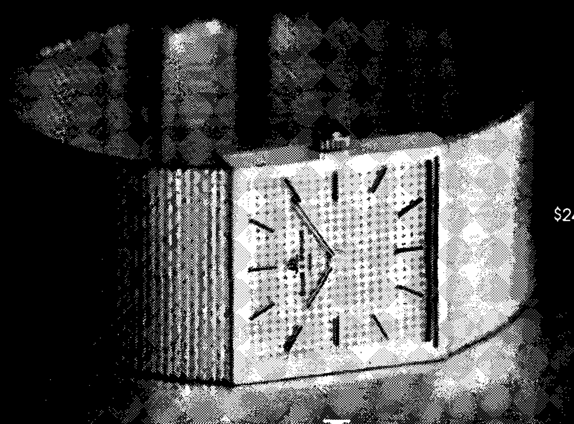

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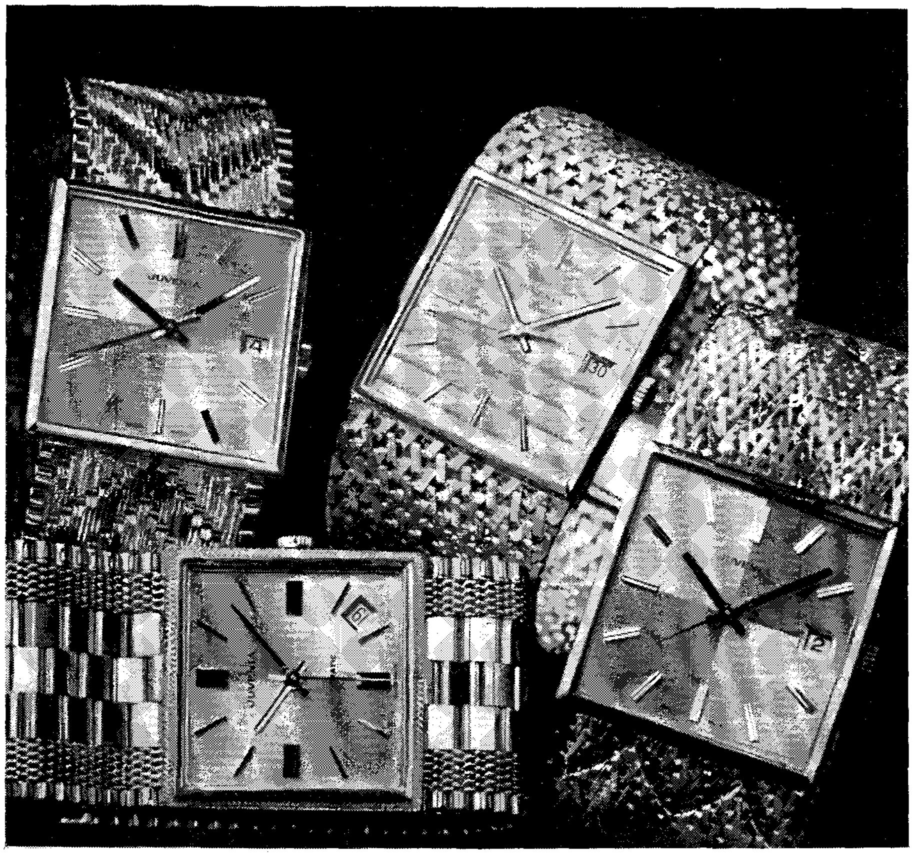

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side were multiplying. For its wildebeests, Serengeti was like the sorcerer's apprentice: it was a trick of nature, providing bounty to its favored few. What forces set the rhythms of collaboration between the wildebeests and the land that was so forbidding to man's domestic stock? The scientists believed that the answer lay in factors controlling the death rate of the herd. Hugh Lamprey, the former director of the Serengeti Research Institute, has described the next stage of the investigation:

"The question still was: What regulates the wildebeest population so that it doesn't overgraze its food supply? What are the mortality factors? The scientists looked first at the most obvious control mechanism, and that was predation—the various animals that feed off the wildebeest herds. The two predator biologists—George Schaller, studying lion, and Hans Kruuk, studying hyena—together covered practically the whole spectrum simultaneously, leopard, wild dog, and cheetah as well. Both of them came to the same conclusion: predation was an important factor in *selection*—the predators took the lame, the old, the sick, the infants, and the weak. Predators probably also had the effect of damping down the oscillations in numbers frequently occurring in animal populations, but they were not the *principal* regulating mechanism. The wildebeests were being regulated by something else, something that effectively held down their numbers to a level at which they were *not* damaging to their habitat. More zoologists were brought in, and one in particular, a man named Tony Sinclair—A. R. E. Sinclair, of Oxford, one of the most productive of all our biologists—came up with the best answer. It was one we had all been expecting but had been unable to demonstrate. The animals are regulated very closely indeed by their food supply."

Despite the evident abundance of food, and even though the grassland production of the plain is never fully utilized, Lamprey says, starvation strikes the weaker of the animals at certain critical times when the food value of the dried vegetation is low—probably at the height of the dry season. "Undernutrition" is Sinclair's term for it. "In effect," Lamprey explains, "starvation, combined with the increased susceptibility to disease which accompanies it, regulates the population at a level which is below that at which the wildebeests would destroy their habitat. Previously, there had existed an ecological dogma which held that if a population were regulated by starvation the animals would reach numbers at which they would destroy their habitat first. In the case of the wildebeest populations of Serengeti, it seemed the other way round." Surprisingly, a limitation of food at times of population crowding apparently does not affect fertility. "Sinclair showed that not only was the population being regulated by its food supply but there was an equilibrium level for each herbivorous species, to which it would return if it was disturbed by certain factors, such as a reduction in grass productivity owing to low rainfall," Lamprey says. "But, given a moderately stable climate, such as exists in Serengeti—you don't get the extreme drought you do on the other side of the rift—the large-mammal populations tend to reach this equilibrium level at which they are not damaging their food supply. They are maintained at this level by a rate of mortality which is directly related to the density of the herd itself and balances the recruitment to the adult population."

In other words, rainfall through the sixties produced more grass than before, food for more and more animals, but never too many animals for the grass that was there. Before this equilibrium could be disturbed, the requisite number of animals would die—starvation as a form of control, even in a time of abundance. What had by now become apparent was a matter of even greater importance than the welfare of the wildebeests. The grasslands of Serengeti formed a self-sustaining ecological system, a vast and unique complex of higher mammalian life interacting responsively with its environment. Everything was interdependent—fire, rain, soil, grass, the host of animals. Each living thing depended on the other, each flourished because of the other. Serengeti, with its extraordinary residents—from tiny, nearly blind mole rats to majestic giraffes—was proceeding, still comparatively undisturbed, through an evolutionary process that had been going on for hundreds of thousands of years. "It is a failure of the imagination that science is unable to articulate for the rest of us exactly what a sight like this means," says the American zoologist Archie Carr. "What you're talking about is the state of order created by nature out of disorder. We can manage only the faintest perception of the beauty in this, the skill and natural selection of nature. Man's closest concept of such processes is his own creation of great art." Serengeti, with its ark of animals drifting the grass

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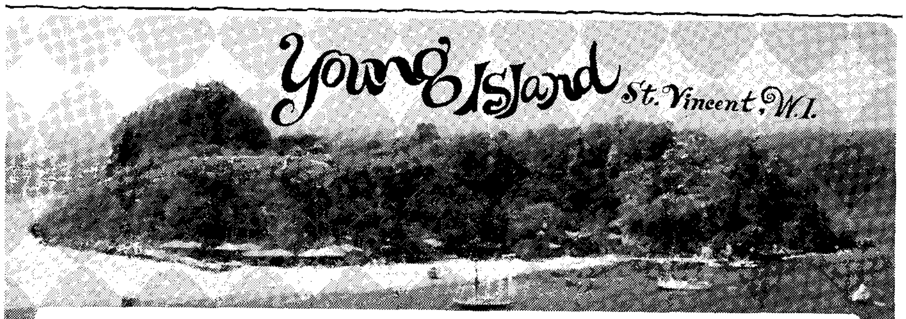

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OF all the controversies over how best to deal with the wild animals of East Africa, the most complex one, from a scientific standpoint, is the question of "cropping." During my stay there, it hovered in the background as one of the possible fates in store for Serengeti's wildebeests. In fact, a Canadian scientist named John Bindernagel was then at the Serengeti Research Institute studying the feasibility of cropping wildebeests. Cropping is taking the excess from an animal population; culling is taking out the inferior. Suffice it to say, it is a question of harvesting animals, for whatever reason—whether for their own good, to prevent them from destroying their environment, or for the benefit of human beings, to provide meat—and it proceeds from the assumption that principles of population regulation of domestic species may be applied to wild animals. In all cases, the argument becomes operative only after property rights have tilted against the animals. Once there have become too many animals for the space provided, or, as in the case of elephants, they are biologically unsuited to staying within the space allotted them, harvesting is advanced as the way to relieve the problem. The best-known advocate of harvesting in East Africa is a former game warden named Ian Parker, and he has the support of a variety of scientists and ecologists. Because this faction favors the use of modern techniques of animal husbandry, it is known as Man's Way. The opposing faction, which includes Grzimek and many of the scientists at the Research Institute, believes that the animals should, wherever possible, be left to themselves—that there is insufficient data on the animals' own methods of regulating their numbers to support interference with the ecosystem. This faction is known as Nature's Way.

The controversy over cropping, which—in East Africa, at least—has leaned heavily in past years toward Nature's Way, has now come to be seen as more complex than many of that side's proponents would like to admit. It is, indeed, a testament to Ian Parker's fierce and effective advocacy of Man's Way, directly counter to any argument advanced by the adherents of Nature's Way, that he is not instantly dismissed because of his vested interest. He is the chief executive of Wildlife Services, Ltd., a consulting organization in East Africa dealing in all those aspects of commercial exploitation of wildlife which conservationists most condemn: the (government-approved) sale of ivory, skins, and hides, and the butchering of wild animals for meat. Parker has done business in Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania; has acquired more expertise than others in the techniques of cropping, because he has done more of it; and has appeared before the British Ecological Society, among other scientific organizations, to explain his theories on the management of plants and animal life. His experience was gained in the field, and he is considered to be among a handful of experts on the biology of elephants and of the various other species he has cropped. He imposes rigorous field standards for his projects, and he claims to have rejected more cropping schemes than he has accepted. Moreover, Parker and his theories have come to seem compatible with the opinion of a growing body of international ecologists, who simply see no way out for African man, beast, or environment other than through some systematic approach to the harvesting of wild animals. For instance, an East African ecologist, Norman Myers, says that the Serengeti migration could produce forty million cans of meat each year without causing any decline in the number of wildebeests, zebras, and gazelles.

Parker believes that there are times when you have to be prepared to kill animals in order to conserve them, and to conserve the parks in which they live. He believes that there are few, if any, instances in which the priorities of animals should prevail over the priorities of people, and he is unsentimental about the animals' presence, even in the parks. Parker's ideas began to emerge during the drought of 1960-61, when there was great concern over the fate of Tsavo National Park, in Kenya, and of the park's elephant population. The ensuing controversies about this episode have implications for the future of all East Africa's larger animals. Tsavo, which, even before the drought, hovered perilously close to being a wasteland of dry bush, was threatened with destruction by its population of thirty thousand elephants, one of the largest reserves of elephants left on earth, and one which seemed to be too large for the available vegetation. The elephant is the most visible species in East Africa, the most destructive, and

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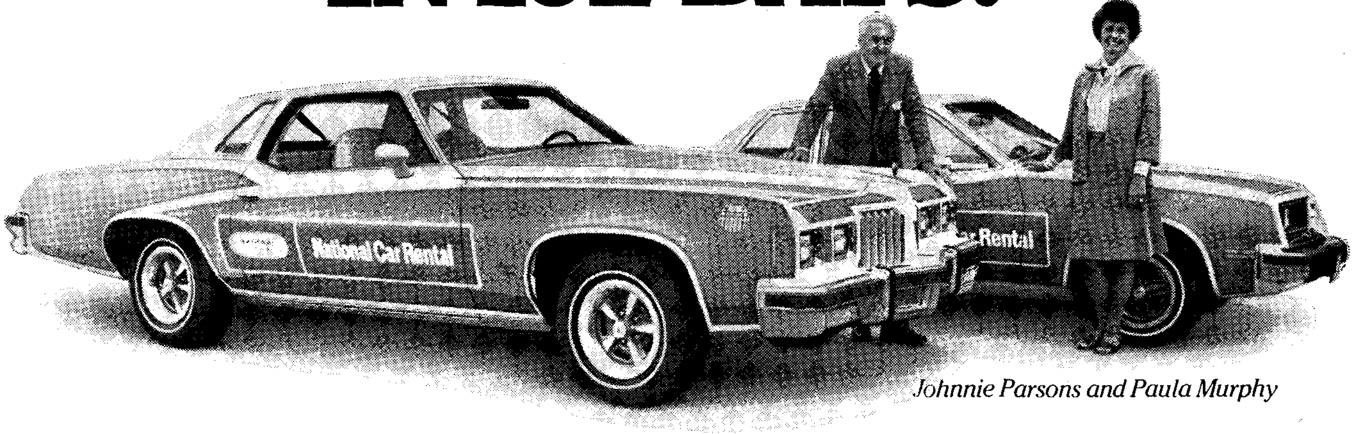

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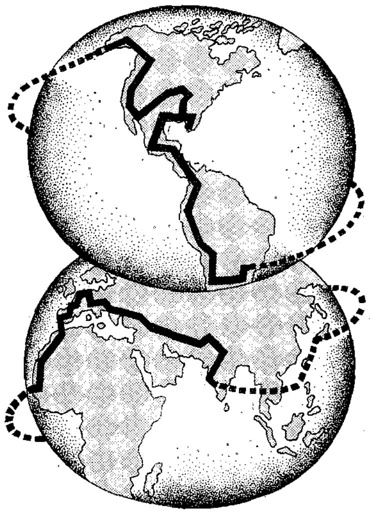

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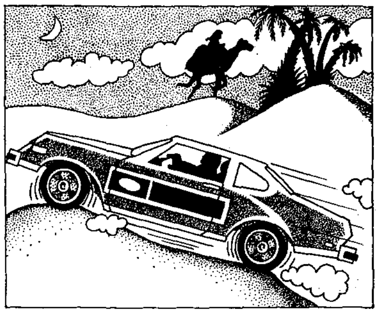

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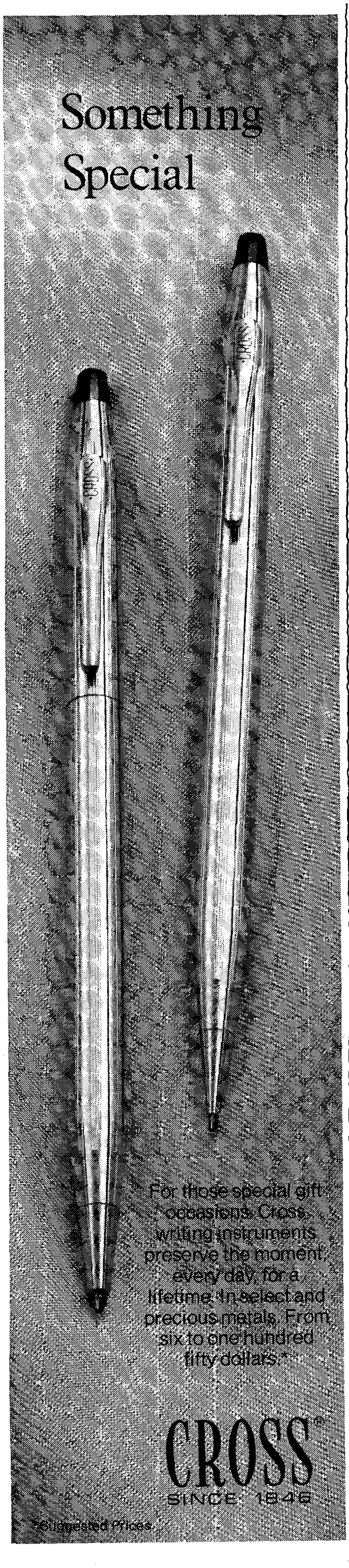
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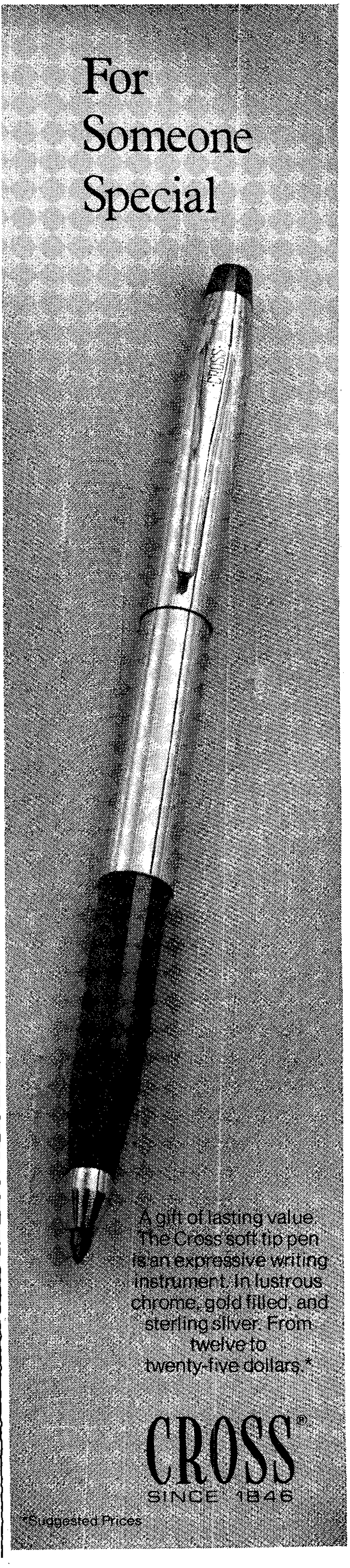
the most unmanageable. An adult elephant may consume as much as seven hundred pounds of forage a day. Elephants knock down trees and strip the bark from those left standing. Within the parks, because of the fragile African savanna, destroyed woodlands turn quickly into plain, and while this is favorable to some species—the plains herbivores, for example—it is deleterious to others. If the cycle is allowed to continue, plain may turn into bush desert. Thus, the elephants' population problems, unmanaged by man, could cause them to destroy their own habitat and that of other species as well.

Working in Uganda from 1962 to 1966 was the British zoologist Richard M. Laws, who was having some success in the long-term reduction of elephant and hippo populations and had earlier gained recognition in the commercial harvesting of seals and whales in the Antarctic. Kenya invited Laws to Tsavo to advise the park. In consultation with Laws, park officials authorized a sample cropping of three hundred elephants, to provide data for the study of population structures and breeding patterns of the herds. Ian Parker, who had been cropping animals with Laws in the Uganda operation, was assigned the task of harvesting the three hundred elephants at Tsavo. He set to work efficiently, herding the animals by helicopter to a convenient location within the park, killing them with semiautomatic weapons, and overseeing the preparation of the meat for human consumption. By now, however, Laws had determined that there were ten separate population groups of Tsavo elephants, and he felt that to prepare a comprehensive survey it might be advisable to take off as many as three hundred animals from each population group—a maximum of three thousand elephants to be destroyed. At this point, the Tsavo experiment, from the conservationist point of view, turned into a scandal. The shooting of three hundred elephants was bad enough, but the prospect of killing as many as three thousand within a national park was intolerable to conservationists, and not for sentimental reasons alone.

In the course of slaughtering the initial three hundred, the croppers, to keep panic from spreading throughout the park's entire elephant population, had removed whole families of the animal, forcing a new consideration: in order to compensate for their diminution, would those families remaining begin now to overbreed at some unknown,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perhaps unknowable, rate? If so, one conservationist warned, the park would then be faced with the necessity of cropping even more, and the ramifications of that decision in a complex ecosystem, where so many different species had roles to play, could not possibly be assessed. Even the removal of the elephants physically from the park, for example, might further disrupt the balance of the ecosystem, by depriving the earth of their decomposing minerals. On the other hand, the elephant population, if left alone, conceivably would reduce its own excesses in adjusting to the park's carrying capacity—Nature's Way. At the height of the controversy, Richard Laws resigned from the study and left Kenya.

Whatever natural regulatory mechanisms were or were not at work among the elephants, however, a severe drought in 1970-71 went far beyond Laws' proposals, destroying between five thousand and ten thousand of Tsavo's elephants—which is to say, the drought cropped the total herds by as much as a third. The Nature's Way faction immediately claimed vindication of its views. Most of the casualties were mature females and calves, so the population was reduced not only immediately but for an indeterminable time to come. The woodlands had survived, and the species, in collaboration with the unpredictable forces of nature, had corrected its own imbalance. But Parker and the Man's Way faction would not quickly yield. By allowing the animals to starve, instead of managing their reduction through controlled cropping, they argued, the park had wasted nearly three million dollars' worth of resources in meat, leather, and ivory. Furthermore, there was insufficient evidence that the elephants had achieved a balance within their environment (which, because of the elephant's migratory instinct, was artificial in any case). Acrimony followed. "They accused Laws of being a crook," Parker says. "They said he only wanted to kill elephants. Actually, Laws was a proponent of cropping and manipulating the population for predetermined goals. He is able to demonstrate that when his recommendations were followed on harvesting seals, the seal crop *and* the seal population went up. But they ignore his successes."

When Laws departed from Kenya, he left behind a statement that hangs over the East African community today like a frozen shadow: "Personally, although I genuinely wish there were no necessity for killing these magnificent beings, I believe that hu-

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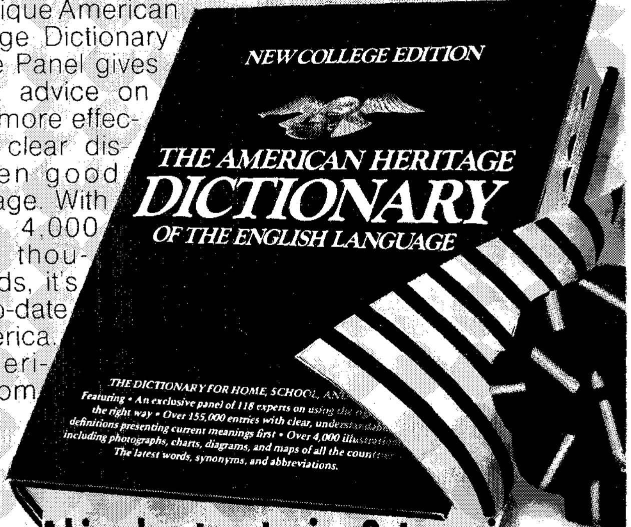

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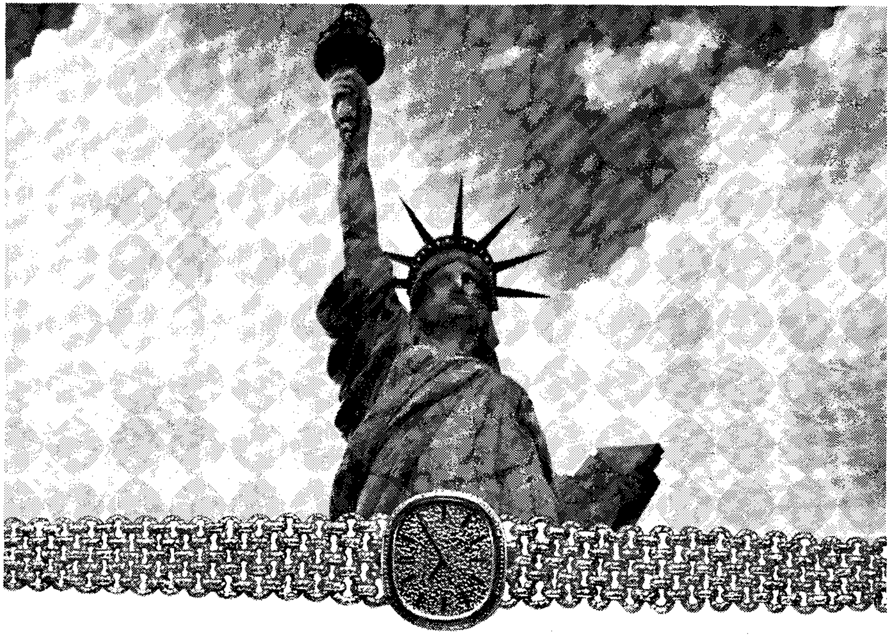

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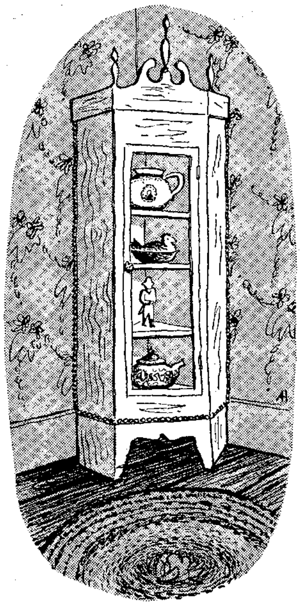
mane and efficient reduction towards the possible solution of the problem is preferable to the uncertainty of decades of slow deaths of elephants through malnutrition, disease, and stress caused by drought, starvation, and overcrowding."

DURING my visit to East Africa to see Grzimek, I had a conversation with Ian Parker, in Nairobi. We sat in the terrace lounge of the New Stanley Hotel, which was packed with holidaying tourists, mostly Americans, drinking and chattering all about, trying to look casual in their crinkly new khakis. Parker is an intense man. He showed little interest in either the beer or the food set before him, and was wholly oblivious of the cacophony that surrounded us. He could as easily have been speaking at a wildlife meeting in Hertfordshire. In shorts and sandals, with briefcase documentation at hand for his impatient correctives, frowning past the table and measuring his words, he seemed a curious figure: East Africa's reverse ascetic, a St. Francis of the abattoir.

"Many people come to me and ask, 'Are you for or against cropping?' " Parker said. "As far as I'm concerned, that's as sensible a question as asking, 'Do you prefer screwdrivers to wrenches?' Cropping is only a technique of management. All animals respond to artificial reduction by overcompensating their birth rate. The results you get from modifying the population structure depend on *how* you modify it. You modify cattle population to get maximum reproduction. It's the same with many game populations. But it is equally possible to modify production so as to get *minimum* population. These are *all* technicalities. The major argument shouldn't be on this level at all. Conservationists reveal the weakness of their faith when they couch the question in these terms."



He seemed very sure of himself when it came to such matters. An elephant can live as long a life as a man, and its regulatory mechanisms are subject to wide variances, depending on an indeterminable number of influences. "How do you know the degree of cropping of elephants that can be maintained over a long period?" I asked.

"This can be demonstrated only by practice, and no one has as yet practiced it," Parker said. He and his associates have acquired their own data to support their theories concerning given species—data on herding characteristics, age and sex distribution, grazing habits, social structures, and so on. "Conservationists are stonewalling when they say there are insufficient data," he went on. "If you are worried about the animals in the parks, the real question to ask is: What are the *objectives* of the park? That has been the problem at Tsavo, as it has been everywhere else that cropping has caused controversy. The trouble comes from the tendency of park administrators to ignore the conflicting tendencies of various species within the park. Nature is a process of continuing change. There is no set rate to it. It starts, it stops. It is irregular, but it continues nevertheless. You find that one of the goals of a park is that the system be maintained as it was at a given point in time. Fair enough. However, your management of the park will then be geared to *oppose* whatever trends there might be in that system, and that entails *techniques* of management. By man. In Tsavo, as an example, it had been put out, and accepted, by many that what they were trying to do was to keep a replica of the Nyika bush in climax—a general term for the ecosystem there. All I said in respect to this was: If you want this Nyika system to exist as it was when you established that park, then you have no choice but to oppose the major trend of what the elephants are doing. They are removing the trees, because the elephants' density is too high to maintain that system. Therefore, you must reduce the elephants to a level at which this doesn't happen. However, there is another way. It is quite as logical, quite as valid a goal, just to let things go, leave the elephants alone and see what happens. But *then* you must put in the rider—which the conservationists never do—that if you allow the park to freewheel you are willing to run the risk of losing other species, whose existence is very much part of the Nyika ecosystem. In Tsavo, one species of plant, the *Euphorbia robecchii*, is virtually eliminated,

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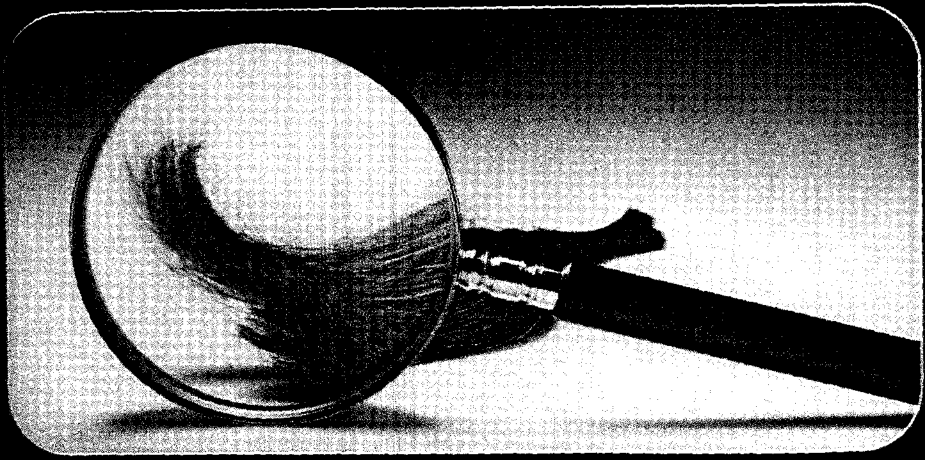

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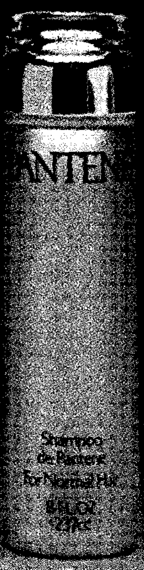

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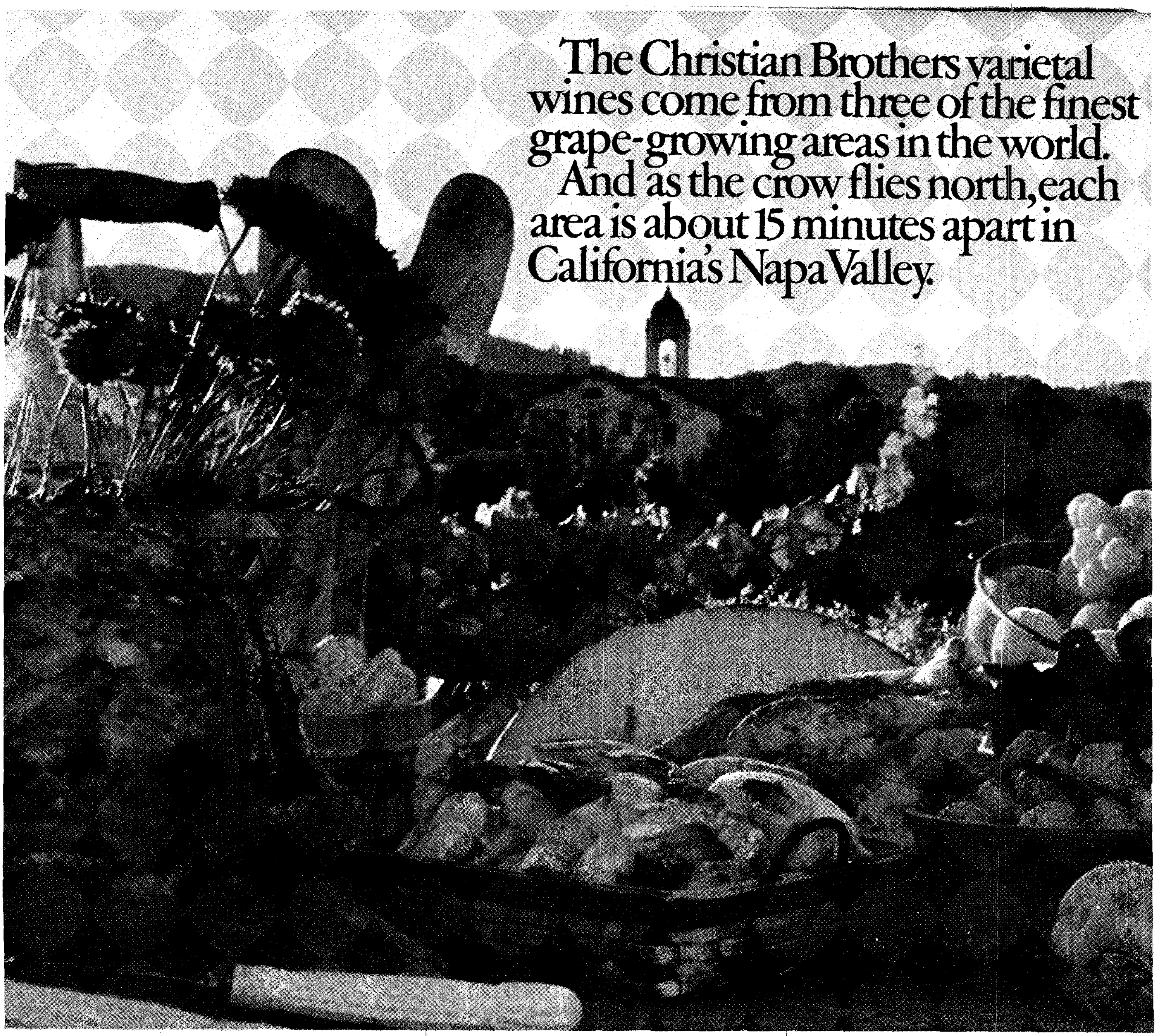

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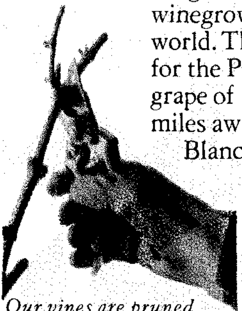

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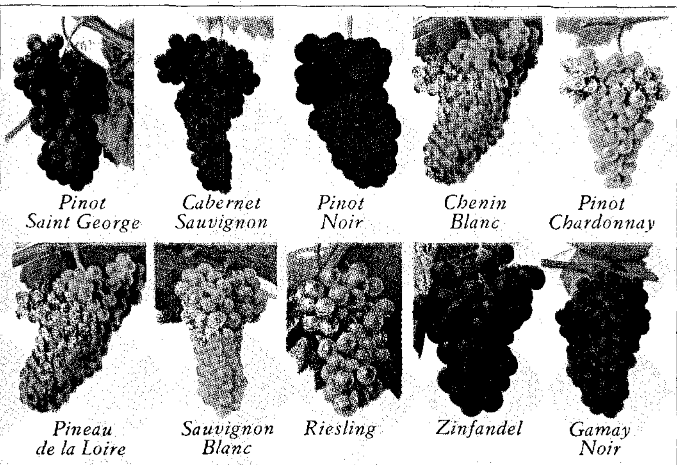
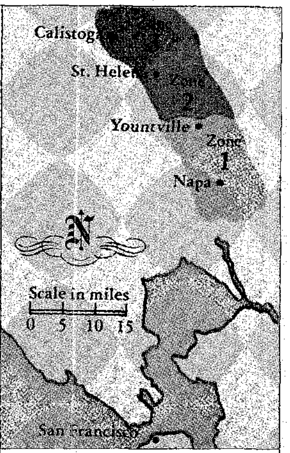

Pinot Saint George
Cabernet Sauvignon
Pinot Noir
Chenin Blanc
Pinot Chardonnay
Pineau de la Loire
Sauvignon Blanc
Riesling
Zinfandel
Gamay Noir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St. Helena
Zone 2
Yountville
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Napa
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San Francisco

The Napa Valley is divided into 3 general climate zones. Within each are dozens of micro-climates.

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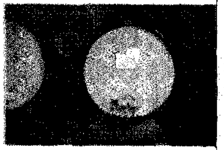
AND THERE IS AN AURA OF TIMELESSNESS.

In The Christian Brothers cellars, winemaking is an art that demands plenty of time, and we have found it in the quiet of the Napa Valley. Here, each wine can come to life in its own venerable oaken cask—for one must never be in a hurry to get the best from nature. And our fine wines—from the careful choice of the grapes to the sealing of the casks with beeswax—are made using the best of all things natural and good.

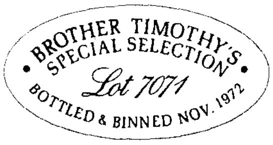
Each wine is tasted many times before it leaves our care.

To make our wines, we blend harvests and vineyards, bringing the best qualities of each together. For we find grapes from the various vineyard areas in the valley are quite individual in character. One may have richer varietal quality. Another more fragrant bouquet. And though we think our valley nearly perfect, nature rarely exactly duplicates a harvest. After careful cask aging and bottling we lay each bottle down in our cellars until we know it is ready for your table. It must have a fragrance and body, and complexity—the characteristics we demand. A few of my Special Selections, chosen as particular rarities, are laid down for extra years and receive a special neck label to set them apart.



Aging in oaken casks is just part of the story in our cellars.

Each of our wines is made with pride, and we invite you to enjoy in them all of the special qualities and taste found only in our wondrous and lovely Napa Valley.



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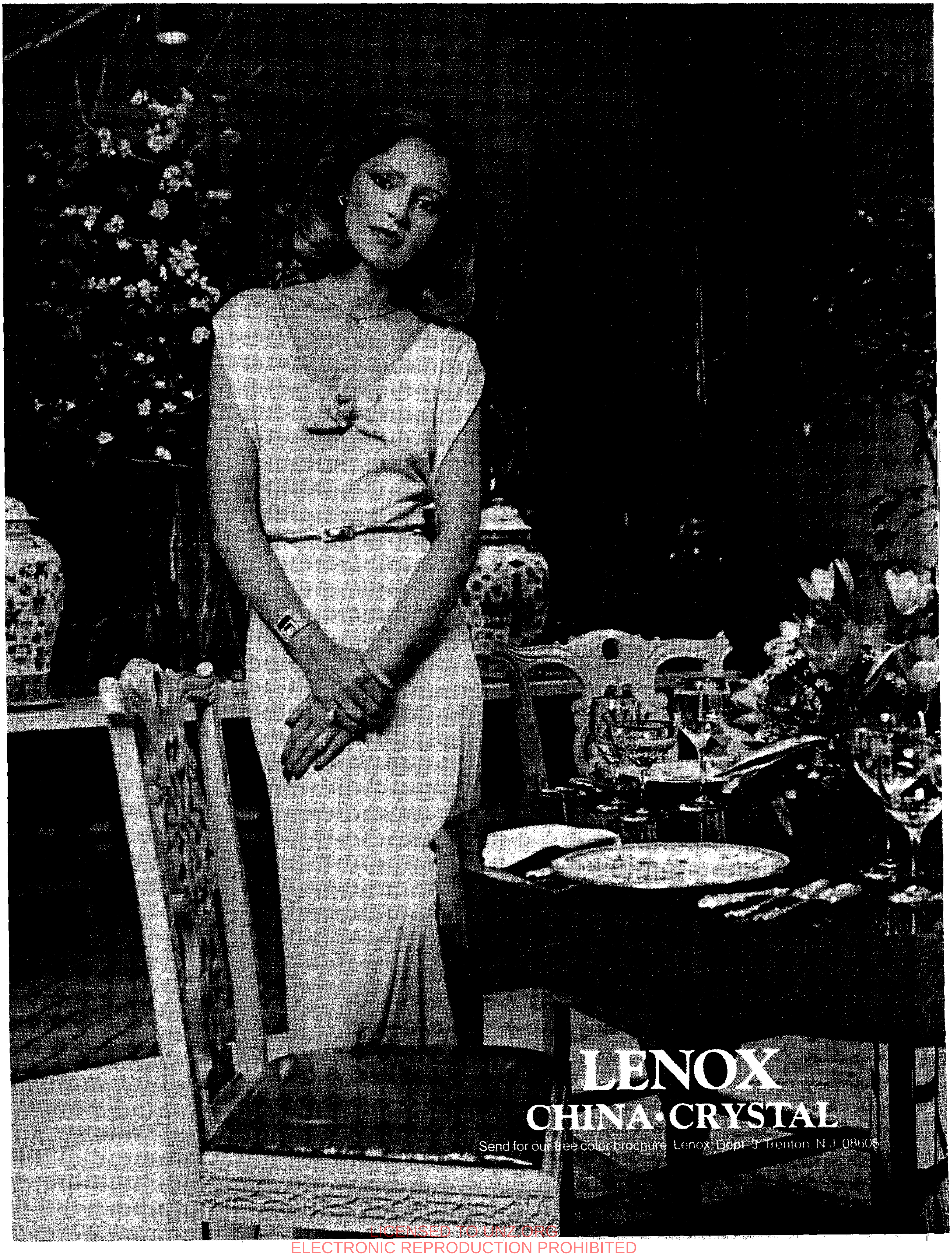
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the baobab tree is disappearing, the sansevieria is gone. Then, of course, you are rather stuck with the concept of preservation, aren't you?"

When Parker began telling me how Africans could profit by harvesting their wildlife, I said, "But certainly you would draw the line when it comes to the production of leopard-skin coats?"

"You mean because they are luxuries, like diamonds and gold?"

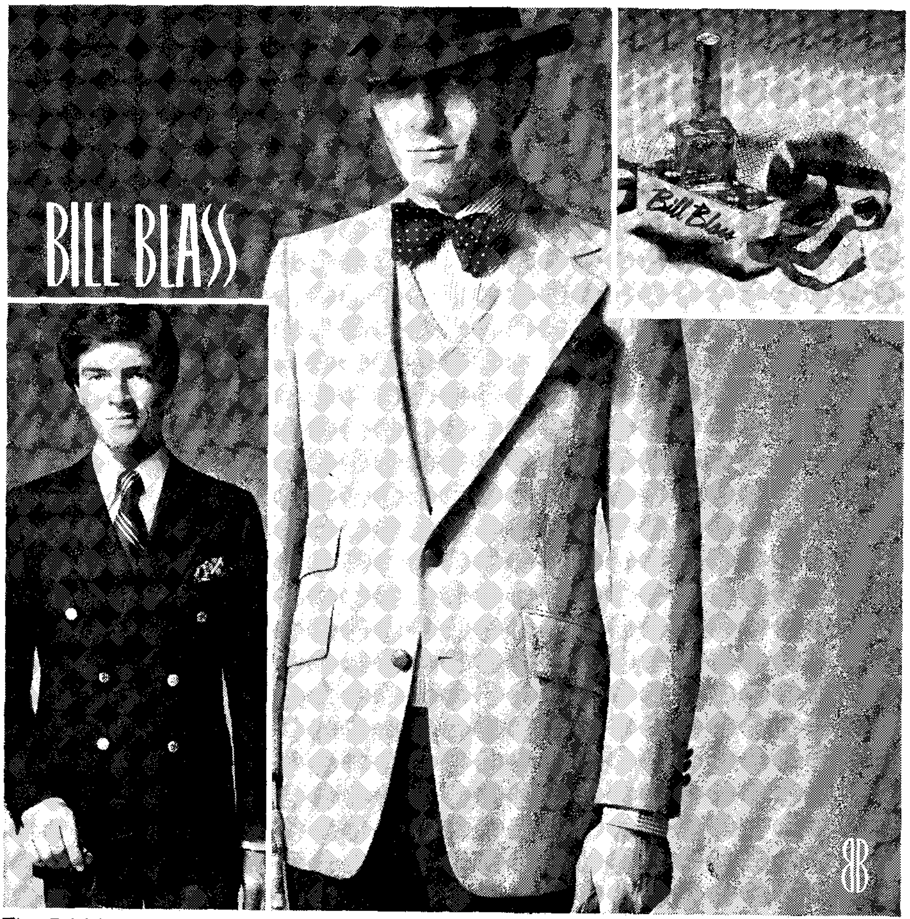
"Yes."

"If business is based upon leopards' skins, it is sustaining human life. To this continent, ivory is worth between seventy-two million and a hundred and forty-four million dollars annually. People say you are exploiting your resources. *No!* You are *using* your resources, and by systematic harvesting you could be even more successful. These are all currencies within man's social structure. You can't argue it on that level. Anyway, you will find people here who want to kill crocodiles irrespective of market considerations, because they are predators and capable of taking human lives."

"But as human population increases, the threat of predation decreases."

"No. Predation *increases*. You are hemming the predators in. From a world view, sure—as the population increases, the predators must decline. But the process of decline takes place where the predators are, and is inflicted by the human beings in this area who must deal with this local, very steep increase in contact. That's why they get rid of the predators! What it boils down to is, if you wish to avoid their interaction with human density—and human density is the prime component of our interaction with all other life—what you have to do is make sure animals cannot interact with human beings. There's *no good* in people coming here talking about the value you're getting from tourism with all this game when you've just lost a child the night before to a hyena. I reckon there is a death a week that way, out in the sticks, where you never hear such reports. You must realize that the people who want to preserve the game for idealistic purposes are directly opposed by the people who *live* with the game."

"Dr. Grzimek argues that if there is a constriction of Pleistocene mammals to this one area, then what's left becomes a world reserve, a treasure of human culture," I said. "He cites the example of the Acropolis in Athens, where a hundred years ago people



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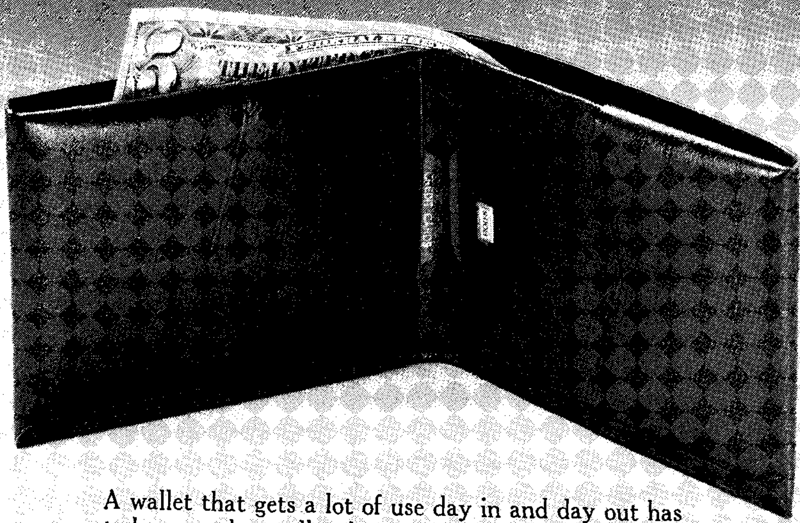
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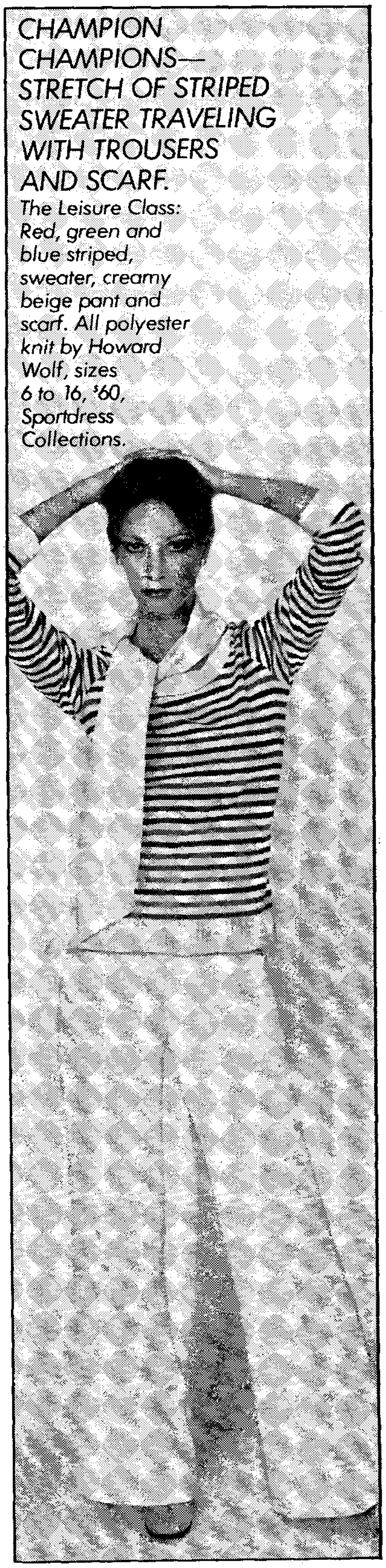

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would use its stones to build their houses, and where agriculture was as important to the people as it is here today. But when the community eventually realized the value of its possession, they preserved it, and today no one would touch it."

"A biassed argument."

"Why?"

"For a start, the area of land occupied by the Acropolis is minuscule. Secondly, Greece is making a very substantial profit from it, and this cannot be said for the game."

"What? Tourism is Kenya's largest source of income."

"The loss to local agriculture from wildlife is twice the income from tourism. You've gone around East Africa now. How many times have you heard how much damage the game does?"

"I haven't heard of any."

"No, and you will not, because no one has ever quantified it," Parker said. "However, take one species—the elephant. The game departments of East Africa kill more than six thousand elephants a year in protection of human life and property. *Why* do they do this? All you need to do is get a few facts on elephant biology. Elephants are gregarious. The game department doesn't do anything until the elephants do something first—as few as possible are shot. Each elephant is a member of a herd of, say, from six to twelve. For each elephant shot, there is from six to twelve times the damage being done. A peasant crop may be only an acre or so. How much damage of this sort can be sustained? And that's just the *elephant*—the most spectacularly visible of the game. However, they actually cause less damage than others—baboon, bush pig, bushbuck, buffalo, waterbuck, duiker."

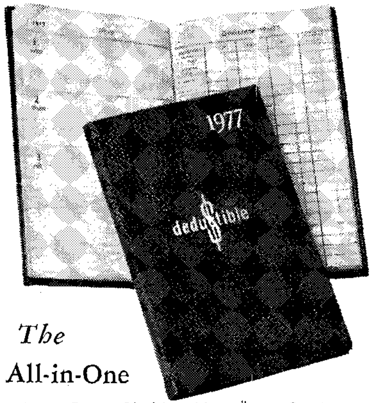
"Is all this not a very real political problem?"

"Yes, of course. That's why you get politicians from the game area who vote against the game, against the parks. It is in their districts that poachers get the lightest sentences."

In the distance, a poignant echo: "*But elephants can't vote.*"

"It is my contention, and I can demonstrate it, that the material loss from wildlife in energy, food, and crops as well as in cash is much greater than the revenue from tourism. This loss is sustained by subsistence-level people who tend to be just outside the monetary economy."

"Is it your belief that the elimination of wildlife would cause the country to thrive?" I asked.



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"I'll answer that question with a question," Parker said. "How do you think Britain would do today if its pristine wildlife were restored?"

IF cropping is the most difficult scientific question concerning Serengeti's wildlife, the pressure of human settlement on the park's borders is the most difficult political question. I discussed this problem during a visit to Myles Turner, who for eighteen years was the deputy warden of Serengeti, and at the time of my African trip was warden of Arusha National Park, on the eastern slope of Mt. Meru, which is about two hundred miles east of the Serengeti Plain. Turner lived with his wife, Kay, in a noteworthy house that had been built in 1906 by a German family. The portico of the house was recessed and looked out on what is surely one of the most stunning views in Tanzania. At the far edge of the lawn there were loitering buffalo, and beyond—for the yard abruptly slid away down the side of Mt. Meru—was the southwestern face of Mt. Kilimanjaro, the tallest mountain in Africa. Of the many expatriates in East Africa, Turner was the one who had grown to know the animals of Serengeti best, having lived among them for eighteen years, all the while waging an aggressive and unrelenting campaign against poachers.

Turner turned to that which concerned him most—the legal integrity of the borders of Serengeti. He began by outlining Julius Nyerere's *ujamaa* ("familyhood," in Swahili) philosophy, the concept of rural socialism based on tribal communities and the family, on self-help and the dignity of the individual, and, as a result, on the gradual transfer of power from the federal government to the local community. Tanzania has a parliamentary government, but the highest authority of the land is the Tanganyika African National Union party (TANU), for it is assumed to represent the direct will of the Tanzanian people. Government administration is effected through various levels of commissioners, but it is TANU that fuels the system. Because the people on the borders of Serengeti now felt more strongly than ever before that all the land is rightfully theirs, and because these people had multiplied so rapidly, the pressures on Serengeti's borders had become as intense as those anywhere in East Africa, Turner said. He said that the key to border problems in Serengeti over recent years—ever since 1967, when it first emerged as a crisis—was what is called

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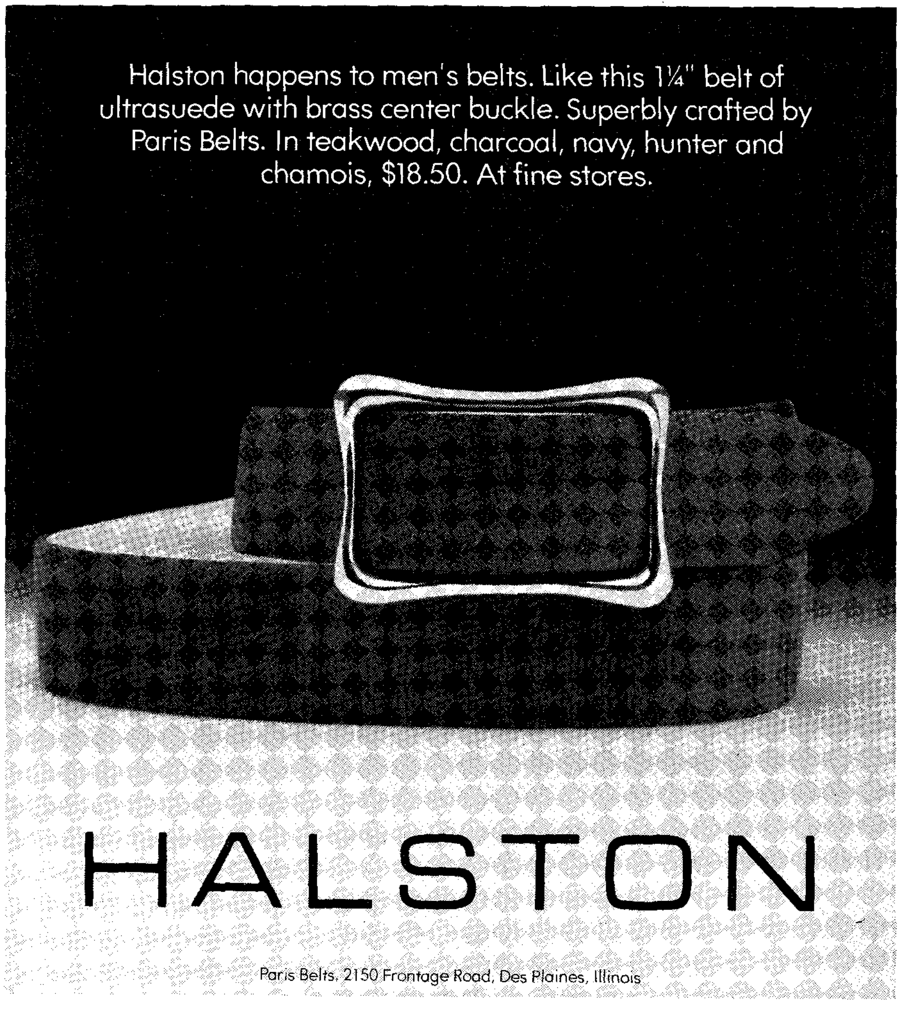
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the Lamai Wedge incident, which involved not only the question of animal rights versus human rights, sharpened by the swelling population around the borders, but the developing political attitudes of the Tanzanian government since independence. To understand the significance of that episode, Turner told me, you had to know something about the Wakuria tribe.

"It's one of the most difficult tribes in Tanzania," he said. "They're people from northwest of the Serengeti—from north of the Mara River, which is the long side of the triangular Lamai Wedge. They're fierce chaps. You get a good one and he makes a wonderful ranger. But, by God, you know, they're a tough, *tough* tribe. We got this Lamai country in 1967, when Julius Nyerere and the government extended the park boundaries to protect the migration. There were twenty-seven Wakuria houses in there. The money was found to compensate the people, and they were moved out. But we had a problem patrolling it. You've no idea of the battles we had with poachers—they were quite out of control, prepared to fight every time. They regarded Lamai as their own hunting area, and we national-park people were enemies of law and order. National-park patrols were not permitted to fire first, but in the course of their attacks five or six of the poachers were shot. Finally, the area was cleared up.

"But now there was pressure on the western side of the Wedge as well. I put the boundary in, and people came right up to the line. From time to time, there were odd cases of infringement with cattle, and there were continuous complaints from the regional commissioner that the Wakuria wanted permission to graze their cattle in the park. They just wanted to be back in there—in my opinion, as an excuse to continue poaching. They've tilled so much of their land outside that grazing is a little short now, even though there's alternative land farther back. Along with cattle-grazing and crop-raising, the main occupation of these fellows has been poaching. They were *terrific* poachers. And they were right on the Kenya border, so you can imagine the zebra skins and stuff going off across there to the market in Nairobi.

"We had endless meetings up there on this question, and always we held firm. 'There is *no* question of anybody coming back into the park,' we said. 'This is *national park*, by the laws of Tanzania.' Still, these meetings with the Wakuria were always quite a thing. You'd have two or three hundred of these really tough fellows all under a tree there. You'd sit down, and they'd come in with their bows and arrows, spears, odd muzzle-loader, odd shotgun. And they'd sit around, with these faces looking at you. At some of the earlier meetings, I saw them all stand up after the area commissioner had addressed them—two hundred of them stand up, *grab* their guns, and shout at him, 'We're not *listening* to this rubbish! We're not wasting our time! We don't *want* this bloody game or national park *anywhere near us!*' And the whole lot would disappear into the bush, leaving the area commissioner and me just sitting there, with four or five rangers behind us.

"Anyway, about five years later, after we had got the new border, we were called to yet another meeting, John Stephenson and I—Stephenson being the administrative warden of Serengeti, a former district commissioner. There was no warning at all. The regional commissioner had sent us a wire, and we flew up there and motored up to this big meeting. Now, the head of TANU in Musoma, the whole lake province, comes from that area. You know, don't you, that the head of TANU in the area is more powerful than the regional commissioner? He's *really* powerful. This man was a gigantic Wakuria called Chacha, a huge fellow—they're all quite tall, well over six feet. Chacha got up and said to these people, 'Now I've come to settle finally this question of the line.' We thought he was going to say, 'You will *not* reenter the area. It *is* national park. It *will be* forever. By government law.' Instead of that, he stood up and said, 'I've come to settle this question finally,' and—I'll never forget—he said, 'Where do you want the line?' And they pointed and said, 'Right in *there*, right in *there*.' And they pointed along a line cutting across the present

R. MacMillan

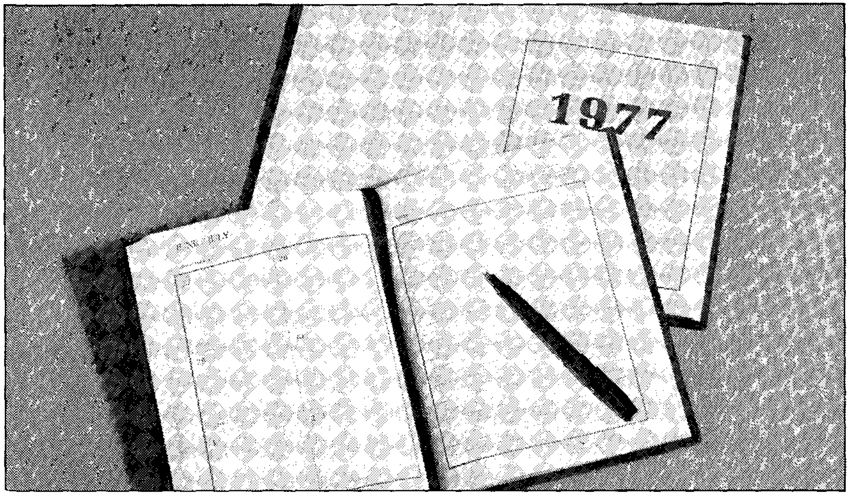
boundary, taking almost half the Lamai. *Right across it!* The regional commissioner stood up then, and he said, 'As of this moment, you can have it. Move back in there.' Naturally, Stephenson and I—we were sitting in a national-parks car—we were *flabbergasted!* There were great roaring cheers. Chacha said, 'As of tomorrow, you can move in!'

"You've no idea what it was like. In three weeks' time, they'd marked off their gardens right across the center of the park. They were cutting trees to build their houses, cattle were in—everything. Dogs chasing game. The whole area of Lamai was about two hundred and twenty square miles, and they'd taken almost half of it. Now Grzimek was fighting desperately—writing letters, talking to the press. It is such a serious thing, you see, if a piece of the park is cut off. Where does it ever stop? This is the beginning of the *rot!* Finally, the whole thing was taken back to Parliament, and we got the decision. There would be no agriculture and no house-building in the park, but people would be allowed to take their cattle into the park for grazing. So meetings were held in these areas—the houses were destroyed, and the building materials were taken out. But the people were allowed to come back in. To this day, I think, cattle are allowed to graze in there. They go in the morning and come out in the evening. Very difficult situation."

"Are they still there?" I asked.

"Well, when I left they were, but I haven't been over for six months. I don't know."

IAN PARKER, of course, disagrees with conservationists like Grzimek not only about cropping but about any chance of preserving park borders. When I asked Parker about the legal inviolability of Serengeti's borders, he said, "First of all, the Serengeti belonged to people—to the Masai—and by a paleface act they were kicked out of it. The Masai have an annual population growth rate of just beyond two per cent, slightly lower than the national average, but all those people in the south and the west—the Waikoma, the Wasukuma, the Wakuria—have the *highest* growth rate in Tanzania. They are breeding at a rate of three to four per cent per annum. The greater the population, the less of a drought it will take to produce extreme drought effects. This intrusion at the Lamai Wedge—the need to use the Wedge must rise. All those people are confined by Lake Victoria and have no room to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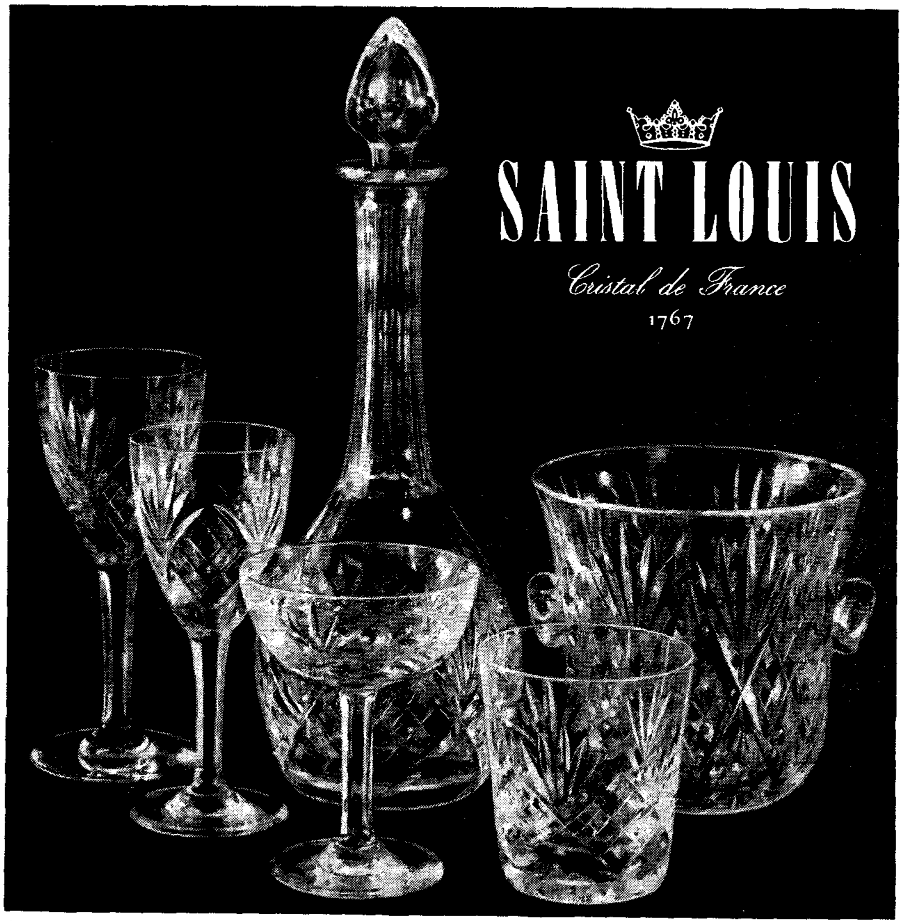

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expand. The western boundary of the park is now defined by huts and fields. You can tell where it is, because cultivation comes right up to it. There are between one million and four million people down there. Can you tell me what is going to happen to those people?"

"I've been told that the park grasslands are too weak for cattle-grazing, and that there is too little water for cattle."

"*Nonsense!* The Masai did it and have done it—for hundreds of years. There is little water, so they moved in and out seasonally, but now they're *shut* out. The only thing is to fix the human beings, stop them from increasing."

"What about moving them out?"

"There is no other place to go. Comparatively speaking, these people are on desirable land. We are heading into an extended dry period. Assume that the human population doubles and triples here, and the people somehow manage to survive until one of the really classic droughts to which East Africa is given. Their only hope then will be to graze the Serengeti. When that point comes, *no* government elected by the people is going to deny these people access. The conservationists would ask governments to draw the line between human life and animal life, and that is impossible. As the population goes up, less of a drought will be needed to reach this point. The Serengeti will be eroded. The whole phenomenon has nothing to *do* with wildlife. It has to do with *human density*. Period.

"Conservationists like Grzimek have to review their whole case. The case they are selling today is not one whit different from the glass beads the traders used to sell Africans. What it all boils down to is that there are *two* sides to the question. What one seeks to do is to put conservation in a balanced context of human life, the wresting of existence from a hostile environment. But it has been sold by others in an unbalanced fashion—as all pros and no cons. And there are many cons."

Parker fancies himself a philosopher, and at this point he left the ground of Serengeti and East Africa altogether. "Every established civilization has practiced conservation," he said. "The Egyptians went as far as virtually to have parks and park wardens. The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Romans, and many European peoples have had conservation laws. It is not generally known that William the Conqueror's oppressive game laws

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were a prominent factor in the background of the events that led to King John's signing the Magna Carta. Conservation is a recurrent phenomenon, which comes about at a certain stage in the growth of a civilization. It is always when the civilization heads toward its apogee that conservation comes in, and conservation is always initiated by the same social strata. It is invariably the higher strata that are pro-conservationist and come up with the idea; it is always the lower strata that are basically opposed to it—because it can be practiced only at their expense. So when people say now, 'We mustn't make the same mistakes that our forefathers made in eliminating the game'—*all* this just goes by as hogwash. What is more interesting is to get down to the foundation of these drives. Why do people do this? This, in turn, leads you into a perspective on politics and human relations which is as fascinating to some people as it is horrifying to others. You can see clear-cut compartments. It is not difficult to demonstrate the aggression behind conservation. Very simple indeed."

"Do you honestly think that wildlife in this stage of our civilization represents a threat to man?"

"Definitely. By the question you ask, you show that you haven't defined wildlife to yourself. It is all life that is not tamed—microbes, diseases . . ."

"Let's deal, then, just with the remaining African animals. Elephant, rhino, wildebeest . . ."

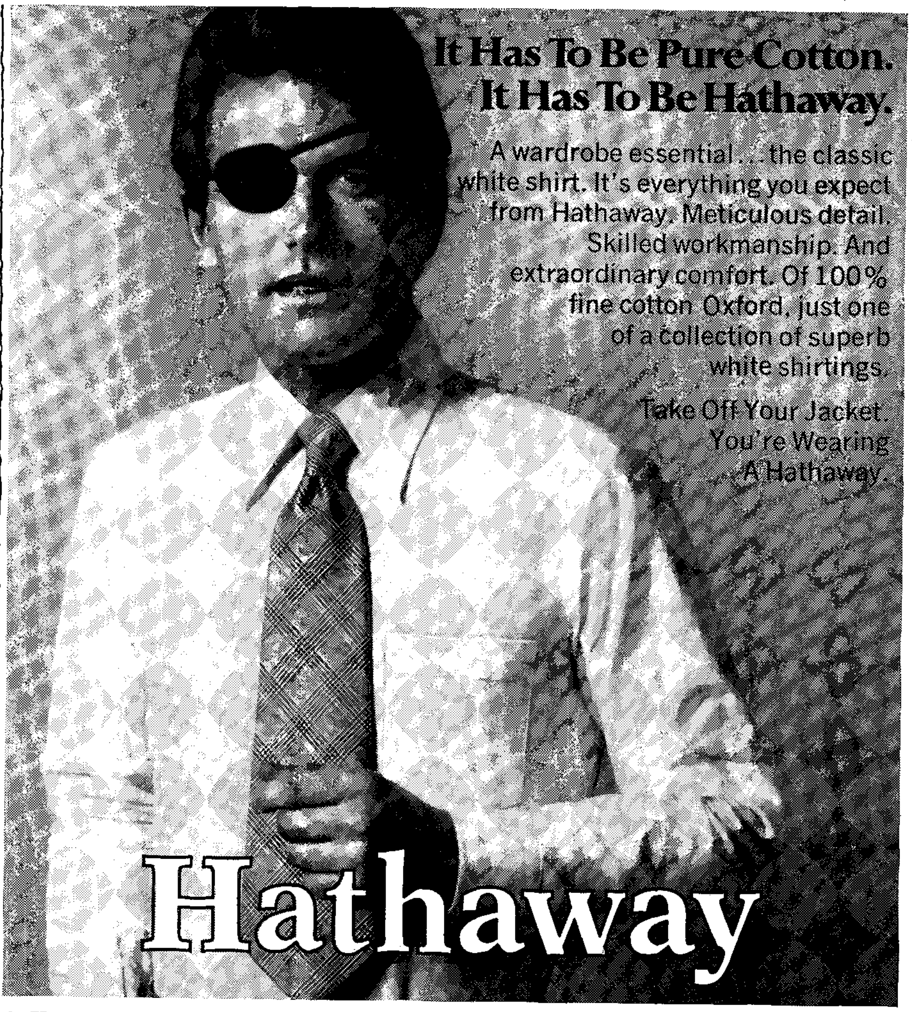
"You are trying to steer me onto mammals, the so-called higher forms of life. People do this because mammals are the nearest to man, the easiest to anthropomorphize. You see yourself in them. You're using animals to view yourself. You attribute to them all manner of human concepts."

"Some see value in that alone."

"Why didn't we preserve them, then, in Europe and America? It was because we couldn't afford them. So why should you have them here, when they pose exactly the same threat? For some they are hostile, for some they are not. It depends upon your circumstances whether they are hostile. I may aesthetically like viewing animals, but why should I impose my aesthetic desires on others? The guy who lives in the field sets about doing exactly what my forefathers did—to get the animals the hell off his land, where they're a nuisance."

"Where do you share Grzimek's views and where do you depart from them?"

"Grzimek and I probably share the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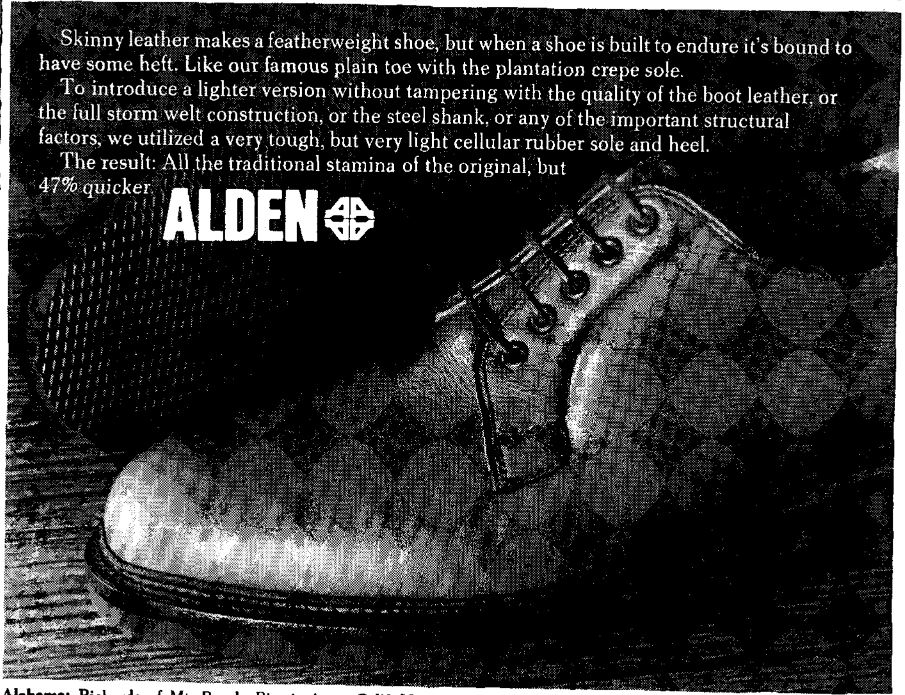
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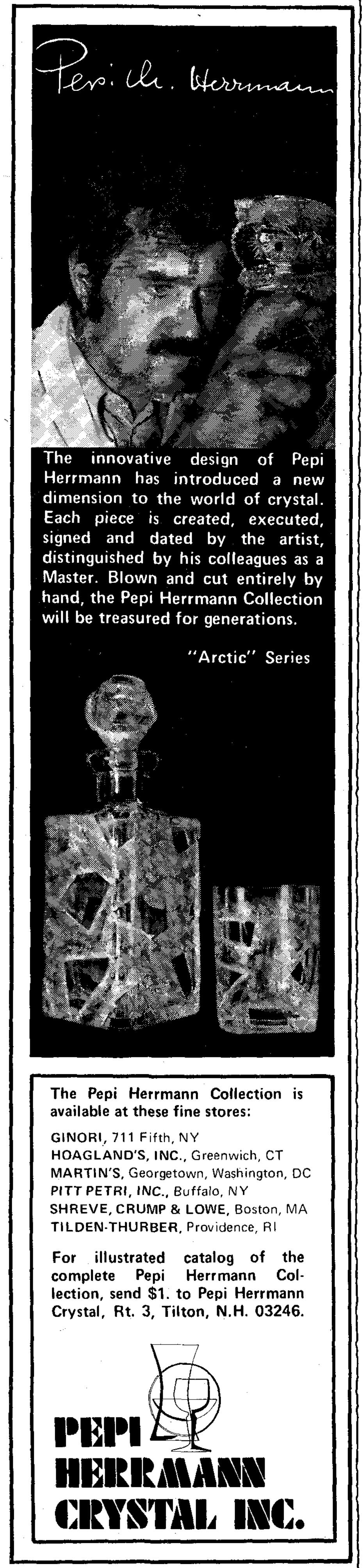

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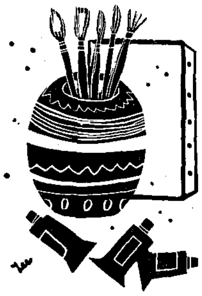
same views on the fundamental level but depart on ways to manipulate the public.”

“Surely he will not agree with you about any of this?”

“No. Grzimek would go along with the logic, except that he has made a decision to stop. He has said, ‘I like it. I want it. I consider it a value to *me* and to mine, and I’m going to persuade those guys over there that it is a value to them and theirs so that I may enjoy it.’ And that’s where he brings the argument to a halt. He doesn’t want to go on with it. Or if he did, he would resort to metaphysics, the world beyond.”



Once more I tried to discuss the Serengeti. “Say the objective of the park was just to preserve the ecosystem as it is there now. How could you see practical management achieving that goal?”

“Well, this is where we enter into the horrendous aspects of what conservation really reveals of man’s condition, because what it all boils down to is that if *that* was my objective there would be no recourse other than saying to the human beings, ‘Tough on you, you’re finished. This is an objective I want, and it means you’re going to die, because you have become too many. It’s *you* who became too many, not I or the animals.’ ”

PARKER’S argument is a powerful one. But what will happen if the Serengeti is opened to cattle-grazing? Cattle require a great deal of water, and cattle herded to the water holes trample the grasses to dust, creating the need for more grass, more land. As the land runs out, people begin to perish. The wasteland grows: right across the continent from Senegal to northern Ethiopia, a wound line of some thirty-five hundred miles in distance, the Sahara moves southward at a rate of up to twenty miles a year. Meanwhile, the fertility of African soil remains an unsolved riddle. During the Second World War, attempts to grow wheat in East Africa failed so disastrously that two shiploads of grain had to be sent down to avert starvation among the tenders of the grainfields; the effort to grow peanuts, for which many animals were slaughtered, had lost the British government thirty-six million pounds. Within the immediate past, the overgrazing of the grasslands has caused a further perversion of the natural processes of supply and demand, mocking the attempts of America and Europe to provide assistance. Many Western agronomists still see cattle-raising as the most efficient way of providing food for Africa, despite shocking empirical evidence to the contrary, and the conventional response to African drought has been to provide money for more bore holes—ever more water to sustain the ever-increasing cattle. Paradoxically, bore holes and cattle—the two major symbols of wealth and security for rural Africans—have become the great scourge of the continent, more responsible than any other factors except population growth for the destruction of the African environment. Cattle will return to water long after the grass is gone, and the grass never recovers. It is a vicious circle. Eventually, the cattle do die from starvation, and so do their herdsmen—a grisly form of control for them both, and an irreversible destruction of the environment.

To heighten the paradox, cattle are far less efficient in the productivity of meat on African land than certain species of wild ungulates. Studies have shown that a square kilometre of land in the Uganda parks supports between twenty-four and thirty-seven tons of ungulate weight as against three to five tons of cattle on an equal area. As Grzimek has pointed out, while cattle destroy the fragile grasslands of the savanna, wild animals, by grazing it selectively and moving on, encourage its recovery. As man is so painfully discovering throughout his sphere of influence, his reversal of the natural order of things causes trouble beyond his imagination, and this is nowhere more visible today than on the borders of the Serengeti Plain. “If human beings are to remain in tropical Africa,” says the Swedish zoologist Kai Curry-Lindahl, “the savannas must be kept in or restored to productivity, which on marginal lands, that is, about ninety per cent of the savannas, can only be accomplished with the help of wild hoofed animals.” And Curry-Lindahl’s opinion is compatible with Ian Parker’s theories: for this to happen, the population of hoofed animals would become subject to artificial regulation—cropping.

WHERE Dr. Hugh Lamprey, former director of the Serengeti Research Institute, stands on these vexing questions concerning the future of the Serengeti is in the existential land of direct contradiction, persistence beyond

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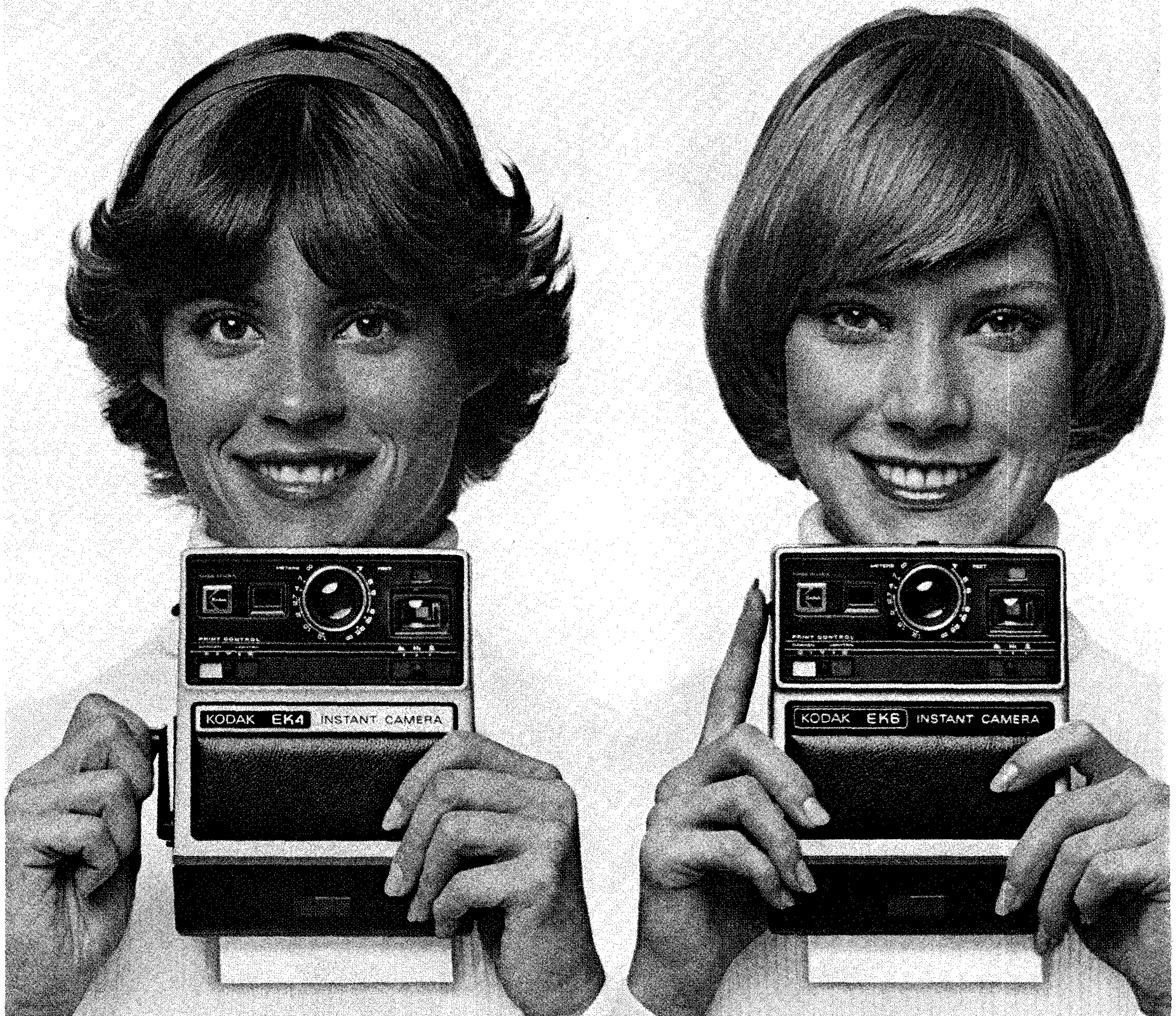
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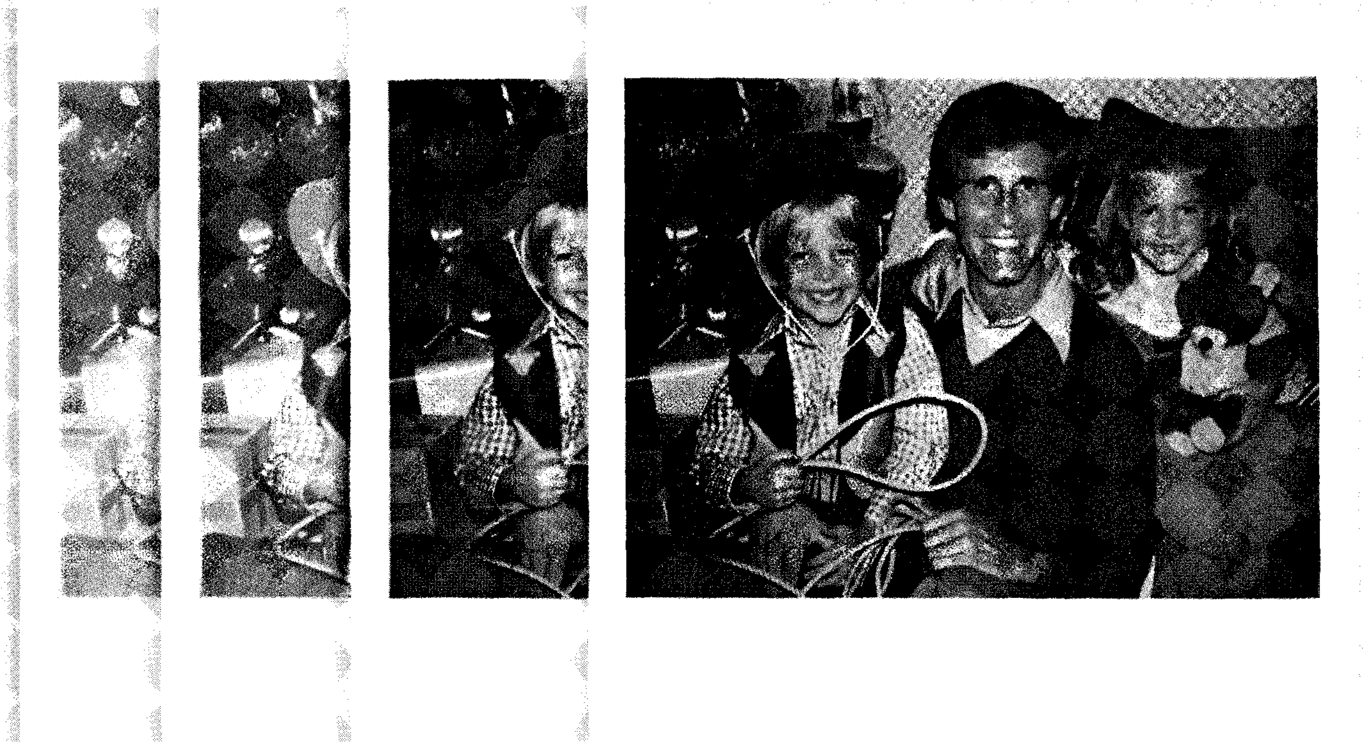

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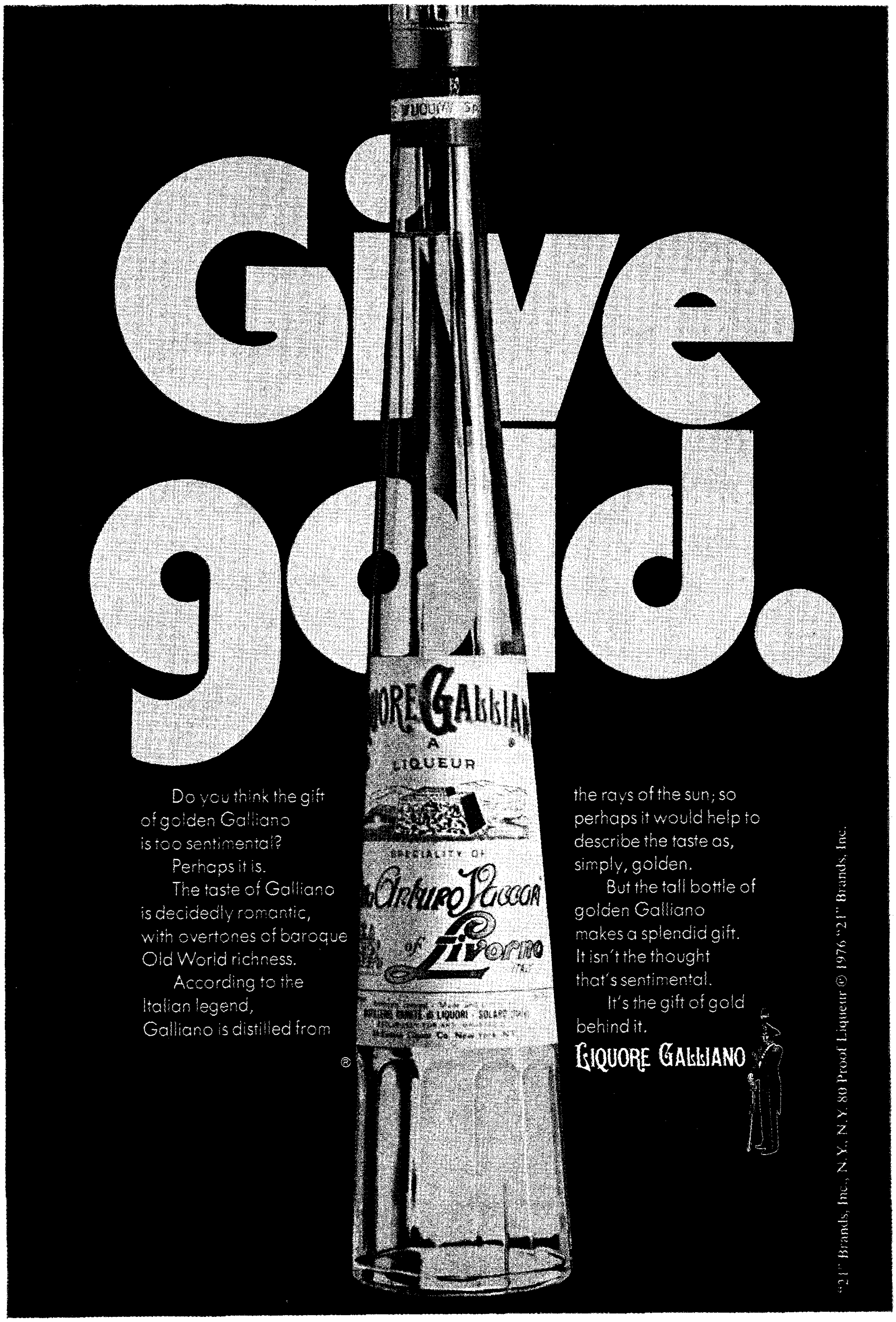
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reason. He is tolerant of the extremists on both sides of the cropping issue, of the people's need for the Lamai Wedge and the animals' need for it. He is tolerant even of the outsider's intrusion into such familial problems, seeking to avoid scientific jargon yet wary of oversimplification. Of the scientists who have come to Serengeti and gone again over the past two decades, he is considered the most widely knowledgeable concerning the many aspects of its biology. Because of this knowledge, he is perhaps, of all the expatriates, the least expendable. Yet he is without rancor about his own exclusion through "Africanization" (that is, his replacement by an African), and does not speak of it. Perhaps it is because he knows so much about the Serengeti Plain that Hugh Lamprey, the biologist who came down from Oxford in 1953 to advise on pest control in East Africa, is today one of the most temperate and cautious of all its well-wishers. And perhaps it is because he knows so much about the Serengeti Plain that his urgent concern that it be preserved is based, finally, on the fact that we know so little.

Near the end of my visit to Nairobi, Dr. Lamprey, who was passing through, heard that I was trying to reach him, came to my hotel, sat out on the terrace with me, ordered a beer, and tried to make coherent for me what I had been told by everyone else in East Africa.

"The awful part of it is that wildlife in East Africa is a matter of interest to a large number of people, scientific and nonscientific, commercial and noncommercial. It is very difficult indeed to thread your way through the many conflicting opinions. You should recognize when you are dealing with either extreme—at one end total sentiment, and at the other total hardheadedness and almost total skepticism. Unfortunately, the issues have become polarized. What you'll hear from Ian Parker is that we should have left the problem of wildlife conservation quite a long way behind us while we looked at something far more important. Wildlife conservation is only one side of the real problem, which is correct, rational land use, human density, and how to come to some form of reconciliation of these incredible conflicts. Whereas people like Parker look at this problem in a very wide context, Grzimek is far more single-minded. His role in life is wildlife conservation. But he certainly isn't blind to the fact that it goes a good bit further than wildlife conservation—to the conservation of man."

Lamprey sipped at his beer and re-

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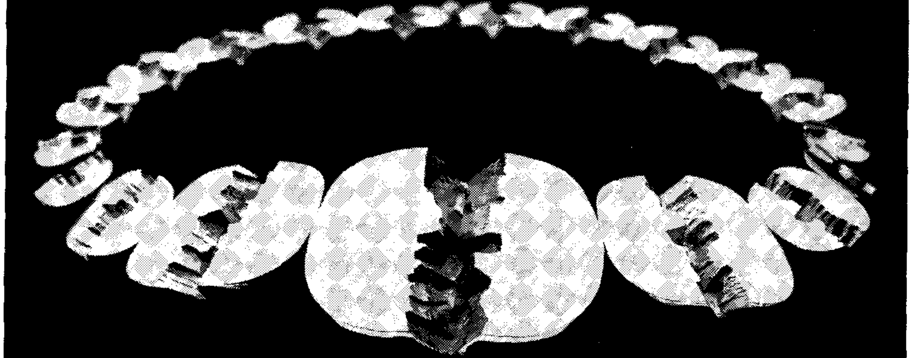

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flected. "I haven't got this sorted out very well—my sympathies lie with both of them, and you can't say either one is wrong. I think each of them should acknowledge that the other is doing a necessary job. The only thing I can't say I agree with Parker about is the hopelessness of the general situation. If we start to acknowledge at this point that any trend is too difficult, or intractable, or, you might say—in the end—futile, and then don't do anything about it, I *can't* agree with that, because it is evident from the past record that a *tremendous* amount can be gained at this stage by fighting a rear-guard action. And this is why I believe Grzimek is right."

After another pause, Lamprey said, "The world's national parks should aim at conserving natural ecosystems, such as the Serengeti grasslands, insofar as this is possible, recognizing, first, that there are practically no natural ecosystems left, and, second, that it is practically an impossible task. But we should *start* by trying to identify the criteria for naturalness and aim for them, knowing full well we can only achieve a compromise. What one must keep in mind is that the world's plants and animals—not taken singly, in species, but in self-regulating communities—are gradually losing their identity and their capability for self-regulation. Their capability for self-*perpetuation!* At the same time, species are being lost. Yet it is not as simple as that. A species is genetically variable across the whole of its range, and it's not just a matter of losing a species which is so bad—it's losing even a *part* of a species. An important concept that has arisen over the last few years—and one that Parker may not have understood—is that it is *criminal negligence* to allow a population, a community, an ecosystem, or a species to become extinct. The world is going to be short of usable genetic material in the future. Where you have something as remarkable and, for want of a better word, as *precious* as a self-regulating ecosystem that need not be removed, for *God's* sake let it go on! The world is becoming increasingly man-regulated, increasingly *difficult* to regulate, and I should say that every time you become committed to the management of artificial ecosystems you introduce bigger problems. If it is possible to leave ecosystems to manage themselves—insofar as they can, since there are very few that are totally capable of doing so, owing to human interference—then let us do so. For a whole lot of different reasons. The

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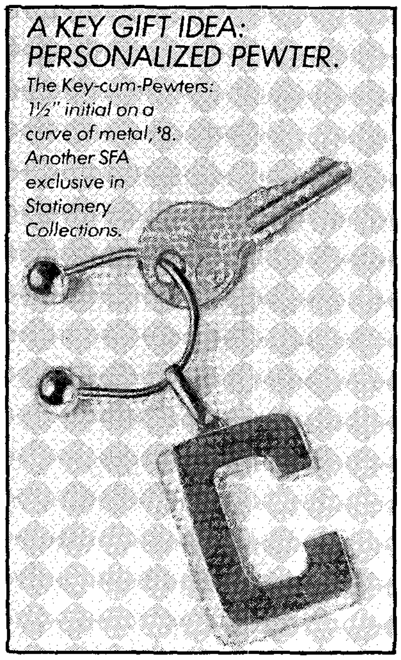

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most cogent reason, I think, is that one must try desperately to preserve for posterity something that is a record of nature as it has been—nature in its self-regulatory state. This record is part of what nature conservation is seen to be. It is very hard to get it over as an objective in itself."

"No seeming practical application?"

"Exactly. But, as we see it, the practical application is probably there, very far ahead: for our descendants to make use of these ecosystems or their components. And it is a *social crime* to eliminate them, or even to damage them, if we needn't do so."

"Is it true that the wildebeest migration is central to the biology of the plain?" I asked.

"Yes, precisely. The wildebeest is half of the total animal biomass in the area." Lamprey reflected for a moment. "Now, on the other side of this is the extraordinary argument of Parker's that you *must* manage everything; otherwise it won't survive, otherwise it has no relevance to human needs. I profoundly disagree with this."

ELSEWHERE in the world, others are similarly concerned—for, in Lamprey's phrase, "a whole lot of different reasons." Dr. Ian McTaggart Cowan, of the University of British Columbia, warned the Pacific Science Congress last year to expect unknown troubles in unpredictable places from the persistent intrusion of Man's Way into natural processes. "The loss of diversity is not merely a matter for sentimental regret, it is a direct reduction in the number of opportunities open to future generations," he said. Wild lands "produce food, cover for other creatures, breeding sites for insects that may be essential for pollinating crops, and others that keep plant pests under control," he continued. "The spread over the world of the industrial objectives of northern peoples can be seen as a most destructive event. Almost inevitably, diversity is sacrificed to a spurious efficiency."

In the northeastern sections of Brazil, rain is sparse. The clearing of eight thousand miles of highway through the rain forests of the Amazon has been undertaken for the purpose of opening new farmlands to refugees from the northeast. But now people are beginning to see that once the forest is cleared from this seemingly fertile setting, thick with silt and humus, the soil loses its fertility. Dr. Robert Goodland, of the New York Botanical Garden, reports, "When the forest canopy

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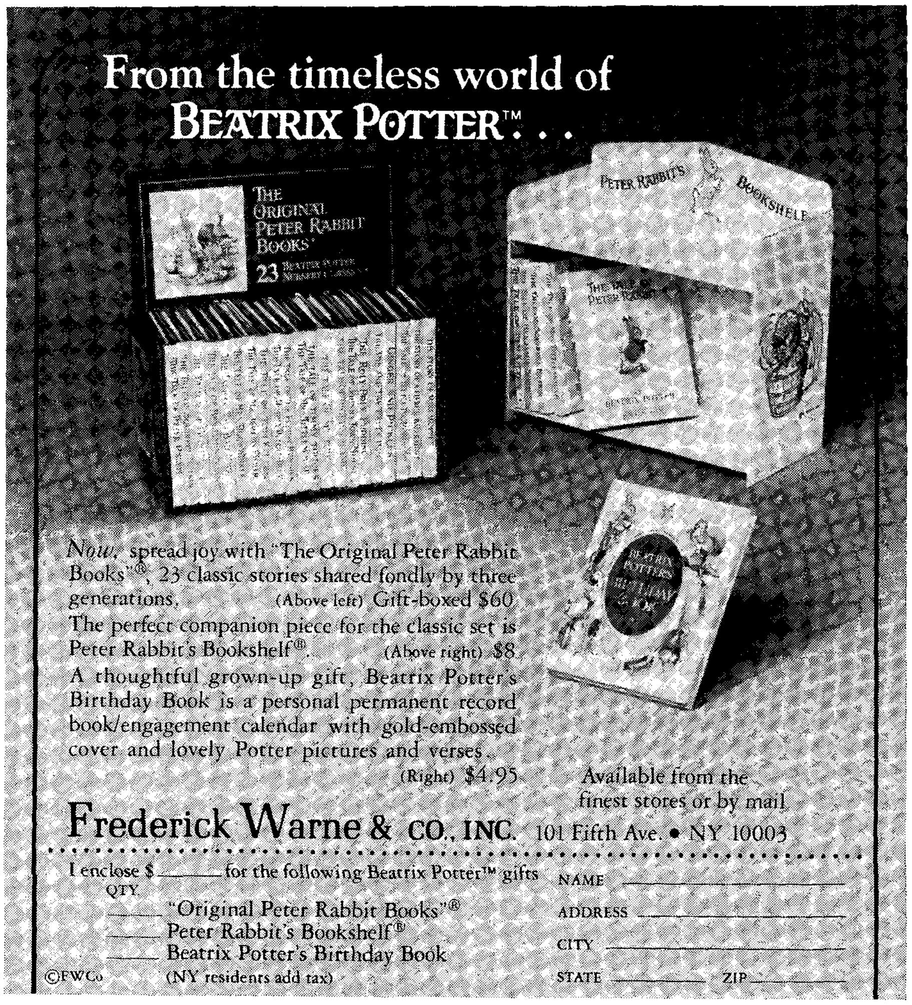
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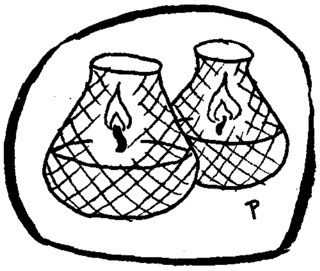
is rent by clearing, the decline in soil fertility begins, and is accelerated at a rate commensurate with the decrease in the overall amount of transpiration. Sunlight piercing the hitherto protected forest floor rapidly dries and oxidizes the litter and humus. Eventually, this stops the normal decay, which reduces the return of nutrients to the soil. Then rain leaches some nutrients from the soil, and burning vaporizes others." Yet throughout the world today tropical rain forests, which, apart from their scientific interest as climax ecosystems, serve the world as significant sources of oxygen, are being destroyed at the rate of fourteen acres a minute.

Dr. Eric Kraus, of the School of Marine and Atmospheric Sciences of the University of Miami, shares Lamprey's concern over the illusion of knowledge about the environment. "The management of the man-made environment always required a measure of anticipation," Kraus has written in the British periodical *New Scientist.* "Furs and firewood had to be collected before the advent of cold weather." Cultural evolution and reliance on scientific predictions have strengthened our tendency to believe that we can anticipate what is to happen throughout our sphere. But now we exist in a technology that can produce global changes within a short time. "We have no long-term guarantee that a turn of the tap will yield fresh water without fail, or that the supermarket around the corner will always supply us with frozen vegetables regardless of environmental vicissitudes. Things can go wrong. In the long run, they almost certainly will go wrong—and will probably do so in rather unexpected ways." The "scientific," analytical method of predicting the distant future doesn't work, for three reasons: we can never know the present completely; we are unable to make accurate deductions from what we know; and we are unable to know even how to ask the right questions. A hurricane, Kraus suggests (he is a meteorologist), may commence from the wingbeat of a solitary seagull. "All the water in the clouds now overhead will inevitably come to rest in the sea; but who is to say when it will do so after it has been incorporated in soils and rivers and living creatures and other as yet unborn clouds?" The trouble begins, Kraus says, because we have no actual experience with any completely isolated system—nor can we have, for there is nothing we know of that can remain physically in isolation, within our world or outside it. "Stars are born; clouds build up and grow; creatures keep on living and develop—all because they are not isolated and self-contained. This may apply even to the cosmos as a whole. Whether or not there is a spirit which interferes with it, the thing is so vast that any phenomenon that we can observe is always affected by influences outside itself." Scientists can agree on deductions drawn from a limited set of facts, but environmental phenomena proceed from a limitless set of facts. Yet science so pervades all our lives that it is almost unthinkable to approach any unknown phenomenon without an analytical, scientific attitude. It is our limitation with probability information on ecological and behavioral processes which concerns Kraus. It is important to our survival that we come to know of this limitation. "On the spiritual level, it may provide a matrix of common deeper understanding and of a shared aesthetic feeling for the design of an evolving universe."



I WANDERED through the conflicting opinions in East Africa to an inescapable conclusion: the question whether to take Man's Way or Nature's Way did not really, after all, pose a choice. Everything now was man's property, man's need, man's way—no choice. The park borders of Serengeti were established by man, invaded or protected by man, and the herds ran their migration through his sufferance. What use he would make of such possessions, what he would sacrifice to keep them, was the last question, as it had been for me the first, posed by Conway back in New York: "Will man set aside for tomorrow something he can use today?" And now the question had come down from the abstract to a discrete time and place: save Serengeti now for its value to the future, still locked tenuously within its borders, or utilize it by whatever means for the growing need of hungry people just outside it? The ambitious funding efforts of the sixties, by international institutions, had come to an end. No major foundations any longer supported the Serengeti Research Institute. Following the recession of 1974, tourism had gone into decline. The Lam-

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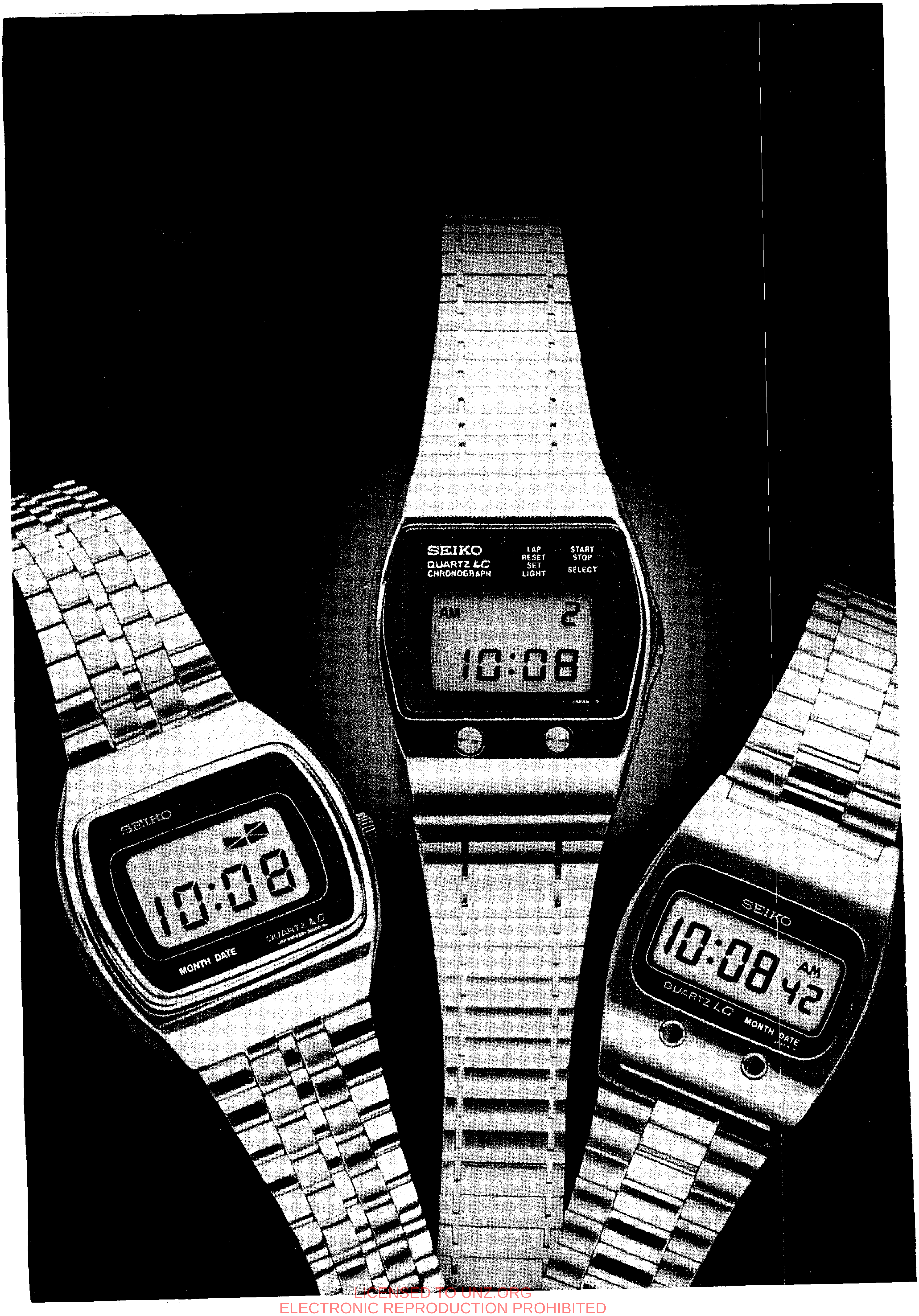
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preys, Turners, and Harveys—expatriate protectors—were all gone now. Modern times had closed over Serengeti, returning it to obscurity. What had also come clear now—clearer than ever—was this: whether through universal indifference, ignorance, or gross neglect, Serengeti, in any case, was a matter no longer of mankind's decision but of Tanzanian man's decision. As for what that decision would be, Bernhard Grzimek, the biophylactist, would no doubt say that the pride of the people, which was growing now all over Tanzania, would finally prevail—that no matter the degree of Tanzania's poverty or of its need for more arable land, Tanzania could be depended upon to save for the world what the world had squandered elsewhere. As for the problem of people multiplying on Serengeti's borders, the peroration to Grzimek's monologue in Nairobi had been "Julius Nyerere would *move* the people!" Even though none of the expatriates shared his optimism on this last crushing reality, Grzimek was sure Nyerere would find a way. Now that money was running out, tourism declining, and land hunger growing, the last reed of all to cling to was the empathy of Julius Nyerere—a slender reed indeed against Parker's crushing prognosis and Nyerere's own desperation concerning his people.

BUT time has been friendly to Serengeti, after all. Many months after I left Africa, and while I was still seeking through whatever means at hand to understand what I had seen and heard, I discovered that Tanzania apparently had decided to preserve Serengeti. And at the Serengeti Research Institute the Canadian scientist John Bindernagel concluded last year that the cropping of wildebeests is not economically feasible at the present time, and returned home. But this is to get ahead of my account, because the reasons underlying these developments began more than fifteen years ago—before independence, and roughly during the years when the Grzimeks flew down to survey the Serengeti. These reasons are primarily political; however, because they proceed from the perceptions of Julius Nyerere, they may be regarded as also philosophical. They are closely related to Nyerere's present views as President of Tanzania. Through the fifties, the British had sought to prepare the new governments of independent Africa for self-rule by indoctrinating them with the colonial master plan for economic self-sufficiency: Obtain money abroad to ex-

"Criticism would be silly."

Harold C. Schonberg, *The New York Times*

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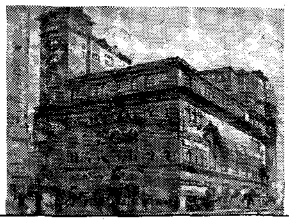

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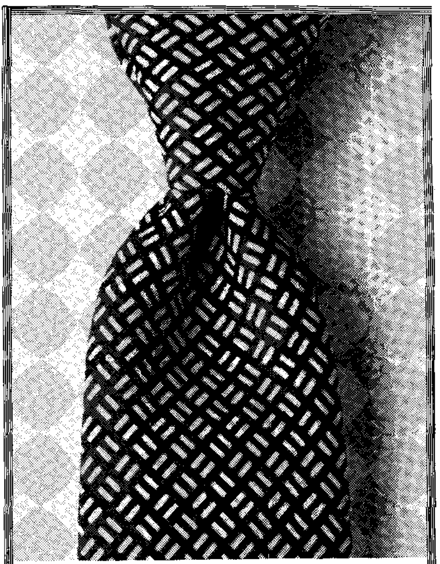

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pand the production of local products (coffee, tea, sisal, and the like) for the world market. Such money would become available through foreign aid or multinational investment, perhaps both. The objective was to achieve self-sufficiency as quickly as possible. Because it would take some time for a black ownership class to be developed, however, expatriates would be on hand to run things. Social services would be tended to when the system was working. True independence on the down-payment plan.

Tanzania moved away from this plan more rapidly than other African countries (many of which still follow it), for several reasons: there were too few resources for the world market; outside financing created a business élite, widening the disparity between the quality of life in the city and that in the country; and outside assistance, whether through foreign aid or through multinational investment, demanded fealty to outside interests. Instead, Nyerere turned Tanzania back to its own historical tradition of rural communalism. Urban growth would be discouraged, and whatever domestic savings became available would be invested in developing the land. Nyerere prepared a series of position papers. Beginning in 1962, the people would be moved about the countryside to develop *ujamaa* villages. Coöperation, self-sufficiency, and mutual support would be stressed over competition, profit, and individualism. The educational system would prepare the people for better management of their land; the modern movement to the cities that was taking place elsewhere would here be reversed. Within their own communities, the people would control their community affairs; through TANU they would make known their wishes for the national community. The plan for land utilization throughout the country called for the preservation of Serengeti and other park lands. *Ujamaa* was an idealization of the African way over the colonial way. More, it was a bold, considered rejection of political, economic, and social systems that guided the technological society of the Northern Hemisphere, and whose consequences were by now becoming all too clear: arms races with nuclear weapons; pollution and ecological imbalances; fuel shortages; the failure of political institutions; alienation; mindless consumerism. More was less. Tanzania would head back the other way.

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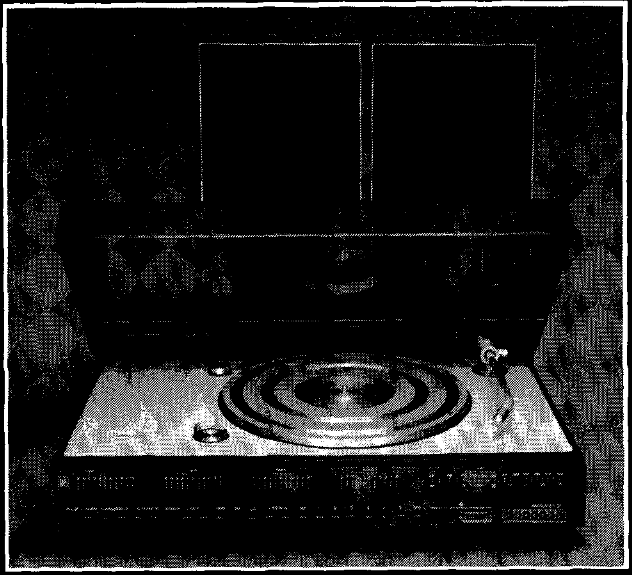

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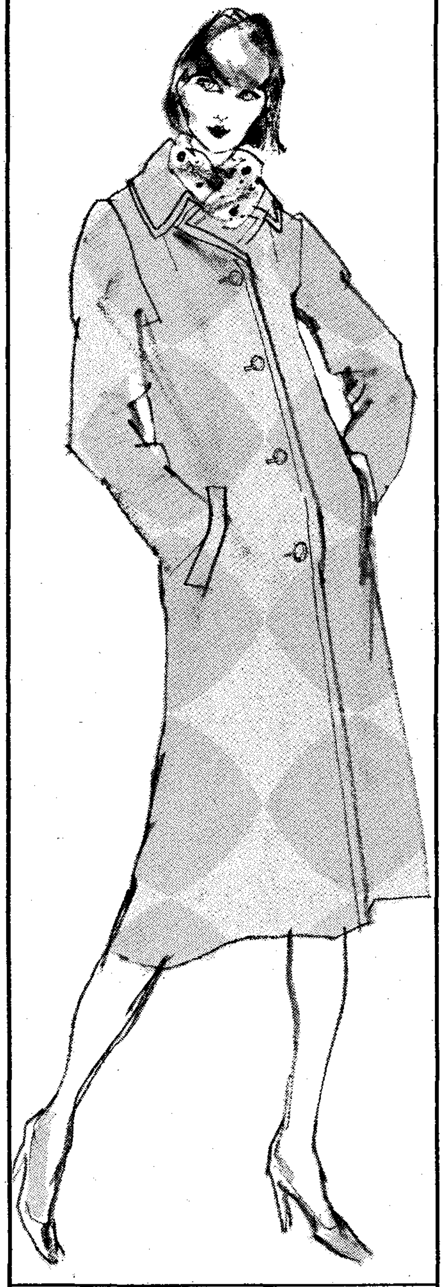

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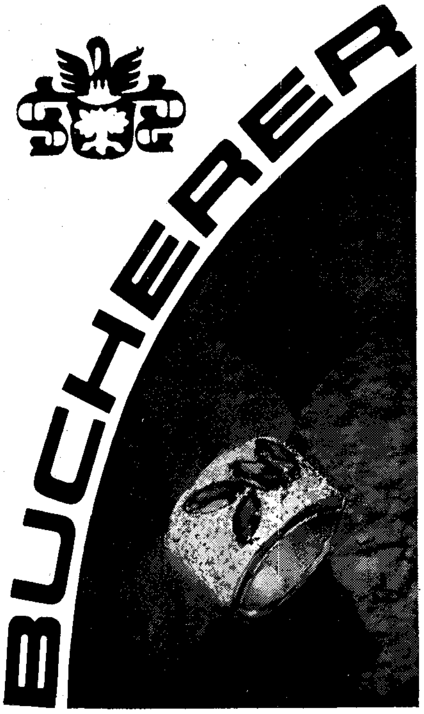
ern ways had come to match those of young people throughout the Northern Hemisphere. Nyerere's Tanzania was an African counterculture, the acknowledgment of limited resources; a reaction against the closed-circuit systems described by Kraus; a heroic effort to avoid reliance on the water taps whose users had been lured into believing that the water would always be there. By the early seventies, such thinking had gained great currency across the continent. In the few democratic countries left on the continent, Tanzania was seen by many as the only society systematically organizing against a time when the closed-circuit, technological society would have destroyed itself; to put it in the most extravagant terms, I was to find that Tanzania was regarded by some as a step toward post-industrial civilization.

While I had travelled through Tanzania several times in the past, I had known or cared little about it apart from my interest in the natural settings I had seen; but now, back home and realizing that the fate of Serengeti was inextricably tied to Tanzania's political survival, I followed its fortunes through whatever fragments I could find. Tanzania, although often helpless without foreign aid, had systematically qualified the terms of accepting assistance to avoid domination by the donor power, refusing British aid on one occasion over principle, and ending aid from the Chinese after the completion of the Tanzam Railway, which the Chinese had largely financed. A gnat nipping away at the great elephant's ear to the north. From my point of vantage in the other part of the world, I awaited the next development. When finally it came—and was revealed in a routine roundup in the *Times*, late last year—it seemed to confirm Ian Parker's bleak predictions in every respect. Owing to drought, the high cost of fuel, and the drop in the value of its exports, Tanzania now hovered on the edge of insolvency and mass starvation. The United States had been expected to provide relief, but because Tanzania had aroused the ire of the White House by voting against United States interests in the United Nations, the money—some twenty-eight million dollars—might be withheld. The end of Serengeti. But then something toward the end of the account leaped from the page. According to the *Times* correspondent, Tanzania in the fifteen years since independence had moved *nine million* people in order to establish *ujamaa* villages. The italics might well have been Bernhard Grzimek's. *Nine*



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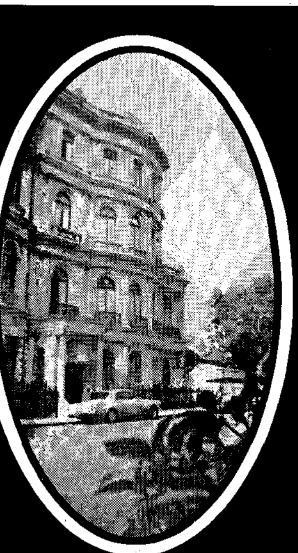

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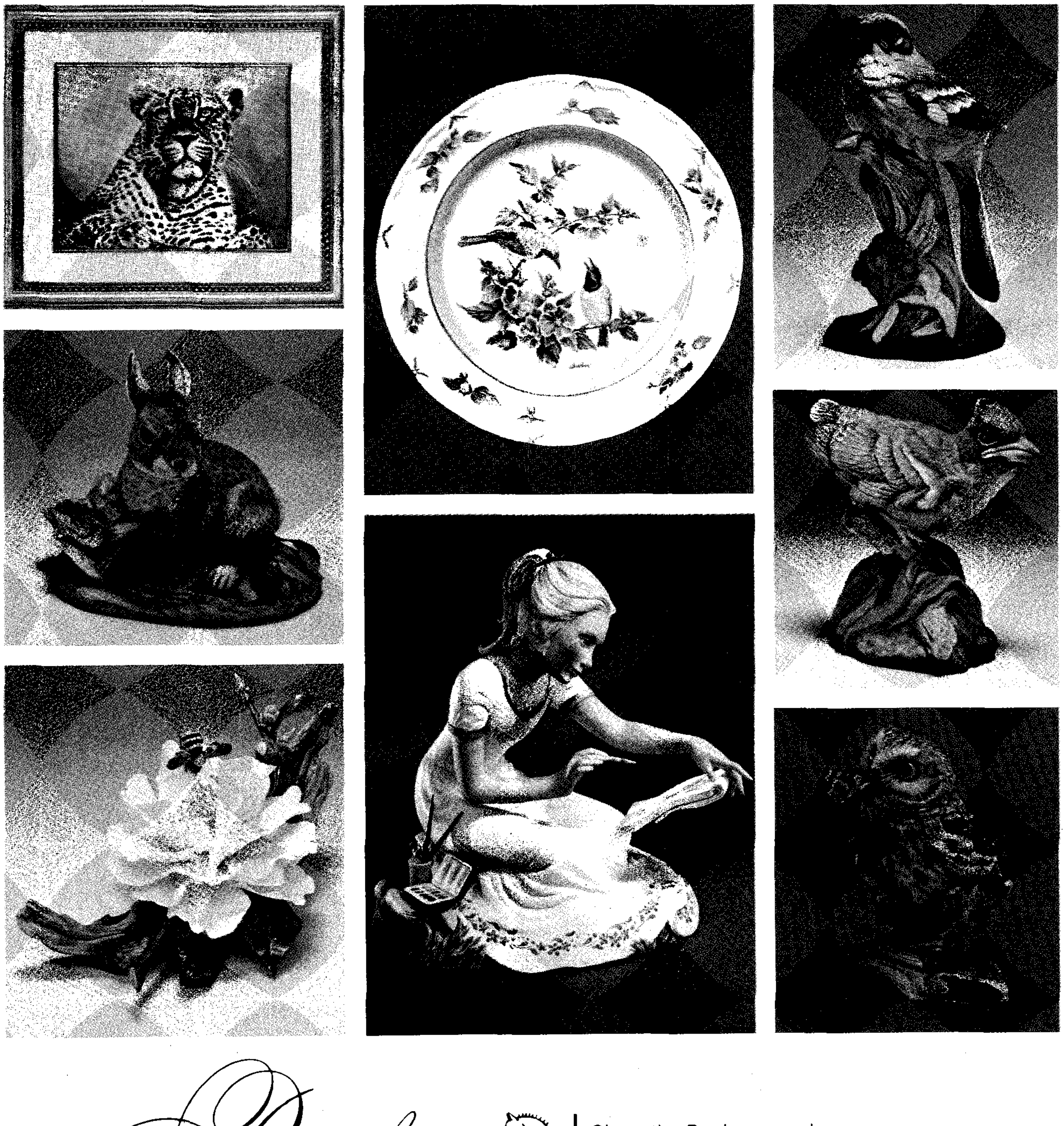

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million! Three-fifths of the nation. Within this grandiose context, one began to wonder seriously for the first time if it was possible that Tanzanian man's way could after all prove to be Nature's Way.

A wildlife administrator, Robinson McIlvaine, of the African Wildlife Leadership Foundation, just back from Kenya, brought more news: "I don't know what they are doing for money at the Serengeti Research Institute now. But it's still going. The universities that send people out pay their way. We are supporting an ecological computer-monitoring project there. Tanzania pays thirty or forty per cent of the total operating costs. I know of no foundation on the level of Ford or Rockefeller supporting the institute. I don't know what's happened about the population pressures on the park borders, but there is a young man there now making a study of them."

McIlvaine gave me the man's name—Feroz Kurji—and I immediately wrote to him, asking how bad the pressures had become and what would happen next. I received in reply a lengthy handwritten document filled with abstruse terminology concerning density levels and spatial structures but also with news of an extraordinary development:

> To stop the rapid settlement diffusions and encroachments into vital wildlife areas, I envisaged some form of "spatial semistabilization" of settlement was probably the best.... But such a course involving two million people as of 1967 suggested to me that it was impractical and I should shelve the idea. Well, I was wrong! In 1974-75 the Ujamaa Program bought the Serengeti (and other Tanzanian conservation areas) a major reprieve for the immediate future. Settlement consolidation was carried out into "development villages" and in some areas—e.g., south of the Ruana River—all settlement was moved to give a 8-14 km. cleared zone (mid-dry-season wildebeest & topi area).... On the local level the choice of village relocation areas often resulted in the consideration of wildlife requirements and hence settlement was moved, where possible and necessary, away from essential wildlife habitats. I think that the move into development villages has been a great benefit to the interests of wildlife conservation from the "spatial" point of view and thus has considerably eased human pressures on many wildlife areas.... The "villagization" policy seems to me a strategy where the interests of wildlife and the national development objectives are *not* at cross purposes but complement each other to create conditions for the longterm viability of wildlife conservation.

Grzimek was right.

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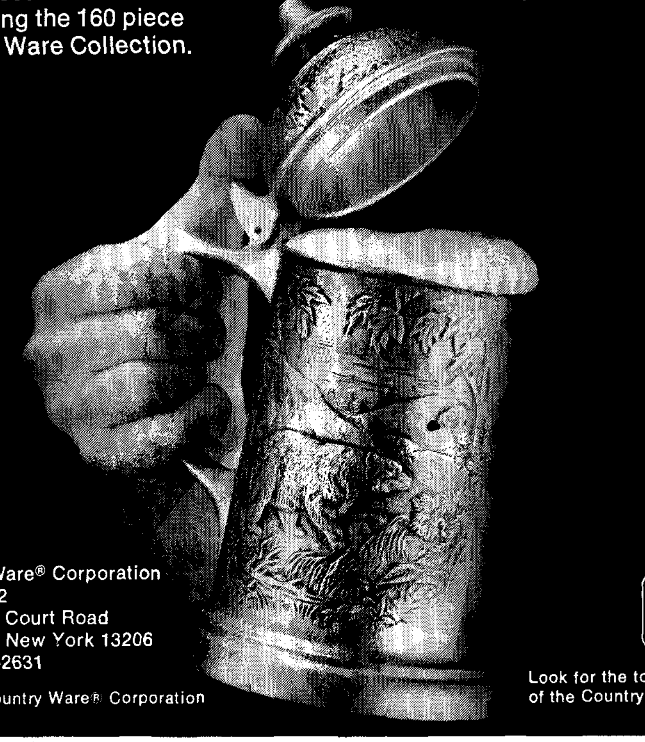

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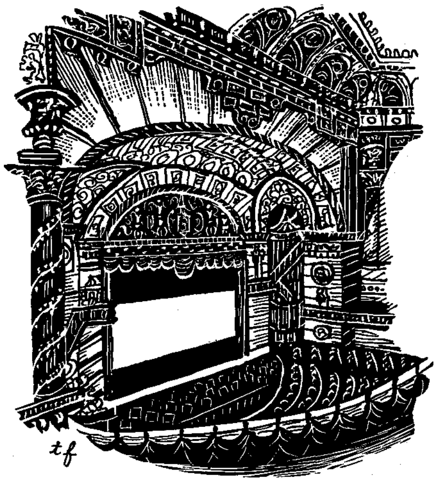
WOEBEGONE BEGINNERS

ANOTHER welcome import from Mother England—"Comedians," which has come hopscotching over to the Music Box by way of the Nottingham Playhouse and, in London, the National Theatre and Wyndham's, in the West End. Its author, Trevor Griffiths, is a forty-one-year-old native of rainy Manchester, and rainy Manchester is the setting for the play. Half a dozen men who earn their living by day in conventionally grubby occupations attend an evening class in acting at a local high school. Their intention is to make good as standup comics doing night-club routines, and they are being taught by a former well-known star in the provinces—one Eddie Waters, billed as "The Lancashire Lad." If only his impatient students will take the trouble to listen to him, Eddie has a lifetime of laboriously acquired stage cunning to impart, as well as some interesting theories about the nature of comedy. But these students are an assortment of aging, cheeky ragamuffins, who, as the play opens, stamp in out of the rain, complaining of the weather and of the tardiness of their teacher. They are plainly on edge with one another, and we soon discover why: tonight they are being given an opportunity to show off their talents in a series of appearances at a workingman's club, where, to their peril, they will be interrupting an evening-long session of bingo. It is to be their moment of triumph or failure, for a professional scout will be at the club, passing judgment and holding out a promise of jobs.

This information is deftly set forth in the first act of "Comedians." The second act takes place in the club, on whose tiny stage the frightened aspirants run through their routines. In the third act, we are back in the classroom; after further uneasy quarrelling, the students confront the scout, who coolly pronounces what amount to sentences of death on four of the six. As the class breaks up, Eddie Waters engages in a sad, fruitless colloquy with one of the failed students (whom we in the audience know to be by far the most gifted among them) and then invites a young Indian, present in school by some mischance, to sign up for his next course. The Indian, who presumably stands for all the rest of us, is a comedian *manqué*. He has some scruffy, ancient jokes to tell and will be delighted to take Waters' course; and so the curtain falls.

As my summary indicates, the play is as well made as if it had been written by Sir Arthur Pinero, though the language, which is continuously scatological and intermittently blasphemous, is unlikely to bring Pinero to mind. Mr. Griffiths is an able dramatist, and I regret only that he didn't contrive to make his third act more illuminating. I had expected a reckless, truthtelling contest of some sort between Waters and the gifted student, in the course of which we would hear more about how Waters had succeeded and failed and had managed to accommodate to failure; all this is lamentably left unsaid. Milo O'Shea, who plays Waters, is too young for the part and endows it with a vigorous briskness instead of with elderly pathos; Rex Robbins, as the scout, is also too young, and is unsure of his accent. The rest of the cast is admirable, with special praise deserving to go to Jonathan Pryce (sole survivor of the original English company, and a young man of fantastic talent), David Margulies, Jarlath Conroy, and John Lithgow. The direction is by Mike Nichols, and again I have but a single regret: Mr. Nichols is celebrated for devising visual gags, and he has been unable to resist introducing at least one such gag—a matter of a student's clumsily overturning his classroom desk—that we assume is intended to tell us something important about the student and does nothing of the kind. Out with it! The appropriately grisly sets were designed by John Gunter, and the lighting is by Ron Wallace.



A SHORT story I once wrote contains the dictum "In family life, nothing fortunate is probable." These words might serve as an epigraph to most of Tennessee Williams' plays; few writers in history have succeeded in gathering such a rich harvest of art from the doom of our inescapable relatedness. We are all more or less siblings, and if we have not all been parents, we have at any rate all been children. Williams' plays—the comedies as well as the tragedies—are chronicles of incest, whether the characters involved are aware of it or not. (Often, it is a character's subliminal awareness of the desire to commit incest that Williams embodies onstage, to great effect, as a scarcely treadable knife-edge of hysteria.) Williams' ideal hero is the incestuous homosexual, who, however guilty he may feel at being tempted to break the gravest of our taboos, runs no risk of leaving behind a proof of his misconduct. This lack of risk becomes, in Williams' writing, a kind of schoolboy glee, otherwise inexplicable.

"The Eccentricities of a Nightingale," at the Morosco, is Williams' ingenious reworking of an earlier, failed play of his, "Summer and Smoke." "Eccentricities" is certain to find a place for itself in the Williams canon as a pleasing, small play of the second rank (in the first rank are "The Glass Menagerie," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Sweet Bird of Youth," and "The Night of the Iguana"), which actors and actresses will be constantly beseeching producers to put on; what delectable roles it provides, even down to the least, nearly wordless ones! Never were we deeper into true Williams country: the place is Glorious Hill, Mississippi, and the time is shortly before the First World War. Alma Winemiller is the nightingale—a young singer who expresses her needs, both sexual and social, too openly for her own good; John Buchanan, Jr., is the young doctor who, though drawn to her, feels that his masculine integrity is being unfairly invaded. His mother's passionate devotion is easier for him to deal with, as the Reverend Winemiller's passionate devotion to Alma ought to be easier for her to deal with. But no—like so many Williams heroines, she is too hopeful and gallant to be satisfied with incest, actual or symbolic. She longs to come into the world and establish her womanly value there. The world, alas, turns out to be only Glorious Hill, which punishes Alma for her ambition by reducing her to a caricature.

"Eccentricities" has been given an excellent production. Under the energetic direction of Edwin Sherin, Betsy Palmer as Alma, David Selby as John Buchanan, Jr., Shepperd Strudwick as the Reverend Winemiller, and Nan Martin as Mrs. Buchanan all give splendid performances. The agreeably exiguous scenery is by William Ritman, the music is by Charles Gross, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss.

YOU have a few days left in which to catch "The Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan," at the Minskoff. There is as much juggling onstage as there is acrobatics, and the costumes and settings are as pretty as the feats are implausible. All evening long, I sat aghast with admiration at the wonders that, with training and discipline, the human body is capable of. What wouldn't I give, at a dinner party this winter, to beg my hostess's leave to hoist one of her Crown Derby soup plates onto the end of a stick and set it twirling above the heads of the other guests! Perhaps in my next incarnation I will turn up at the Minskoff as a teen-age Taiwanese twirler. It is something to look forward to. —BRENDAN GILL

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POPPY PARK DEDICATION

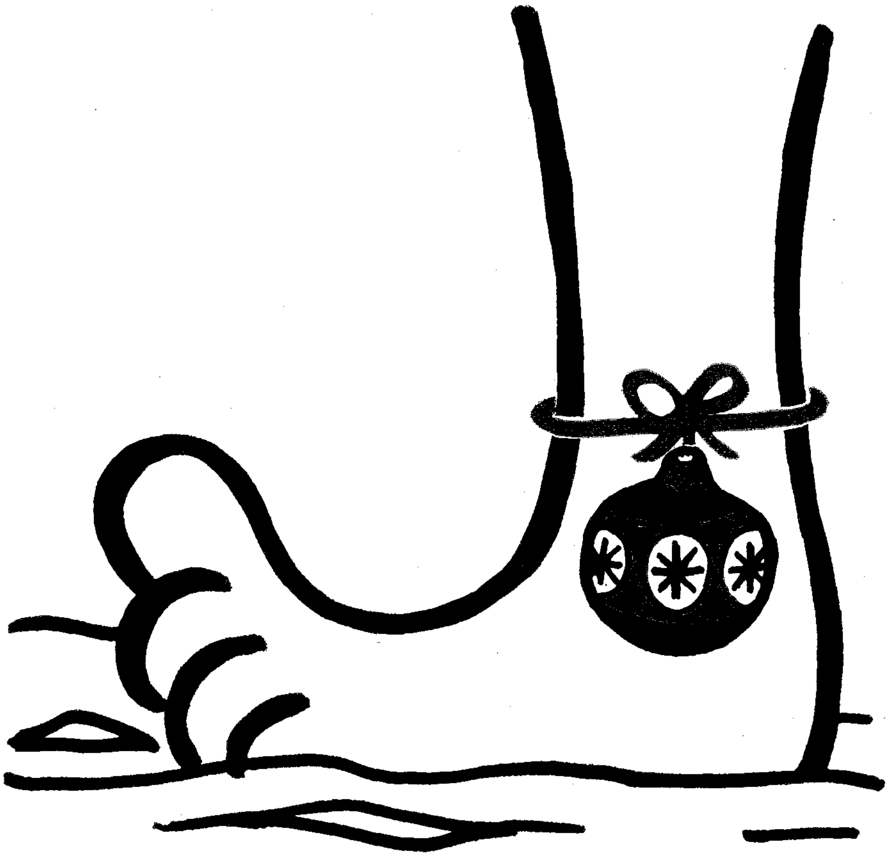
There's good news and bad news. First the good news. California's first Wildflower Reserve was dedicated at Lancaster April 24th. This is the realization of a forty year dream of our member and painter of Calif. flora, Jane Pinheiro, who was present in her colorful Poppy Print dress and was honored. The bad news is that the next day sheep passed through the Reserve and ate the wildflowers.—*Poppy Print, bulletin of the Theodore Payne Native Plant Guild, Sun Valley, Calif.*

So much for Jane Pinheiro in her colorful dress!

•

The "Chicago School," with its emphasis on human freedoms and the efficiency of market pricing, can be said to have been founded by Frank Knight, his revered teacher. Under Friedman it has been led to new heights of influence and profundity.—*Paul A. Samuelson in Newsweek.*

A lot of ups and downs, like the market itself.



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New York Notes

OCTOBER 21ST: Marian McPartland's situation at the Carlyle is ongoing. It began almost two years ago, when the management moved her across the hall from the Café Carlyle, where she had been subbing for Bobby Short, into the Bemelmans Bar, where there had never been live music. She was an immediate success, and has stayed there off and on ever since. But it has not been easy. The Bemelmans is a small, classic New York bar of the hideaway kind that first appeared in the late thirties and early forties. It has a twelve-stool bar, four horseshoe banquettes, and New York murals by Ludwig Bemelmans, who liked to paint nurses herding children across empty city spaces. The Bemelmans is too small for a piano, but the Carlyle superimposed one, and there it sits, like a stranded whale. Not only that. The piano was tired, there was a rudimentary sound system, the bar cash register hummed and crashed, and the patrons, unaware that they were in a mini concert hall, were noisy. But Marian McPartland, cruising through her fifties like a dreadnought, demanded and has finally got a new piano and a proper sound system (a noiseless cash register has been promised), and patrons now sometimes remain ruly for a whole set. These improvements have galvanized her. Her playing, often burdened by prolixity and bravura when she is nervous, has become increasingly spare and thoughtful. Her harmonies are orchestral but unsentimental, and her single-note lines cajole and startle. She has discovered a pleasing laissez-faire on the part of the Carlyle and has begun a series of impromptu soirées to which she invites singers and/or players. These have included Carol Sloane, Teddi King, Susannah McCorkle, and Sylvia Syms; the bassist Michael Moore, the cornettists Jimmy McPartland and Richard Sudhalter, and the guitarist Gene Bertoncini. There was a gathering tonight, and it included Jimmy McP., Bertoncini, and Moore. Moore and Bertoncini often work as a duo; Bertoncini is fleet and savvy, and Moore is the best of the new bassists. Jimmy McPartland is almost seventy and has been battling indifference, weight, and embouchure problems, but none of these got in his way tonight. Using a Harmon mute or a piece of felt draped over his bell, he played such non-Dixieland numbers as "My Heart Stood Still," "Thou Swell," and "This Can't Be Love" with a remarkable freshness and lilt. Bix Beiderbecke's jaunty attack was evident, but McPartland's phrasing was looser and more adventurous. He held notes unexpectedly, and used generous intervals, and substituted sudden ascending figures for conventional fall-away runs. And he hit very few clams. Marian McPartland was exceptional, and proved the truism that jazz pianists play better in a crowd than by themselves. The four musicians, forced by circumstances into a small space and seated in profile, resembled four men—persons—in a boat. May they sail soon again.

OCTOBER 27TH: Two disappointments: Allan Miller's hour-and-a-half film "Amazing Grace—America in Song," shot for television and shown on PBS tonight, and the "Porgy and Bess" recorded by Ray Charles and Cleo Laine for RCA (CPL 2-1831) and just released.

"Amazing Grace" is an instance of the odd and unintelligent things that serious television does in the name of originality and under the indulgent banner of endowment money. Here is some of what the film shows: a crowd in Fenway Park singing "The Star-Spangled Banner;" a fourth-grade class singing "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?;" myriad folk singers singing Dust Bowl songs, mining songs, union songs, sea chanteys, railroad songs, protest songs; Lena Horne singing Cole Porter's "It's All Right with Me;" Billie Holiday singing her blues "Fine and Mellow;" Jack Teagarden and Louis Armstrong singing "Rockin' Chair;" Bessie Smith singing "St. Louis Blues;" the Allman Brothers singing "One Way Out;" white churchgoers singing "Amazing Grace;" and Phyllis Curtin singing an Aaron Copland song. But it isn't even a good film. The staged songs—a young man in an empty freight car singing a railroad song, a young man standing on the Kansas plains and singing "Starving to Death on My Government Claim"—look staged, and in the chance sequences the subjects stare at the camera or are caught just turning away. The film is an anthology whose chief staple is variety itself. It could as easily have shown Americans of every stripe tying their shoes. Since "Amazing Grace" heads in the right direction in its last half hour (Bessie Smith; Billie Holiday; Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden), what a shame that Miller didn't go ahead and do the first good film on American art singing. This might have entailed ten- or fifteen-minute studies of Big Joe Turner, the greatest of blues singers; of Ray Charles, the most original jazz singer since Billie Holiday; of the extraordinary gospel singers Claude Jeter and Dorothy Love Coates; and of Frank Sinatra or Tony Bennett or Sylvia Syms or Mabel Mercer. But television hasn't learned to see American music yet.

Norman Granz is an Idea Man. In the forties, he moved the jam session from the back room to the stage, and called the concerts Jazz at the Philharmonic. He recorded J.A.T.P. in action and, when the L.P. arrived, held studio jam sessions in which he gathered the kings of jazz (one record had Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Charlie Parker, and Ben Webster) and let them

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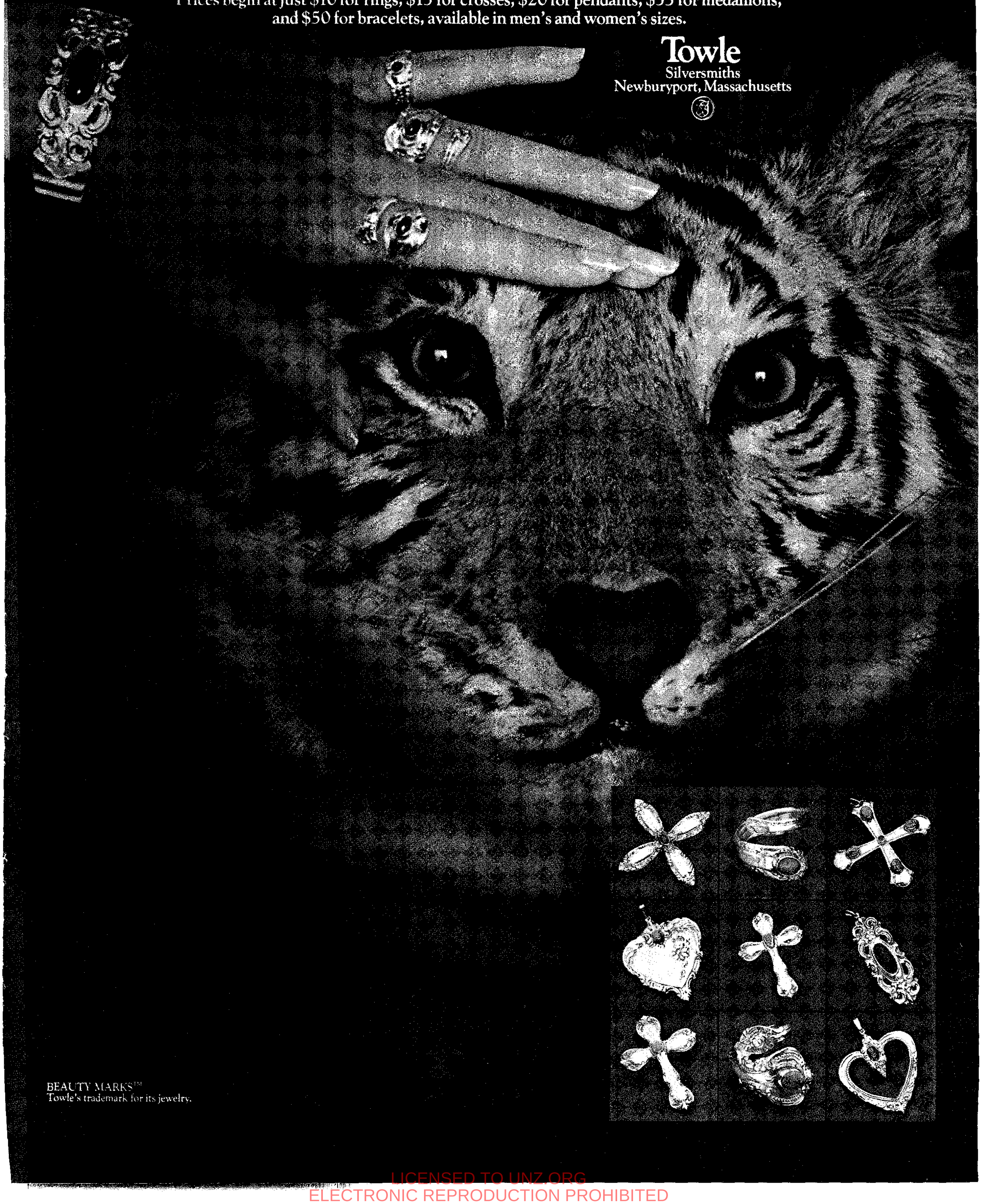

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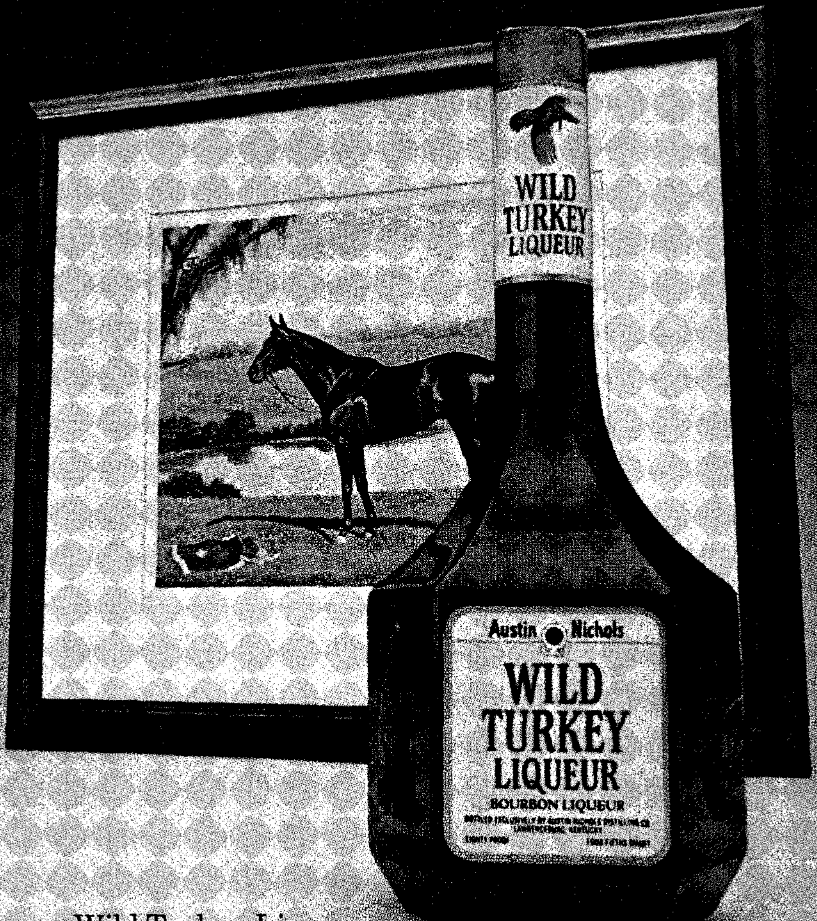

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blow for a half hour at a time. He recorded nearly two hundred piano solos by Art Tatum, and he got Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong together. He put Fred Astaire, just starting his long and brilliant twilight, with a jazz rhythm section and had him sing and dance. And now he has persuaded Ray Charles to record excerpts from "Porgy and Bess" with Cleo Laine. There are seventeen vocal numbers. Laine and Charles collaborate on five, and each does six alone. There are also seven instrumentals, in which Charles, generally accompanied by a rhythm section, plays organ, celeste, and acoustic and electric piano. The album is a classy disaster. Frank DeVol's arrangements are unfussy, the accompaniment (eighty-odd musicians are used) is faultless, the recording is excellent, and the photographs in the album booklet are good. But Charles "sings" throughout the album, sounding proper and awed, and he takes off his shoes and lets go with his special whispers and falsettos and melismatics only on the gospel-like "Oh Lord, I'm on My Way," which happens to be the last number in the album. Cleo Laine is jumpy. She misses notes, and when she rebounds through her high register in "Summertime" she is showing off, and the song remains untouched, as do all the songs she sings. Charles has never messed with "Porgy and Bess" before, and there are probably reasons. Perhaps he finds the songs highfalutin, or perhaps he considers them white man's black music. Perhaps they don't reach him, just as "Star Dust," which he has never recorded, doesn't. If Norman Granz had got Charles to record some blues and gospel songs, which Charles hasn't done in years and may never do again, the results wouldn't have been topical but they could have been classic.

OCTOBER 28TH: It wasn't easy to be an aspiring saxophonist in the early forties. There had been few choices until then about which way to go. Tenor saxophonists followed Coleman Hawkins or his best disciples (Chu Berry, Herschel Evans, Ben Webster, Illinois Jacquet, and Don Byas), and alto saxophonists studied Benny Carter or Johnny Hodges and checked out Pete Brown, Willie Smith, and Tab Smith. Then Lester Young appeared. Hawkins had championed an enormous cordovan tone, improvising on chords, and a foursquare rhythmic approach. Young, having learned a good deal not from Hawkins but, of all things, from three white saxophonists—Jimmy

Dorsey, Frank Trumbauer, Bud Freeman—championed nothing. Indeed, his playing was almost anti-playing. His tone was light—it suggested soundless laughter—and he advanced a form of melodic improvising that, with its casual, long-held notes and easy selectivity, matched the new coolness of Billie Holiday and Teddy Wilson. Young's coolness was deceptive. When he played a ballad, he often slyly skipped the melody and launched immediately into an improvisation that seemed no more intense than tea talk. Yet when he had finished he had converted the original into a new and extremely complex melodic statement. Young also pointed in new rhythmic directions. He loafed along behind the beat, and he gave the impression when he *was* on the beat of playing parallel to it. He refused to acknowledge that he, too, was governed by time. No sooner had Young been absorbed than Charlie Parker appeared. Parker's tone fell between Hawkins and Young, and so did his improvisations. He worked with chords and melody, and eventually, as in his celebrated recordings of "Embraceable You," he passed through improvisation to the verge of a new *music*. Young had sidled into view, but Parker exploded. No one had ever heard such arpeggios on a reed instrument, such passionate, preaching blues playing, such avalanches of eighth notes. Faced with the totally dissimilar and equally attractive approaches of Young and Parker, what was a budding saxophonist to do? Tenor saxophonists followed Young and alto saxophonists Parker; adventurous tenor players also listened to Parker and adventurous alto players to Young. But a handful of saxophone players attempted to borrow a cup of this from Young and a cup of that from Parker, and to find a way between them. The most important was the tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, who is now fifty-three. Gordon's tone is hard and calculated, and resembles Parker's at its most careless, as do his occasional rhythmically congested clusters of notes. But Young has the upper hand in Gordon's work. Here, transmogrified, are the long-held notes, the horizontal improvisations, the vibratoless attack, and the way of biting his notes that Young developed in the forties.

Gordon came out of California, worked his way across the country and through New York, and disappeared into Europe permanently in the early sixties. He has become shadowy, and even legendary, and his current quick American tour is being greeted with

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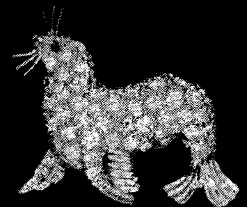

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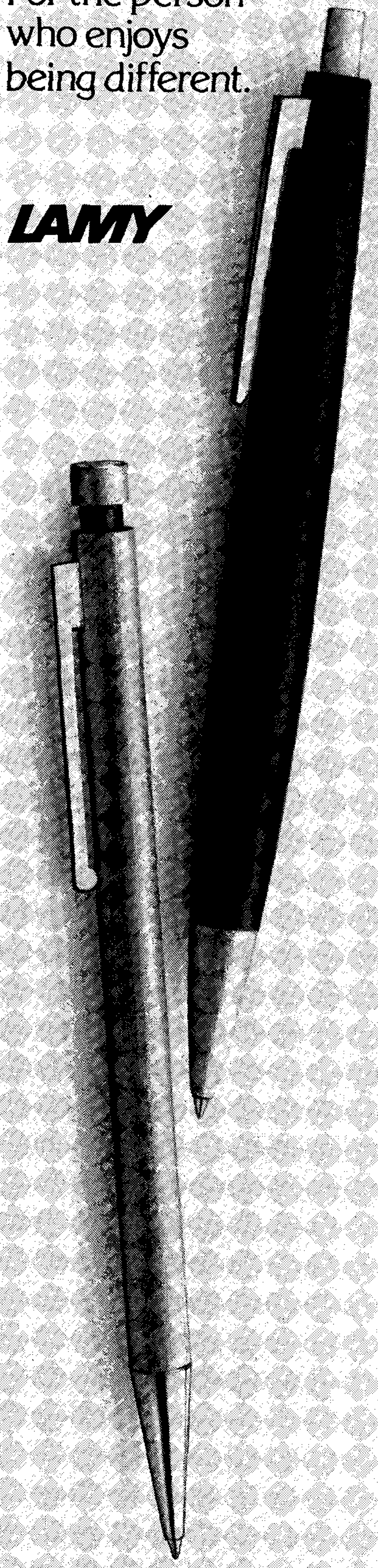

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reverence. Tonight at the Vanguard, where he is spending a week, resembled the night in 1961 when Sonny Rollins returned from his first and most famous retirement. Every handclap was a genuflection. Gordon's appearance doesn't discourage adulation. He is six and a half feet tall and has a long, Lincoln face. When he finishes a solo, he visibly withdraws from the world of improvisation by grimacing and baring his teeth, and he meets the applause by turning his saxophone on its side and offering it to the audience with both hands, like the country guitarist Ernest Tubb, who turns the back of his guitar to the audience at the end of his performances, revealing thereon the word "Thanks." Gordon's playing is an extension of his stature. His sound is big and his notes are big. He locks together giant cubes of sound in his solos, piling one on another until he has constructed a gleaming amphitheatre. He builds these edifices in a determined, almost harsh fashion, rarely missing a note, and finishes each phrase so that it has a clear, sharp edge. He plays few arpeggios, and the only vibrato he allows himself is slow and broad and dramatic. There is a lot of musical and physical ritual in Gordon's onstage work, and it tends to obscure the fact that he is a transitional figure who in the fifties helped to invent a tenor-saxophone style that has come to be called hard-bop, and who helped get John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins going. It is easy to bless Gordon for Rollins, but it is not easy to accept this school of saxophone playing, which makes a bully out of an instrument capable of rhapsody and fervent delicacy. Gordon's accompanists, all of them able and sometimes inspired, included Ronnie Matthews on piano, Stafford James on bass, and Louis Hayes on drums. Gordon returns to the Vanguard on December 7th.

OCTOBER 29TH: Each generation throws off its own cultural hybrids. These tend to be pretentious, expert, topically ingenious, addictive, and—when their novelty wears off—of some artistic merit. The most recent in jazz has been the Stan Kenton band. Its immediate predecessor, the Paul Whiteman orchestra, thrived for a decade and slowly subsided five years before Kenton's arrival, in 1941. The two groups had a good deal in common. Both were bombastic, well drilled, aurally hypnotic, and eccentric. Kenton believed that he was changing the course of jazz, and perhaps of American music itself, when what he

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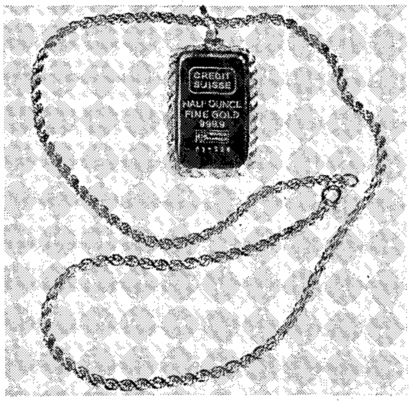

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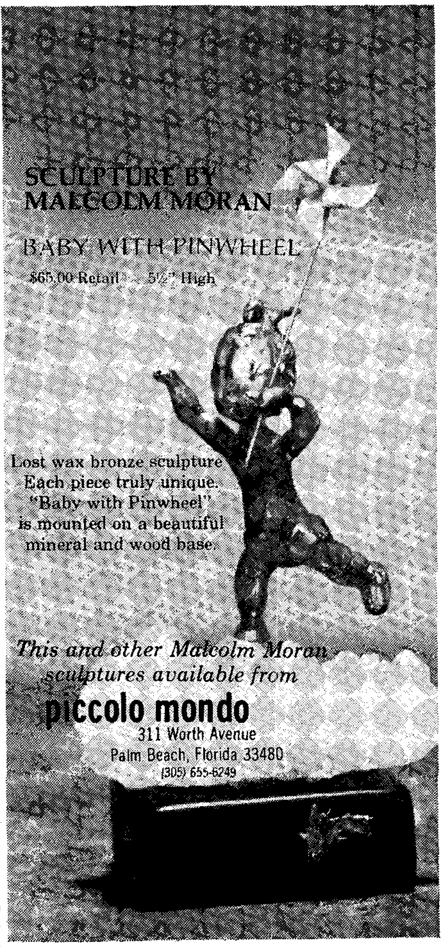

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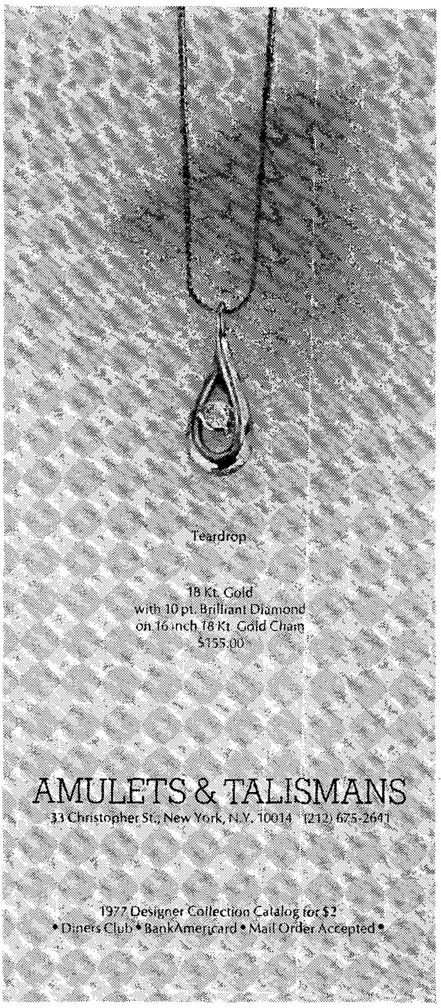
was principally doing was providing dozens of jazz musicians with a unique finishing school, many of whose graduates would end up pumping away in Hollywood studios. His "innovations," as he called them, were overblown and humorless variations of earlier big bands, Jimmy Lunceford's in particular. Whiteman also attempted to be a cultural pivot, but in a far subtler way. He built a dance band into a first-rate orchestra of nearly thirty pieces, capable of playing symphonic music, light classical music, dance music, and big-band jazz. He didn't altogether satisfy the various musical communities—the classical boys found him "jazzy" and the jazz people found him starchy and unswinging—but he changed American music. He commissioned George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," and got Gershwin off to a start as a "serious" composer, to say nothing of helping to bring into being the best piece of music ever written about New York. He hired arrangers like Bill Challis and Tom Satterfield, who evolved pioneering harmonic patterns and instrumental combinations that were almost certainly studied by Duke Ellington and Don Redman and Benny Carter. And he gave a leg up to jazz soloists by exposing within the stately confines of his band Jack Teagarden, Mildred Bailey, Bing Crosby, Frank Trumbauer, Bix Beiderbecke, and Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey.

Gershwin has been thoroughly considered in the past five years and has reached an apogee with the uncut production of "Porgy and Bess" (he still needs a good, literate biographer, though), and now it is Whiteman's turn. Richard Sudhalter, the thirty-eight-year-old cornettist, Beiderbecke biographer, and jazz archivist, began reactivating Whiteman in England two years ago, with his New Paul Whiteman Orchestra, and he continued tonight at Carnegie Hall, with a concert called "Paul Whiteman Rediscovered." There were twenty-five musicians and six singers, and they performed "Rhapsody in Blue" and a couple of dozen of Whiteman's jazz-oriented numbers, among them "Sugar," "China Boy," "Changes," "Mississippi Mud," "Oh Miss Hannah," and "Happy Feet." Nine arrangements were by Challis and the rest by Satterfield, Lennie Hayton, Matty Malneck, and Ferde Grofé. The evening contained surprises. The "Rhapsody" heard was the original 1924 version done by Whiteman at its Aeolian Hall première, and it had an attractive lean-



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ness and directness. Three of the other numbers—"Singin' the Blues," "Runnin' Wild," and "Hallelujah"—were never recorded by Whiteman. The reed scoring during the evening was often astonishing: three alto saxophones on "Singin' the Blues;" four clarinets and a baritone saxophone on "Runnin' Wild;" and *two* baritone saxophones and a *bass* saxophone on "Changes." The band was admirable—the reed section had to double and redouble every four bars—and so were the soloists. Johnny Mince played Trumbauer with a jiggling intensity, and the old virtuoso Al Gallodoro did Jimmy Dorsey's circus alto-saxophone number "Oodles of Noodles" with a creamy brilliance that demonstrated what a beautiful instrument the alto saxophone is when played properly. Sudhalter handled Beiderbecke's solos with a unique combination of Beiderbecke's tone and logic and his own more modern phrasing and rhythmic attack. His reworking of Beiderbecke's classic statement on "Singin' the Blues" (the recorded small-band version) was superb. His phrases, balanced on long-held notes, floated and stretched, and every now and then were urged on by sudden, punching notes and by big intervals. Larry Carr handled the Bing Crosby vocals with plenty of glottal stops, and the Rhythm Boys and the Whiteman Trio were done by Keith Nichols, Norman Fields, Bob Lenn, Art Lambert, and George MacDonald, who, sedate and furbished-looking, was with Whiteman in the early thirties. There were two distracting things: Carr and Sudhalter talked too much, and on numbers like "From Monday On" and "Happy Feet" the band tended to swing far harder than the original band could or would have. With the exception of Louis Armstrong, jazz musicians in the twenties hadn't learned to swing that way, and even if they had, Whiteman would have considered such abandon indecorous.

NOVEMBER 26TH: The Jazz Program at the Smithsonian is headed by the critic Martin Williams, who organizes concerts and issues records. The records are on the Smithsonian Collection label, which was initiated three years ago with a six-record history of jazz, "The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz." That history went overboard on Ellington and Thelonious Monk and Ornette Coleman, but it also brought together for the first time material from many different labels—a feat that no private

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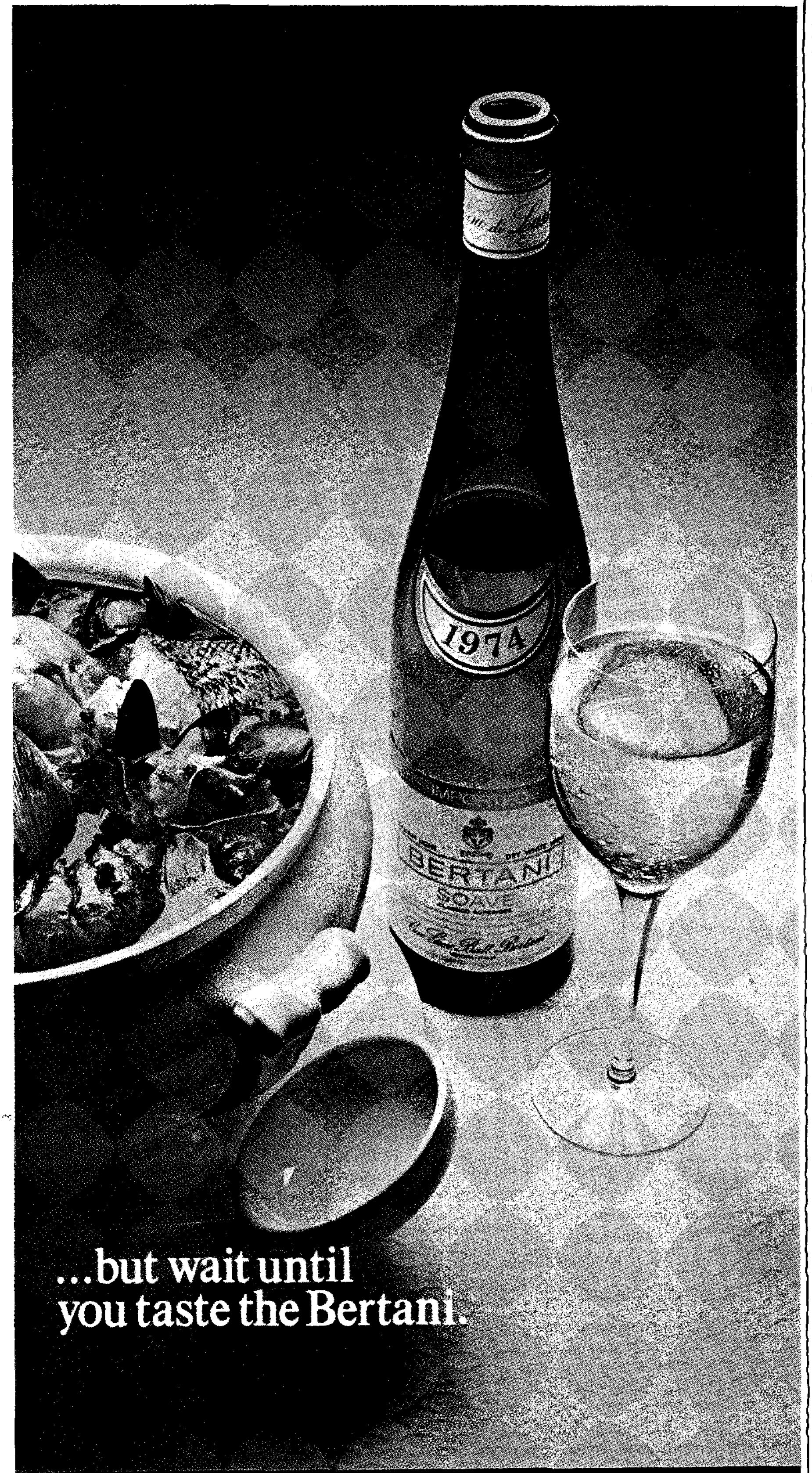

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company had been able to legally manage. Since then, the Smithsonian Collection has been treading water. It has reissued material, much of it almost steadily available, by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and by Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines, and there have been new recordings of orchestral rags—a rather overstocked market now—and of Jelly Roll Morton's piano solos. Its current releases include two L.P.s of 1938 Ellington reissues, some of which were brought out not long ago by Columbia, and a two-record Dizzy Gillespie album, "Dizzy Gillespie: The Development of an American Artist" (R 004). But the Gillespie is a surprise. It follows Gillespie from the Roy Eldridge imitator he was to the baroque wonder he became, and it is the sort of scholarly project that the Smithsonian Collection should be doing. The album contains thirty-three selections, five of them excerpts, recorded between 1940 and 1946. Most are drawn from the invaluable storefront labels that filled the vacuum created by the major labels, whose interests were elsewhere. Four selections are from Columbia subsidiaries, and one is from Decca, but the rest came out on Esoteric, Hit, Apollo, DeLuxe, Continental, Manor, Black & White, Guild, and Dial.

Gillespie fell under the sway of Roy Eldridge around 1936. Although Louis Armstrong was still in fine fettle, Eldridge had come up with a style that suddenly made Armstrong sound old-fashioned. Eldridge's playing *hurried;* he used crackling high notes, crazy-leg arpeggios, and a searing tone. He had immediate importance and authority, and trumpeters everywhere began studying him. (The rapidity with which jazz sometimes moves is indecent. Only four years before, Armstrong had set down his celestial thoughts on "Basin Street Blues" and "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" and "That's My Home." Propriety alone suggested a decade or so in which to absorb such wonders.) Gillespie straightaway began adding his own touches—unlikely notes and a rhythmic lightness of foot. These can be heard on the four 1940 Cab Calloway sides that Williams includes and on the excerpts from on-the-spot recordings made in 1941 by Jerry Newman at Clark Monroe's Uptown House. And they are clear on the numbers that Gillespie recorded with Les Hite and Lucky Millinder in 1942, especially on Hite's "Jersey Bounce," in which Gillespie plays a descending run that is a stunning announcement of what is just around the corner. But, alas, we never get around the corner, because of a union recording ban that went into effect in mid-1942. The next records in the album, "Woody 'n' You" and "Disorder at the Border," were made in 1944 with a Coleman Hawkins group, and there, fully formed and fully packed, is the resplendent and thrilling Gillespie we have had for thirty years. During the ban, Gillespie had worked in the Earl Hines big band with Charlie Parker, and it was then that he—and Parker—put his final style together. The two men had been moving in the same musical direction for years, Gillespie experimenting with expanding the chordal side of improvisation and Parker bent on expanding it melodically and rhythmically. Martin Williams sprinkles quotes from Gillespie interviews throughout the liner notes. Here are three:

> I learned rhythm patterns from Charlie Parker.
>
> My association with Charlie Parker would have to be far above anything else that I have ever done musically in my career.
>
> Charlie Parker, the other side of my heartbeat.

Gillespie consolidates himself during the rest of the album, and is particularly imposing on "Good Bait," "Salted Peanuts," "Be-Bop," and "March of the Boyds." Williams says at the beginning of his notes, "We have carefully avoided here all the recorded collaborations with Charlie Parker. They have often been collected and reissued and, more important, Parker's brilliance has sometimes clouded the issue of Gillespie's own." A mistake, I think. Gillespie and Parker were like Ellington and Strayhorn, Bob and Ray, Rodgers and Hart. Each activated the other, and I recall no recording where Parker ever edged Gillespie. Indeed, since Parker did help assemble Gillespie, it is essential to hear them side by side—say, on any of the four great Red Norvo 1945 Comet-label recordings, where they were set off by such swing musicians as Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, J. C. Heard, and Flip Phillips. These certainly have more importance in the Gillespie canon than the Billy Eckstine and Sarah Vaughan and Joe Marsala numbers that have been included.

The Gillespie album costs nine dollars, and is available by mail from the Smithsonian Collection, Box 1641, Washington, D.C., 20013, or at the Smithsonian museum shops.

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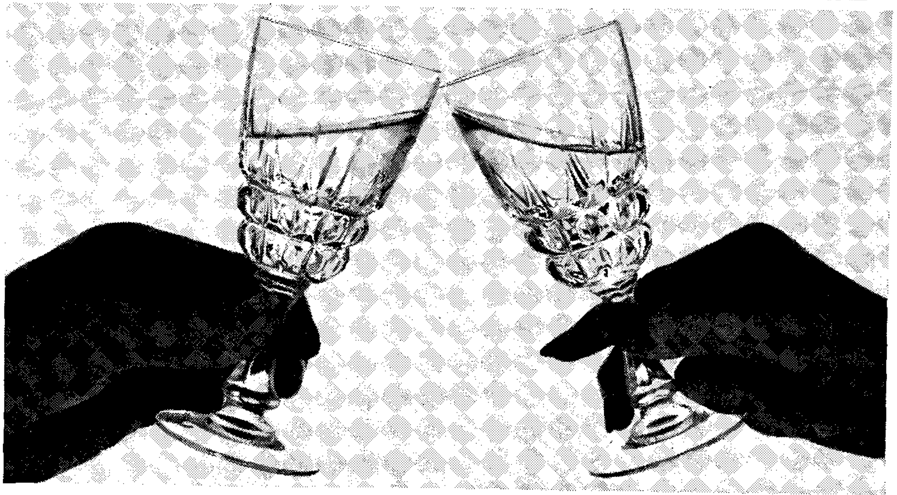

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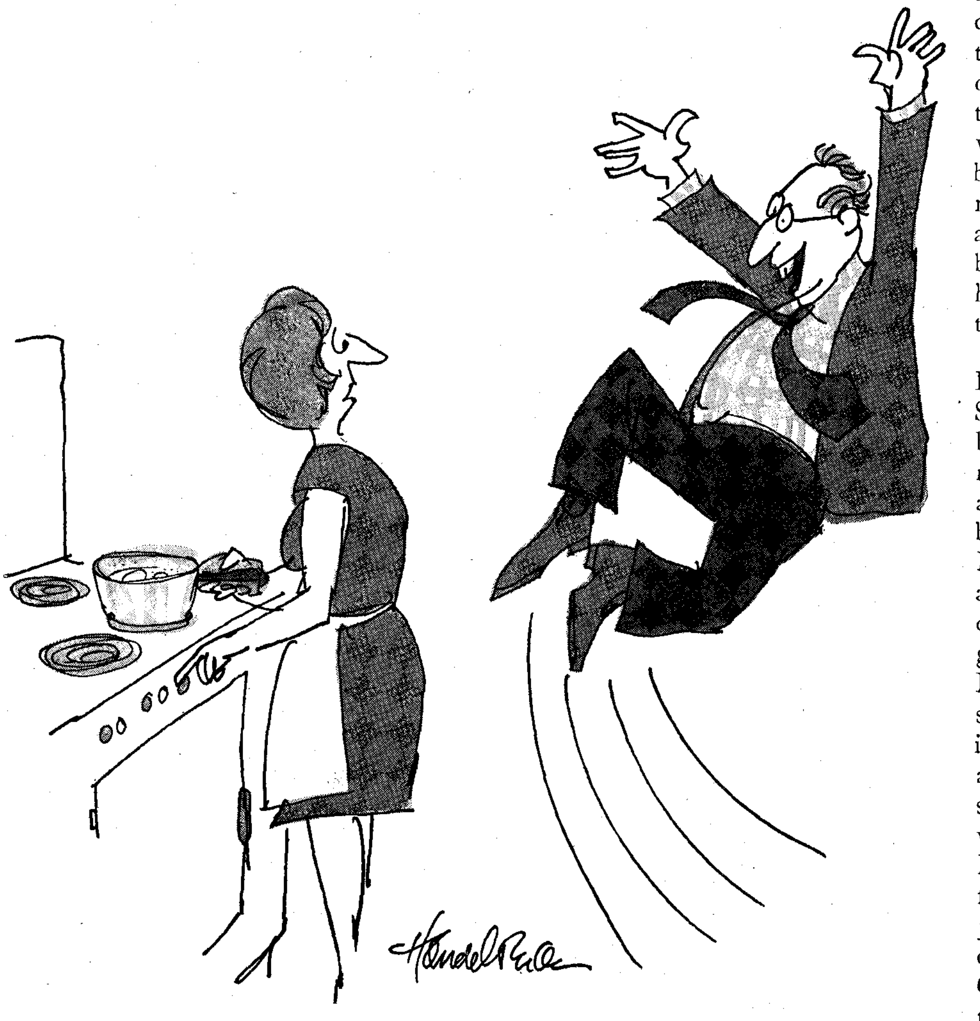
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

Things to Wear

THIS year's Christmas-shopping sortie into the realms of men's clothing reveals that fashionable men are dressing in tweed sports jackets, gray flannels, button-down shirts, and narrow four-in-hands or Arthur Schlesinger-style bow ties in conservative colors and elderly-looking medallion prints. But no one shopping for a would-be trend-setter should make the mistake of believing that his aim is to look the same as men who stayed loyal to a traditional style of dress before, during, and after the revolution in men's garb. All fashion is an idealization of mere clothing, and the current traditional-menswear "look" has more élan and far more romance than mere menswear has. A ghost of the old dandyism flutters down from the era of past flamboyance to settle on the respectable, elbow-patched tweed sleeve of the new sartorial conservatism. Shoulders may be getting softer and less Joan Crawford-like, but the long-legged, slim-waisted flatteries of the "European cut" have not been entirely expelled from men's tailoring. A Latin influence, both sensuous and showoff, pervades even clothes of puritanical correctness or of the New England prep-school style, by way of fabrics that feel good to the touch and are unmistakably, if discreetly, expensive. Here to stay, too, is a growing aesthetic discernment among men for the thoughtful play of color, texture, and pattern that their haberdashery, at its best, exemplifies. Perhaps, in time, the pleasure men now take in the way clothes look to their own eye will edge out the more long-standing basis for their choice of clothes—the anxiety that they should exactly resemble their neighbors.

There is a stylish demonstration on the main floor of Barney's (Seventh Avenue and 17th Street) of the interaction of European and American influences and of the generally beneficial effect that the fashion for traditional menswear has had on modern styles. An Italian designer, Giorgio Armani, lends his name to a shirt in ivory-colored cotton with a button-down collar. The shirt stands very slightly apart from the conventional, though, with the tactile irony of a brushed finish to the cotton, like a fine pajama flannel, and with the visual irony of a collar standing slightly higher on the neck and extending slightly lower than a run-of-the-mill button-down. The shirt also has the new European shape—dubbed "tubular"—which is wider through the waist than tapered styles but still looks younger and more thoughtfully designed than the old straight-cut American classic. This is $35, and the same style in a soft-feeling, brown-and-white pin-check end-and-end cotton is $37.50. A square-ended necktie of dark-green cashmere, in the two-and-a-half-inch width that is making a comeback, is also by Armani, and hits the same note of luxurious informality; $22. In the department given over to another Italian designer, Bruno Piattelli, there is a collection of neckties in finely textured silks, in colors and patterns that must qualify as being close to flawless in taste. A solid-color silk crêpe with unobtrusive diagonal lines of drawn threadwork an inch apart comes in wine, black, brown, or a beautiful navy blue; $17.50. Piattelli's patterned neckties illustrate a rare sense of color and combinations of color—a sense both imaginative and disciplined—as do his silk shirts in delicate stripes and tattersalls, for $75.



"Your eggs will be ready in a minute. Meanwhile, take a mood stabilizer."

And for Anglophiles, Kilgour, French & Stanbury keeps up its end in St. Jamesian shirtcraft and accessories by colonizing a nook of its own at Barney's. A brown reptile belt by the folks at Kilgour et al. is $25; a leather belt by Piattelli, in a choice of colors, is $20. Both have solid brass buckles of laudable simplicity. Also on the main floor of Barney's are reversed-lambskin gloves, for $25, and crushable hats of Irish tweed—the sort you dampen, shape to your head, and set overnight in the icebox—for $22.50. (These hats are much in evidence in all the men's shops this year. With luck, no wearer will look quite the way Senator-elect Moynihan does in his.) On the third floor, there is a comfortably cut casual jacket of chocolate mid-wale corduroy designed by the Frenchman Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, whose Scott-of-the-Antarctic parkas and Army-ski-team jump suits have been creating a stir this year in both men's and wom-

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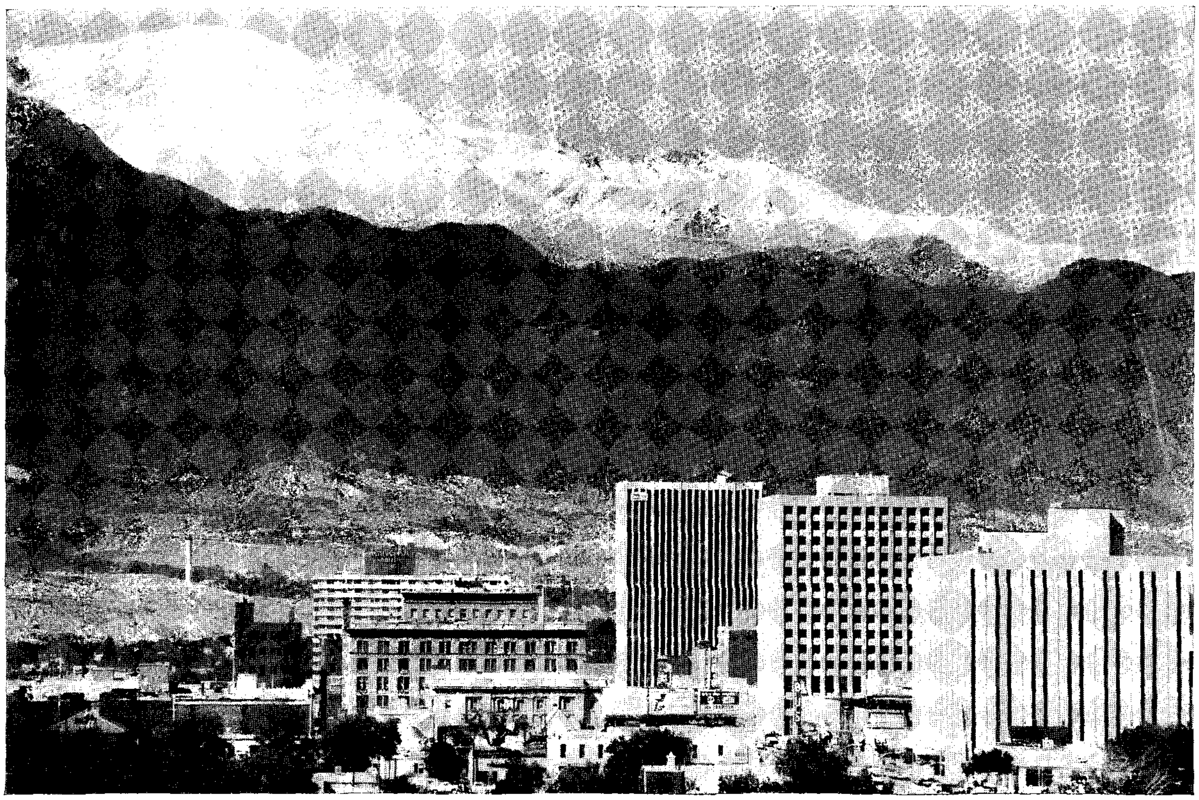

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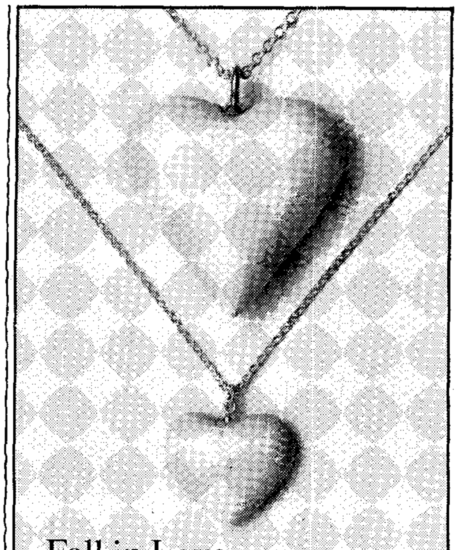
en's shops. Sometimes this fellow goes so far in his exaggerated zest for theoretical functionalism that he ends up with Christmas-tree danglings of utterly impractical folderol—useless pouches, loops for mythical ice axes, and dog-leash clips for imaginary whistles or hypothetical mittens. In the case of this jacket, however, the Castelbajac instinct for warmth and real practicality wins out. It has a collar that can be turned up to chin height and belted there snugly, and a lining of honey-colored sweater-knit wool that eliminates the need to wear a layer between shirt and jacket. Fantasy is restricted to a canvas inside pocket and a burlap loop inside at the nape for hanging it up; $295. In the corner given over to leathers, suèdes, and shearlings, there is a double-breasted, knee-length coat of Swiss shearling with an outside soft as velvet and an inside soft as cashmere; $545. Also on the third floor, there is a mockup of a Parisian café, with tile floor and marble tables, where one can get a bowl of homemade soup and a glass of wine, among a choice of *comestibles*. A floor above is the Oak Room, where there are ready-made suits by Oxxford that incorporate such increasingly rare details as bellows pockets in the jacket (so the line is never disturbed by a bulge) and buttonholes sewn by hand on both sides of the cloth. Although the meticulous molding of a shoulder and the impeccable lie of a lapel are patently the product of a thousand unseen touches of the tailor's art, they seem the result of magic. A gift certificate for $550 should take care of matters.

Besides the idealization of traditional haberdashery, the powerful current affecting men's clothing styles at the moment is the idealization of the Great Outdoors. Men whose contact with nature is limited to the sight of their girlfriends' houseplants are getting all tricked out in down jackets, backpacks, and shirts with woodsman plaids. Extremists of the L. L. Bean mode go as far as corduroy rock-climbing knickers, even though their most demanding ascent is likely to be of the escalators in Bloomingdale's. Like many another comfortable style indigenous to American youth—most notably, in recent years, bluejeans—the down-jacketed backpacker mode has crossed the Atlantic to influence European clothing designers, who are now beaming back, to an apparently willing American audience, what are often outrageously expensive versions of its own inventions. If one is going to buy a down jacket, it obviously makes sense to choose it pri-



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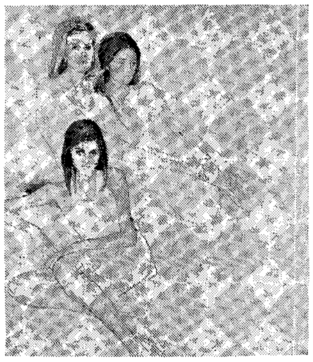

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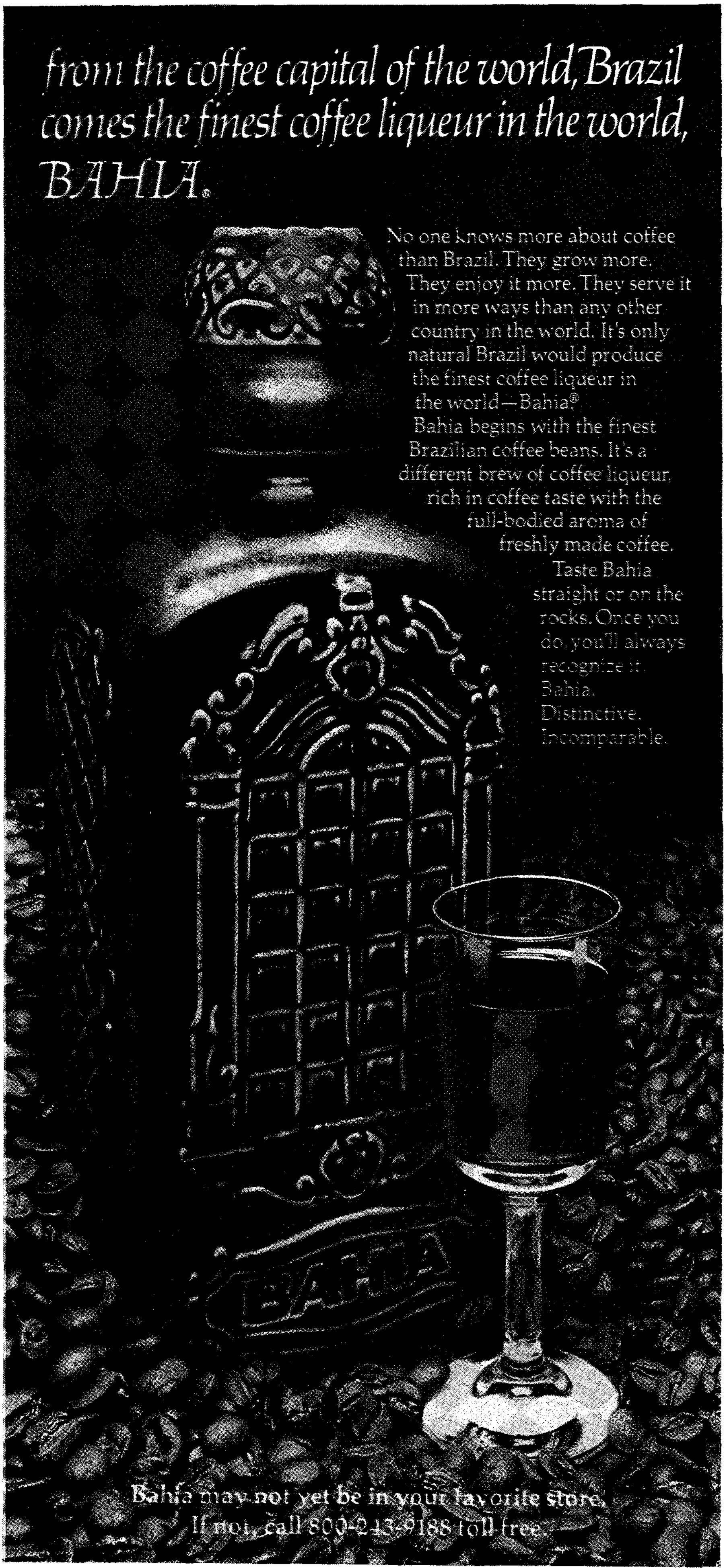
marily for its functional qualities; if, accidentally, it has a fashionable air, that is a bonus. Kreeger & Sons, 30 West 46th Street, is a congenial outdoor-supply store that stocks goose-down garments and sleeping bags made by the firm of Sierra Designs, of Berkeley, California. Down vests here have drawstrings at the waist as additional draft chasers, and an overlapping snap front to eliminate cold spots. The vest weighs twelve ounces, folds into a pouch the size of a man's hand, and comes in a choice of navy, green, or cranberry; $34. A parka along the same lines, in the same top-quality goose down but with a concealed front zipper big enough to work with mittens on, is $89. This store has other elements of toasty warmth that happen to be in style, such as natural-colored sweaters hand-knit in England and with all the lanolin still in them, to protect yachtsmen and others exposed to dampness ($36), and Bolivian-made sweaters of chill-beating alpaca with bands of Greek-key patterning across the chest ($45). The Daytripper, a teardrop-shaped backpack variously pocketed and made of a nearly indestructible canvaslike nylon in a choice of cheerful colors, is $29.50. This would make a good book bag, a holdall for camera equipment, or—come the season—a piece of luggage for a student's trip to Europe. And, to stuff the stocking of a man who occasionally wants to light a match outdoors, Kreeger has a limited supply of waterproof-and-windproof matches, at forty-five cents a box.

Sometimes the rugged influence of outdoorsmanship flows together with the textural refinements of the haberdashery style. The idea of the plaid shirt, for example, is interpreted in often luxurious cottons, or even silks, as well as in rough wools. The men's store of Charivari, 2339 Broadway (85th), is adept at juggling all the visual witticisms and historical cross-references inherent in fashionable masculine taste today and at balancing the sartorial dreams of both the hip young dudes and the doctors, lawyers, and "established-type fathers" that the shop claims to number among its customers. (The dudes, in many ways, have more strictly conservative tastes than the established types.) Here are some elegant plaids made up in different shirt styles, including tapered, pleat-backed cottons, by the German firm of Daniel Schagen, whose designs have a very distinctive fit and, therefore, a loyal following among men of the slimmer sort. The plaids cost from $36 to $45,



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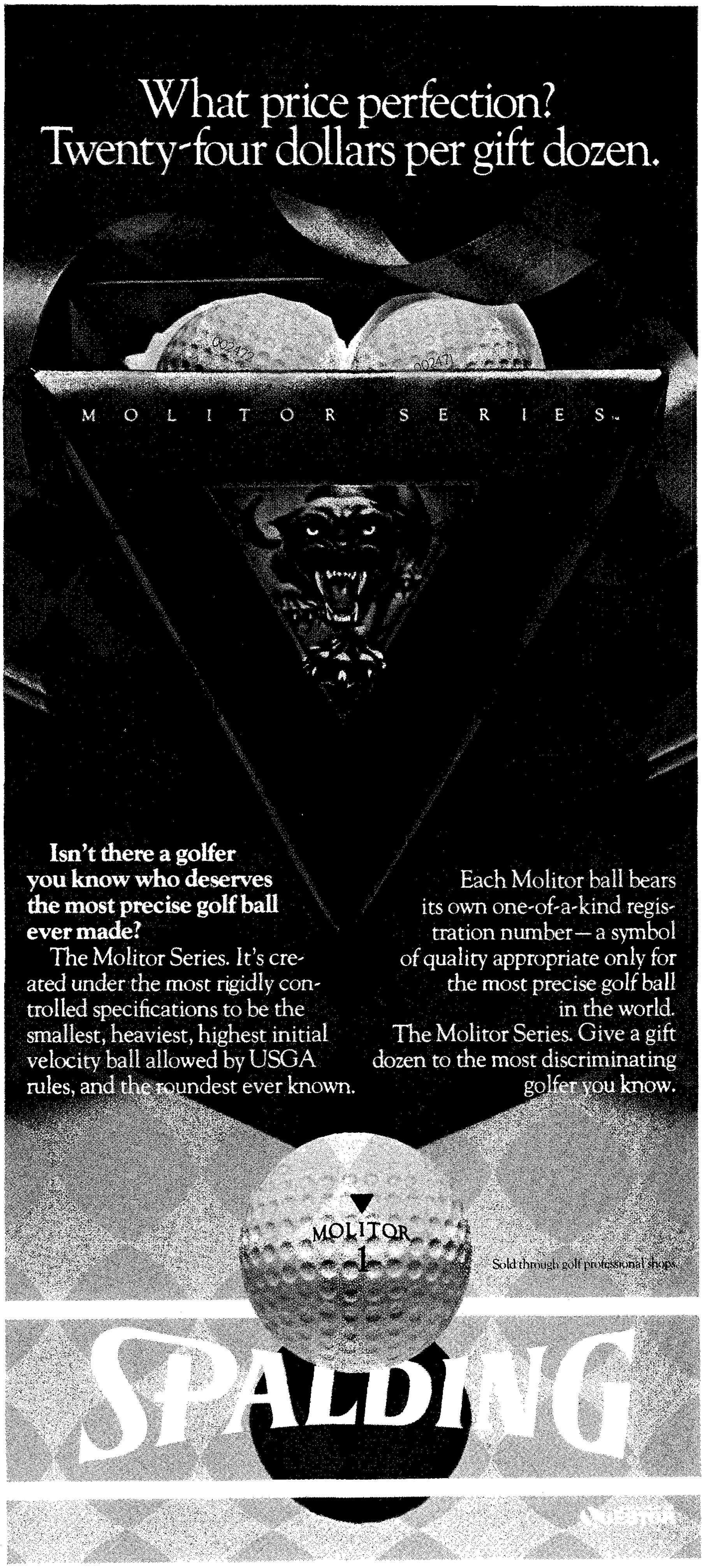

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as do Schagen shirts in Wall Street stripes; solid colors are $30. The latter sum is also the price of some straight-cut plaid shirts in a gentle wool-and-cotton. Two uncuffed breast pockets, like the front, are closed by buttons with a delicate tortoiseshell tone, and one of a choice of opulent color combinations involves a burgundy base with fir-tree-green plaid. Beautiful, better-than-predictable plaids also show up in cashmere mufflers designed by the Frenchman Georges Rech. Muted colors offer hints of blue-gray seascapes or of autumnal woods; $40. Mufflers and knitted schoolboy gloves ($10) are *very much part of the tweed-jacket* Shetland-sweater look that this fashionable store is backing at the moment, along with double-breasted suits. (These last seem on the point of edging out three-piece suits among fashion-minded men. Certainly a scrutiny of some of the three-piece travesties around town—worn with high-heeled shoes and neckties with knots as big as babies' heads—tends to reinforce the view that vested suits are often not quite gentlemanly enough to be really "in.")

San Francisco Clothing, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), has long been committed to the fashionable tweeds-on-the-grouse-moors-and-golf-links idea, and has a substantial, dark-oak men's-club décor. Here are all sorts of styles (for both men and women) involving Harris tweeds, hand knitting, and Fair Isle patterns. For men, there are also sets of crew-neck sweaters and matching socks of Shetland wool in quiet, autumn-leaf stripes, knit with a cottage-industry air. Sweaters are $40, socks are $12. Modishly old-mannish leather-buttoned sleeveless cardigans have solid-color cable-stitched fronts, and their backs have vertical stripes of rust brown. These vests are $50, and, like the matching sets, they bear a label that shows the influence of the Welsh separatist movement Plaid Cymru, in the proud declaration "Made in Wales."

A swing through the men's departments of the big stores in town will give further evidence of the taste for warmth and rusticity. At Bonwit Teller, there is an example of Gallic designers' zest for North American work clothes—a baseball-style jacket, with knit waistband, collar, and cuffs, that is of water-repellent red-and-navy wool tartan on one side and that reverses to blue denim; $95. A heavy hand-knit wool cardigan with cable coils down the front and fat knotted-leather buttons comes in green, navy, or gray, and is $55. This might be worn over a crew-neck wool sweater, by Jaeger, in either a basically red or a basically green plaid; $30. And nightshirts—another revival from what some consider a more gentlemanly age—are showing up everywhere. Bonwit's has one in white cotton with navy-blue pinstripes, and with a white band collar, cuffs, and tab front; $35. Layers of clothing are another scheme from the functional world of outdoor activities which has become a part of fashionable dress for both sexes. On the main floor of Saks Fifth Avenue are a variety of Viyella shirts in solids ($29), gingham checks, ($27.50), and windowpane plaids ($27.50). These might be worn over a turtleneck in pure-cotton jersey ($13.50), which comes in a choice of thirteen colors that can play up or echo the colors of the shirt. A wool turtle, in a choice of nine colors, is $26. Knee socks of mostly cashmere knit, with Argyle patterns vaguely reminiscent of goofy Wodehouse youths on country-house weekends, are $7. Also on Saks' main floor, some pajamas of pure-cotton flannel take the rural-coziness notion safely in out of the storm and tuck it up beneath the antique quilt, at home in bed; in either plaids ($16.50 and up) or solids ($17.50). On the sixth floor, there are Paisley-printed Viyella bathrobes for $60. At Bergdorf Goodman, one may inspect fashionable and expensive rock-climbers' knickers and—perhaps more to be expected of Bergdorf, which, after all, has more in common with the style of its neighbors Tiffany and the Plaza than with the army-surplus genre—sybaritic silk pajamas that can be white piped with blue, blue with tan, or tan with beige; $75. A long robe of navy-blue cashmere is cozy yet imposing in style; $265.

Paul Stuart, at Madison Avenue and 45th Street, has some turtleneck sweaters from Italy which demonstrate no tough-guy pretensions in their texture (cashmere) or their color (a choice of pale gray, off-white, pale lemon, or pale green) but keep up a pipe-smoking sturdiness by way of tan suède elbow patches; $65. Cotton dress shirts with solid-pastel-color bodies—blue, pink, peach, or mint green—have collars that are not, as one might expect, in contrasting solid white but in a warmer-looking ecru ivory, to flatter the wearer's complexion; $25. Stuart has a good array of crushable hats, in Irish tweed ($20) and also in District-checked, water-repellent wool tweed ($25). This style takes happily to being stuffed in the pocket of a raincoat, if a chap elects to doff it when the rain clouds blow away. A somewhat more dressed-

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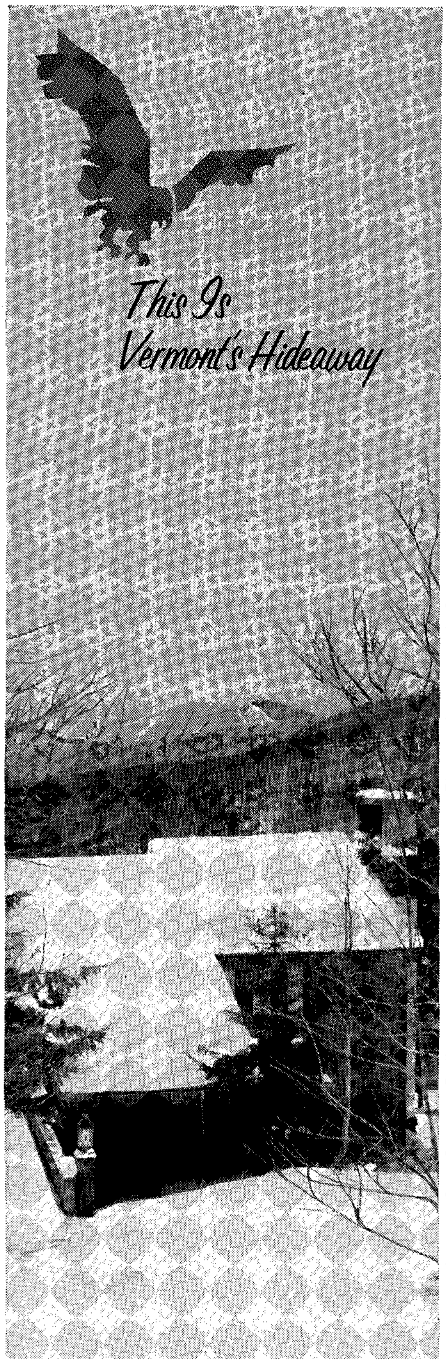

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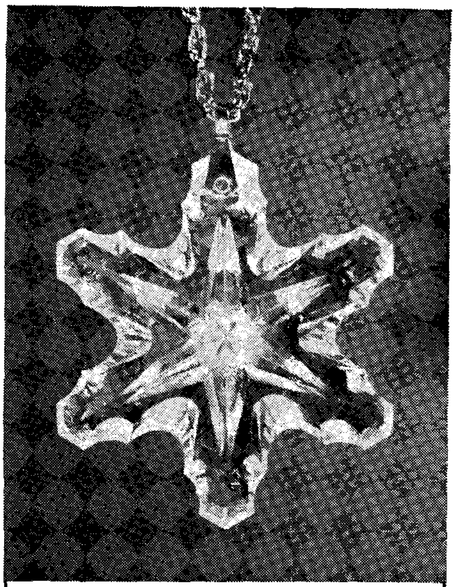
up dash, though still a youthful-looking one, may be found in a flexible felt fedora with a widish grosgrain band and a down-turned brim, in various shades of basically mushroom color; $16.50. The shop called Tender Buttons—after Gertrude Stein's opus—at 143 East 62nd Street, has some regimental buckles (on their original belts) from Victorian and Edwardian officers' uniforms which remind one of the height-of-the-Empire swaggerings of Sean Connery in "The Man Who Would Be King." A belt with a gilt-and-cut-steel buckle bearing the thistle emblem of the Scots Guards is $85.

READING MATTER

IN a shop called Murder Ink., 271 West 87th Street, a woman with the perfect detective-fiction name of Dilys Winn presides—along with three cats and a dog named Watson—over a large collection of mysteries sure to contain something for every enthusiast of the genre. She will happily assemble for a Christmas shopper a package of five paperback mystery novels (for around $7.50) in any of the categories in which buffs tend to specialize—"hardboiled," "tea-cake ladies," "police procedurals," "psychologicals," and "gothics." Murder Ink. also has rare, out-of-print books and specialized esoterica for mystery readers. Sherlock Holmes fans—a race apart, in Miss Winn's opinion, who share with Wimsey lovers the conviction that their hero is alive and well—might be delighted with a set of fifty bookplates on Baker Street themes, for $1.75. (Rex Stout enthusiasts have their own plate.) Here are first editions of Conan Doyle's stories incorporated in delightfully bound turn-of-the-century volumes of *The Strand* magazine. The volume containing "The Adventure of a Solitary Cyclist" also yields up a chapter of the memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt and a photographic essay on the subject of "Trousers in Sculpture." Each volume is $25. "Crime dossiers" compiled in the late nineteen-thirties by Dennis Wheatley give amateur criminologists a typewritten file and a couple of clues—a spent match and a strand of hair, for example—which supposedly represent all the information in the hands of the police, and invite readers to pit their wits against those of the Yard; from $30 to $35. And, for true believers, Murder Ink. is organizing a late-January weekend at the Victorian resort and nature reserve Mohonk Mountain House, in New Paltz, New York. There will be "slay" rides, ghost hunts, and talks and films of entertain-



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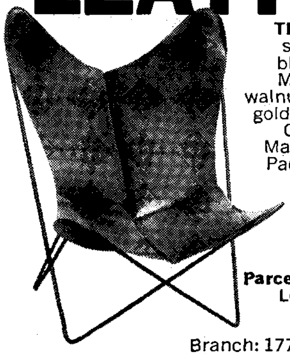

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THE SLING Heavy saddle leather on black steel frame. Mahogany, honey, walnut, natural, olive, gold, rust, black, $50. Cover alone, $38. Matching stool $27. Packing charge $1. Exp. Collect. No COD's.
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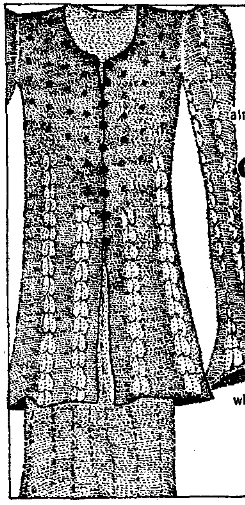

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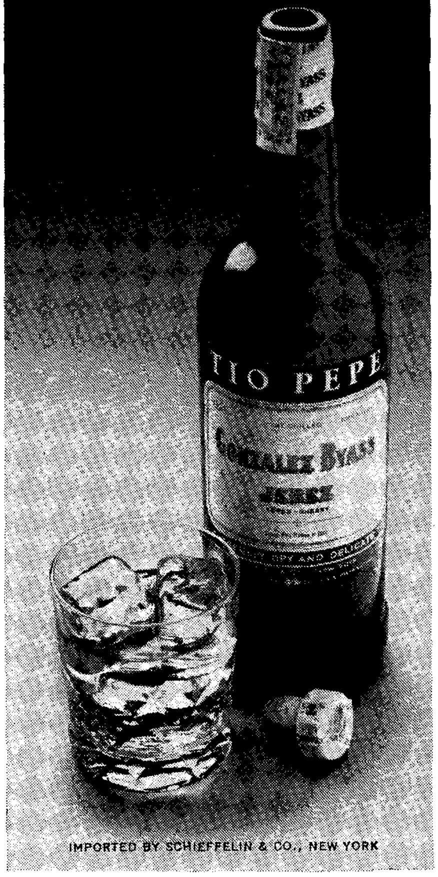
When your day is one meeting after the other, you barely have enough time for lunch.

So start the meal off with something light. Order the driest of sherries, Tio Pepe.

Tio Pepe isn't sweet or flowery. It's dry like a martini. Great thing is, it isn't a martini.

So even though you have a heavy afternoon ahead, your business lunch can still be the lightest part of the day.

Tio Pepe



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ing ghastliness, as well as a demonstration of the art of falconry. The price for three days and nights ranges from $132 to $189, with the highest cost being for rooms in a tower or with a fireplace. Murder Ink.'s hours are somewhat mysterious and it pays to call ahead: 362-8905.

At 170 East 92nd Street—near to some fine examples of old clapboard farmhouses—is another specialized bookshop, this one called The Military Bookman. Harris Colt, its proprietor, is a former Wall Street man who has turned a long-standing hobby to account and invites fellow-devotees of martial matters to take a pew in a sagging but comfortable wicker armchair as they browse through his stock. The Military Bookman has some eight thousand books and periodicals, mostly out-of-print and sometimes rare, touching on all aspects of military, naval, and aviation history, with particular emphasis on works about the First and Second World Wars, strategy and tactics, and the history of various units.

In the stationery department at Henri Bendel, there is a 1977 desk diary designed for wine lovers which is of an almost awe-inspiring grandeur and which costs seventy-five dollars. The volume has gilt-edged pages, aristocratically marbled endpapers, and a cover bound in lustrously antiqued Jacobean-oak-colored calf. Perhaps it's a shade presumptuous of the company responsible for the book to appropriate the motto of Philip the Good ("Autre N'Aurai") for its title, but the chapters of information on the vintages and vineyards of France which follow the appointment pages are sound, and commendably lacking in pomposity. Each week's double page is decorated with reproductions of naïve little drawings and cabalistic markings from labels, cases, corks, and such. Instead of doodling through telephone conversations, diarists may choose to memorize the charming sketches of, for one, Château Margaux or dwell—more lengthily than is usual when someone is actually getting down to a bottle of bubbly—on the artwork on the underside of a cork of Veuve Clicquot. The gift shop of the Whitney Museum, Madison Avenue at 75th Street, can provide a copiously illustrated volume called "Calder's Universe." This book is a companion to the dazzling exhibition of the same name on at the museum until February, and it is devoted to the Renaissance-man career of the late Alexander Calder. In the softbound edition, the book is $12.50; in the hardbound, $28.50. And the gift

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the stockings, the door, the gifts.
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shop of the Pierpont Morgan Library, Madison Avenue at 36th Street, can, for its part, come up with an imposing volume entitled "William Morris and the Art of the Book," for $27.50 in paperback. This is certain to be of interest to all who are curious about rare books and bindings and the history of printing, whether or not they have had a chance to visit the library's current exhibition of Morris's calligraphy, pages illustrated by Burne-Jones and printed at Morris's own Kelmscott Press, and illuminated medieval works collected by Morris, another Renaissance man.

In a more lighthearted vein, one may push a supermarket cart around the airy, cheery, block-long interior of the Barnes & Noble Sale Annex, 128 Fifth Avenue (18th), and fill up the cart with books—all at bargain prices—for everybody on one's Christmas list. Most of the books here are brand-new, and they represent the world's largest source of remaindered editions, publishers' overstocks, and reprints. The fiction and nonfiction books on the *Times'* best-seller list are always available for much less than their cost elsewhere. A bargain basement, called Bookends, has unused, often interestingly titled books for from nineteen cents to a dollar. Upstairs, sections—spaciously laid out and attractively labelled—are devoted to every conceivable subject and pursuit, from nature, sports, and art to photography, the movies, and antiques. A big book on all aspects of wine, by Hugh Johnson, which was published at $12.95, is $7.77. The latest edition of the elephantine Columbia Encyclopedia is discounted from $79.50 to $49.50. And a fifteen-volume digest of plots and characters from world literature is $12.95.

Still in His Study—Chewing on a Pencil, Rustling His Documents, and Staring at the Wall

Fuller Office Products, 45 East 57th Street, likes to boast of being the Bloomingdale's of the staples-and-paper-clips world, and it certainly has an extensive and often stylish array of office necessaries. A handsome wooden filing cabinet with two drawers has a rosewood laminate, and costs $198. The store's "classic executive tilter" chair, to roll up to the desk of a classically tilting executive, is on a chromium base and has a comfortable, shell-shaped body of buttoned suède in a pleasant tan color called "iced tea;" $219. An electric pencil sharpener with a black vinyl body is $24.95; a nonelectric, schoolroom sharpener of chromium with adjustable pencil holes and a suction base

The skiing is fabled. The hotels are storybook.

It's an enchanted castle scene from a storybook.

It's the Canadian Rockies.

It's real.

And the skiing is unreal.

Mount Norquay with a vertical drop of 2500 feet. Sunshine Village, its jutting peak rising 9,000 magnificent feet into the blue sky. Lake Louise with bunny runs, deep steep fluffy stuff and everything in between.

And after an exhilarating day, you'll enjoy apres-ski activity the rest of the night.

At the Banff Springs Hotel, there are elegant dining rooms, intimate lounges, live entertainment, warm fireplaces, an Olympic size swimming pool, ice skating.

At Chateau Lake Louise, the charm is quieter. But just as enchanting. Soft dance music in the Victoria Dining Room. Camaraderie and song in Dick Turpin's Pub.

Your travel agent can help you step through the magic looking glass. Into a skier's wonderland.

Banff Springs Hotel
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is $10.25. An adjustable desk lamp is $33 in a choice of colors, some of them bright, and $72 in chromium. (The lamp costs more if, instead of a bracket for attaching it to a desk or table, it has its own weighted base.)

Pencil pushers bored with ordinary instruments might be happy to find a different sort of pencil stuffed into their Christmas hose alongside the nuts and oranges. Kroll Stationers, 145 East 54th Street, stocks a handsome variety of pencils of natural, unpainted wood for thirty-five cents apiece, and also flattened, "legal"-style pencils for the same price. A man might like to keep his pencils tidy in an early-nineteenth-century Staffordshire mug decorated with a George Stephenson-era locomotive. This is $135, and it is one of an assortment of collectors' items from England and America at an attractive antique shop called Ann Phillips, recently arrived at 899 Madison Avenue (72nd). Other mugs involve occupational themes and depict butchers, sailors, firemen, and the like. A collection of old snuffboxes—in ivory, papier-mâché, tole, wood, or pewter—might yield up something suitable to keep paper clips or rubber bands to hand on a desk. A little box two inches in diameter has a carved lid and is made of wood from a mulberry tree that stood on William Shakespeare's property; $60. The shop, which has much of curiosity and interest, concentrates on commemorative pieces and antiques that tell a tale of social history—an aspect of antiques that perhaps has especial appeal to men.

The man who asks for a typewriter this year should be content if he is given the Olivetti Lexikon 82—a portable electric with a cartridge ribbon and typeface element that can both be changed in a jiffy. (The literature accompanying the machine claims it will "bring out the writer in you." If only it were as simple a matter as popping over to pica type and zipping on to green-ink ribbon!) The Fuller store has this machine, and so does the Ajax Typewriter Corporation, 782 Lexington Avenue (60th), for around $300. And when the time comes for a man to transport his pencilled scribblings and green-ink manuscripts elsewhere, he could not do so with more panache than with an attaché case from Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue (60th). Hand-stitched calfskin, in a choice of four variations of mahogany and chestnut, goes to make the outside of the case, and pale-beige pigskin lines the interior, which has a file pocket in the lid. Corners and latches are of brass,

Look at it this way:
'Tis the season to be jolly.
Not merely passably content.
And you're still
drinking ordinary scotch?

Pinch
Haig & Haig
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Years Old
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the depth of the case is three inches, and the price is $225. A slightly slimmer model, in black, brown, burgundy, or two-tone schemes, is $190.

A little something to brighten the wall of a man's office or study may be found among a broad choice of antique and reproduction prints at the Phyllis Lucas Gallery and Old Print Center, 981 Second Avenue (52nd). Prices here begin at $20 and go on up into the thousands, but a good selection hovers around the sixty-dollar mark. Some of the themes of particular interest to men are hunting, Audubon bird life, and the seas—including yachts, clipper ships, and steamboats. If shoppers visit the gallery early enough, the proprietors will make every effort to provide their framing service (this involves an additional charge) in time for Christmas.

In somewhat bolder decorative style, perhaps, are the ideas for a man's study—or his living room, kitchen, or bathroom, come to that—at the gallery called PosterAmerica, 174 Ninth Avenue (20th). Here is a splendid collection of original and lively examples—some nearly a century old—of the marriage of graphics with cajolery, persuasion, and exhortation which is the poster form. There are visual messages from Edward Penfield, Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Chandler Christy, John Held, Jr., and Ben Shahn, among others. A number of the graceful fantasies that advertised Chesterfield cigarettes in the nineteen-twenties are from $35 to $60 each. The shop also has original posters for movies (a seven-foot version of a poster for "The African Queen," for example, is $150) and motion-picture-theatre "lobby cards"—mass-produced, often colorful sheets about eleven inches by fourteen—which may be collected around the career of a favorite movie star. A lobby card of Marilyn Monroe in "The Seven Year Itch" is $7.50. The bus-and-subway campaign to boost the morale of "The Big Apple," based on the phrase "You have to be a little crazy," is represented in its entirety at PosterAmerica. Each colorful, zany piece is $3.50. The gallery issues two catalogues, one for movie material and one for original posters—most of which are one-of-a-kind. The catalogues are a dollar each. The gallery also has turn-of-the-century newsstand posters for *Scribner's* magazine, based on the themes of Princeton ($80) and Harvard ($100). Another newsstand poster, for *The Bookman* from Christmas, 1895, by Louis J. Rhead, shows an endearing old buffer in the costume

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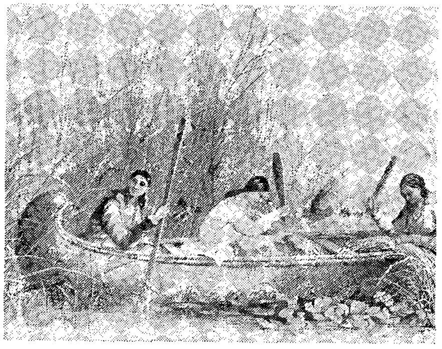

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(Singly boxed pounds, add $1 per shipment)
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Name______
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State______Zip______
(Remember: enclose gift mailing instructions)

of Dr. Johnson's day perusing a pile of leather-bound volumes; $100. And a delightful series of 1896 posters by Hy. S. Watson, in black-and-white silhouette style, depicts a sportsman engaging in such country pursuits as ice-sailing and mallard-shooting; most of the posters in this series cost $50. The spectacle of this fellow striding through the woods in his deerstalker hat, Norfolk jacket, and knickers, his faithful cur at his heels, reminds us that there is nothing new about the romanticizing of the Great Outdoors.

TOOLS AND GADGETS

BLOOMINGDALE'S sixth floor has a sound collection of pocket calculators, by many manufacturers. A good model for the basic operations of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing is made by Sharp and is rechargeable; $30, or $35 with memory bank. The Eltron electric shaver, made in West Germany by Braun and long respected by European men for its particularly thin foil head, which gives a very close shave, is now available in this country for the first time. In either a dual-voltage, plug-in version, which is $50, or a cordless, rechargeable one, for $80, the shaver may be seen on the main floor of Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street. The latest model Polaroid Land camera—the SX-70 Alpha 1—permits one to photograph at remarkably close range, then delivers up finished pictures within a matter of minutes. It may be found at, among other places, Willoughby-Peerless stores—of which there are three in town, and where it is $138.50.

The antique shop called Bob Pryor, at 1023 Lexington Avenue (73rd), is a good source of the sort of smallish, often utilitarian objects that many men enjoy accumulating. Handmade eighteenth-century brass shoehorns are from $75 to $85. An assortment of penknives dating from the second half of the nineteenth century includes some with corkscrews and other knickknacks built in. In style, the knives range from mother-of-pearl- or ivory-handled elegance to sailor's-knife ruggedness; in price, they range from $25 to $95. Among an array of antique tools are a solid-brass trowel ($75), a brass plane ($35), and spirit levels in brass-and-mahogany combinations ($45 and up).

Anyone shopping for a man with a bent for carpentry would be sure to please him with virtually anything from the stock of the aristocratic carpentry-supply store Garrett Wade ("The

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SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

Yankee Wood Craftsman"), at 302 Fifth Avenue (31st). The lavishly illustrated catalogue (and a special Christmas supplement to it) produced by this firm is a reminder of a fundamental fact of cabinetmaking—that the tools used for it can have as rare and dignified a beauty as the end result. The woodworking benches here—from Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and England—are made of the best hardwoods and have a substance and style like furniture. A particularly fine bench, manufactured of red beechwood by a German firm, is of a comfortable working height and stabilizing, solid weight; $458. A beautiful plane for careful finishing, nearly nine inches long and made of pearwood, is $53.90; a set of four boxwood-handled, bevel-edged chisels is $20.90; a brass-backed saw for really finicky dovetailing is $19.90; and a special set of drill bits and countersinks, for making meticulous screw holes in wood, is $33.90.

For more modest chores, or for newcomers to home handymanship, there is the Black & Decker folding worktable, complete with clamps, that is known as the Workmate. This is suitable for amateur carpentry in cramped apartments, and may be found on the seventh floor of Korvettes, at Fifth Avenue and 47th Street; $80. And Stanley Tools has produced a new extender rule that most reasonably handy men could put to use. Readings may be taken from three different viewpoints—either side and up and down—and the bright-yellow Mylar blade has no annoying inclination to creep back into its case or bend like an elbow when it is held extended for measuring; this is $2.29 at most any hardware store, including B. Wankel & Son, at 1573 Third Avenue (88th). And down at the Knowhow Workshop, 17 East 16th Street, men (and women) who wish to expand their woodworking skills may take a twelve-session course in doll-house construction or doll-house-furniture building, marquetry and veneering, wood carving, or "creative woodwork." Next semester's courses start at the beginning of February and range in cost from $150 to $175.

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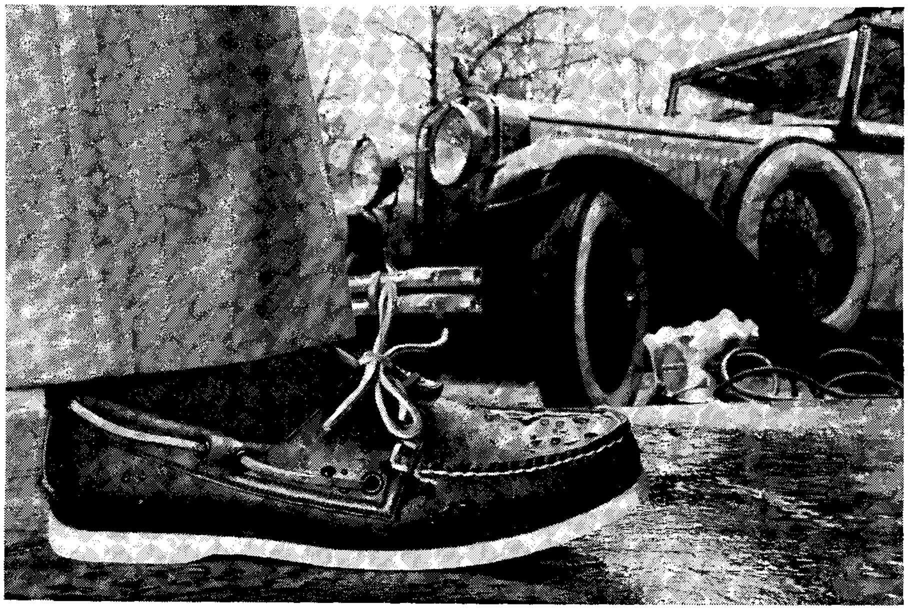

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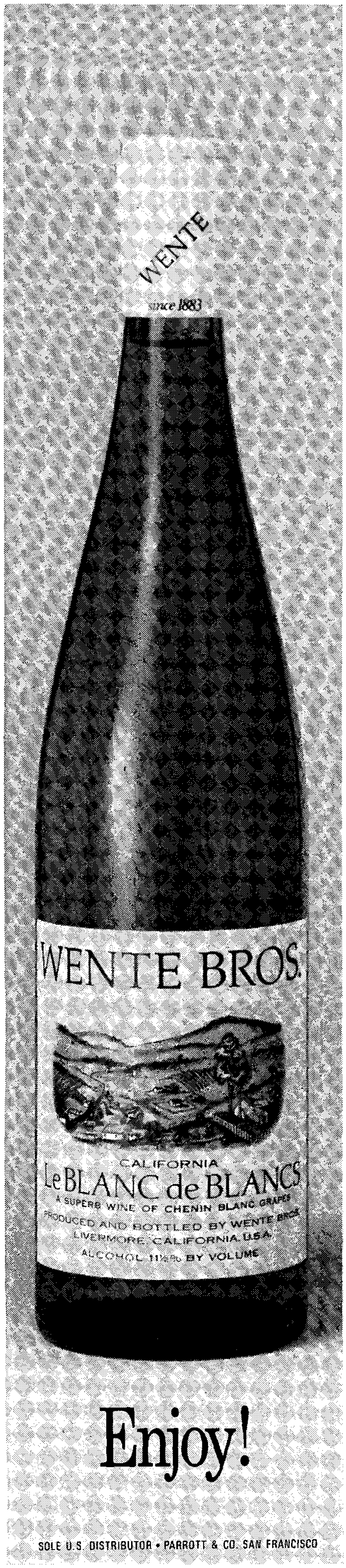

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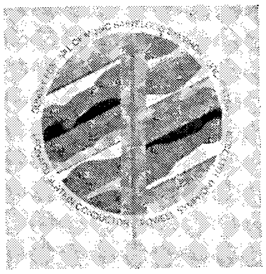
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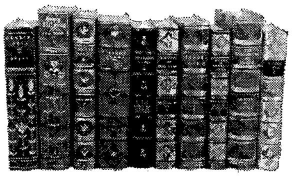
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to the grounds around the Mohonk Mountain House (where Miss Winn will be leading her ghost-hunters) and to the former Perkins estate at Wave Hill, in Riverdale (where, as it happens, Maggy Geiger did her training). The address of the Horticultural Society of New York is 128 West 58th Street.

More memberships and subscriptions: Membership in the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, begins at $15 per annum. This brings invitations to special events and news of (and reduced rates for) the Sunday walking tours of the city which the museum sponsors. These tours begin again when fine weather returns to such noteworthy places as Brooklyn Heights, "Mrs. Astor's Fifth Avenue," and Sniffen Court, and they are illuminating not only about the little-known architectural details of our city's neighborhoods but also about the manners and mores of New Yorkers past. And a fifteen-dollar subscription to the society called Classical America brings a magazine of that title and various free books, all of which foster the society's aim of promoting and protecting the classical tradition in America—chiefly in architecture and the decorative arts. (Implicit in the society's enthusiasm for classicism, inevitably, is the sense that modern functionalism has somehow failed mankind.) One issue of the magazine devoted space to the Villa Vizcaya, in Florida; the eighteenth-century palace built during the Great Depression in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, by Mrs. Horace Dodge; and the architectural layout of the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. Classical America (whose address is 10-41 51st Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101) also sponsors lectures and informative visits to, among other places, buildings designed by McKim, Mead, and White; the Custom House; the Cunard Building; City Hall; and the New York County Courthouse.

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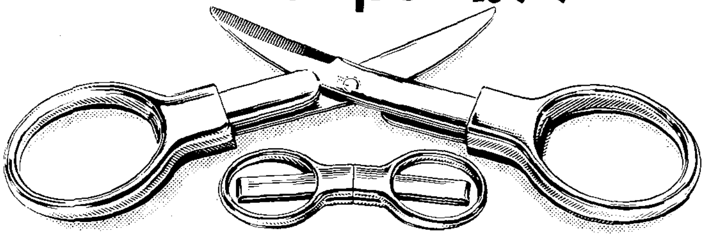

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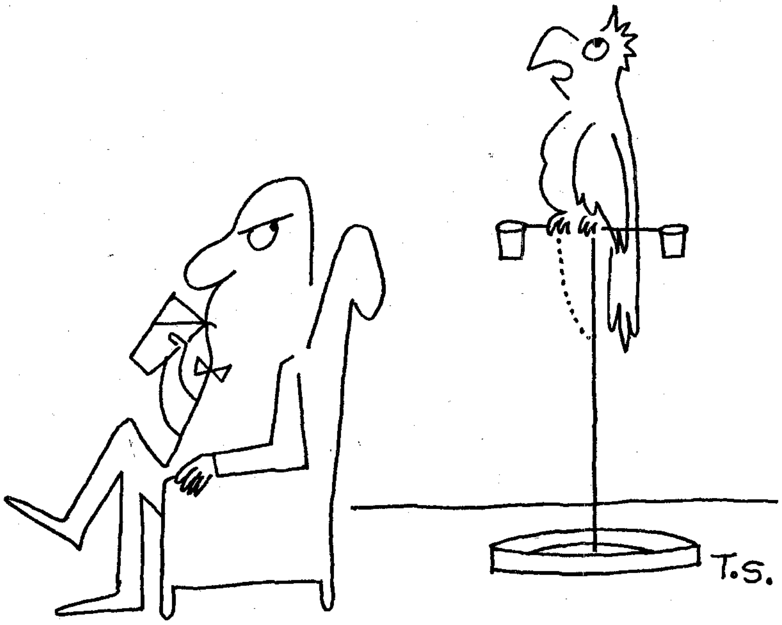
MUSICAL EVENTS

Petit Bayreuth

THE first edition of Massenet's "Esclarmonde" is one of the prettiest vocal scores ever published. Three separate title pages in blues, buffs, and gilt, five pages of dramatis personae and contents, delicately bordered with Art Nouveau scrolls, beasts, and flowers, and a final emblem of a fretful porpentine in white against blues, with a golden crown—even by the very high decorative level of other Massenet scores, these make "Esclarmonde" outstanding. In bygone days when bargains could still be found on the quais, and the banks of the Seine had not yet been turned into motorways, I began to collect early Massenet scores as attractive objects, little dreaming that one day I should actually find a use for them—that "Marie-Magdeleine," "Cendrillon," and "Sapho" would be produced, "Le Cid" and (twice over) "La Navarraise" recorded, and "Esclarmonde" brought to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. Who knows only "Manon," "Werther," "Thaïs," and "Don Quichotte" knows the best of Massenet but not all the genres that he attempted. "La Navarraise" and "Sapho" are verismo operas. "Le Cid" is heroic. "Cendrillon" is a delicate blend of faery and sentiment. "Grisélidis" and "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," to judge by the vocal scores, are medieval tales retold with a warmth and wit that point toward "Don Quichotte." (Once that lovable singer Lucien Fugère began to appear in Massenet's casts, a new vein of mature tenderness entered his music; he became more than a purveyor of what Vincent d'Indy called "discreet and semi-religious eroticism." Fugère was the elderly des Grieux in "Le Portrait de Manon;" Cendrillon's loving father; the jaunty Devil of "Grisélidis;" and—in the first Paris casts—the dear old cook in "Le Jongleur," and Sancho Panza. He lived until 1935, and made some excellent records.) What of "Esclarmonde"? The composer styled it *"opéra romanesque."* The plot is drawn from the twelfth- or thirteenth-century *roman d'aventure* "Partonopeus de Blois," a variant of the "Mélusine" story—a kind of reversed Cupid and Psyche, in which Partonopeus, transported to a magic castle, enjoys the love of Melior, princess of Constantinople, on condition that he does not attempt to see her face. One night, he turns a lantern on her; the ensuing misfortunes do, however, reach a happy ending. In Alfred Blau's and Louis de Gramont's libretto much of the *roman* is changed, including the names. There are anticipations of "Turandot" in the first scene, where Esclarmonde "appears in her radiant beauty" but does not sing, and in the final reunion *coram publico* of Esclarmonde and Roland. The action of the opera, which moves between Byzantium, an enchanted island, Blois, and the Ardennes, suggests a mixture of Handel's "Rinaldo," Weber's "Oberon," and "Lohengrin." The music is harder to place. It was composed during those years—the eighteen-eighties—that Fantin-Latour characterized by entitling a group portrait of French artists and musicians "Petit Bayreuth." Wagner is the large influence playing upon Massenet's individual manner of lyrical utterance suggested by the contours of the text. The young Californian soprano Sibyl Sanderson was the composer's particular muse. The autograph vocal score of "Esclarmonde," which turned up at Sotheby Parke Bernet two years ago, carries in its margins a running record of time spent with "S.," and notes whether he worked on any passage in the Sanderson apartment or *"seul chez moi—triste."* Esclarmonde is an amazing role to have been written for a twenty-three-year-old débutante. The heroine appears in seven of the eight scenes, and sings extensively in all but the first and the last. She sings low; she sings very high (a sustained Queen-of-Night F and a sustained G above it appear in the score); and she needs weight and power in addition to range and agility. Last year, the Bel Canto Opera's production of the piece showed much of what Massenet must have had in mind. The role, bravely and brilliantly sung by a young soprano, Marilyn Brustadt, made a great effect. This small, simple, clever production, piano-accompanied, raised hopes for the work that were not quite fulfilled by the full-scale version put on by the Metropolitan Opera last month. Writ large, "Esclarmonde" proved to be an inflated, pretentious, and unmemorable score.



"Glug, glug, glug."

The opera was due at the Met in 1891, but the season had already brought three contemporary operas and the public had had enough: "Esclarmonde" (along with Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys") was cancelled and Wagner took the place of Wagnérisme. Eighty-five years later, "Esclarmonde" can fulfill a public's desire for novelty without contemporaneity. The Met production, borrowed from San Francisco, is very pretty to look at. The traditional settings that Handelians know so well—enchanted island, beleaguered city, royal apartment, forest glade—are redrawn by Beni Montresor in a large romantic manner that perfectly matches Massenet's large romantic handling of the traditional matter. The costumes are picturesque and becoming. The colorings suggest a deliquescent, softened Klimt. The stage pictures melt and reassemble before our eyes as painted gauzes rise and descend. But it is a mistake to play everything behind a painted *front* gauze. The device, if it is not to put a barrier between an opera and its listeners, needs more skillful lighting than the Met seems able to provide. (In the duet of Act IV, the lovers strove, often in vain, to have light on their faces while they sang.) And though a gauze may in fact absorb little sound, it

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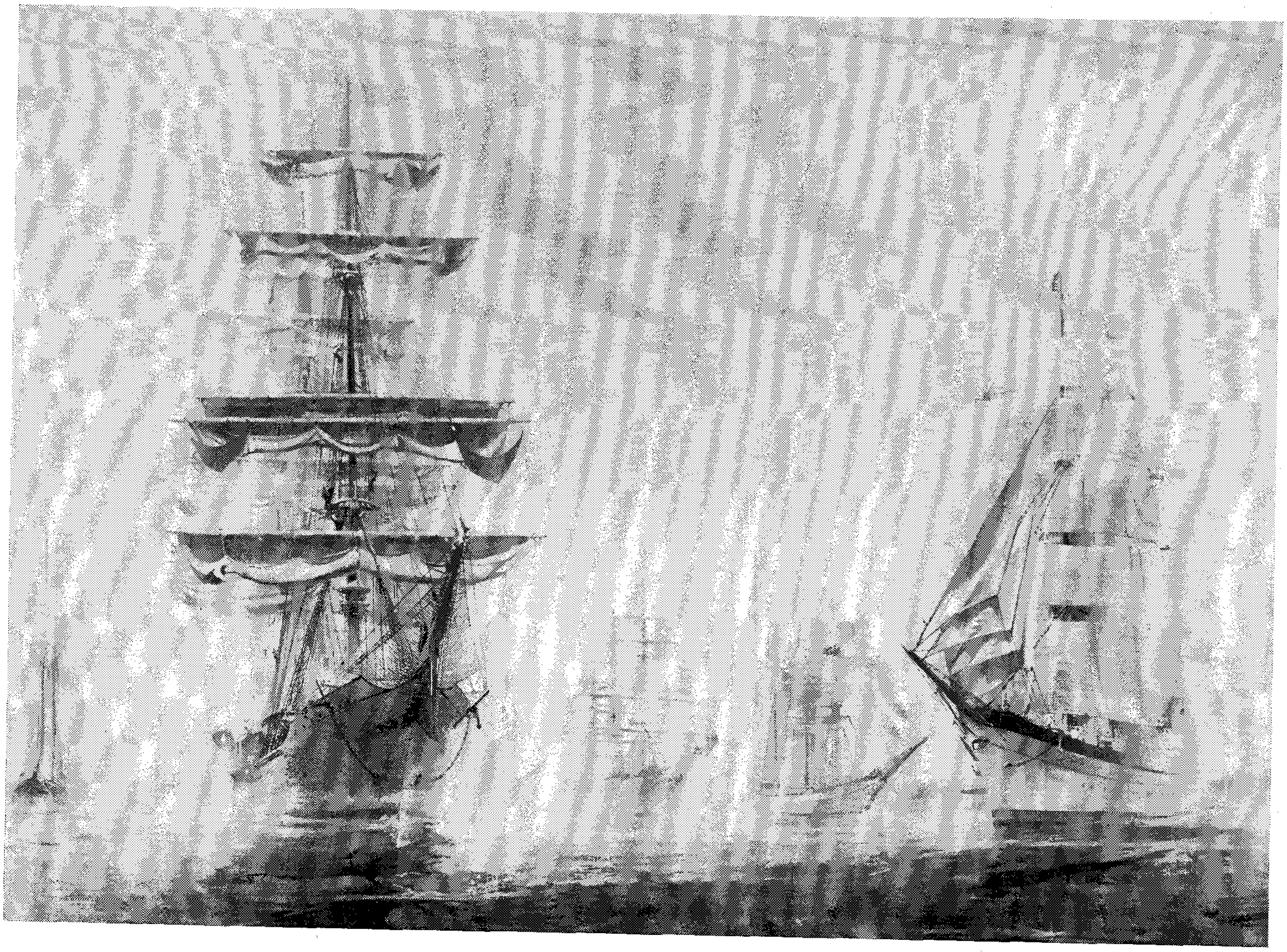

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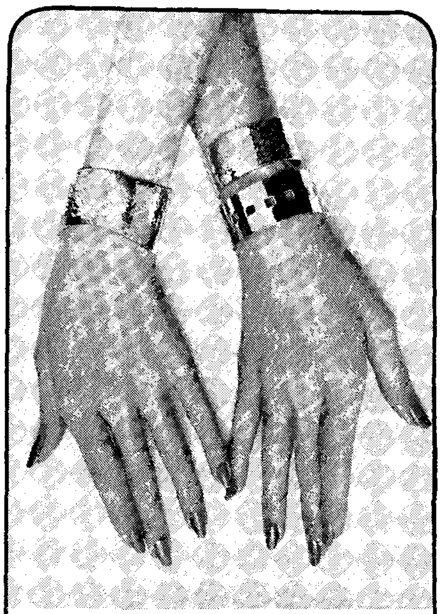

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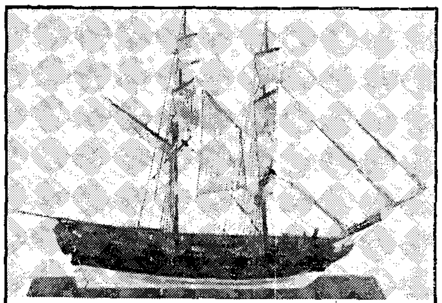
seems to act as an acoustic baffle—to haze the voices as well as the view. Things were made worse by a play of restless lights across the front gauze itself.

The singing on the first night was less strong than in the London recording made by the same principals. Some clouds had gathered around Joan Sutherland's voice. When it broke through them—notably in the ringing phrases at the end of Act II, when Esclarmonde invests Roland with the sword of St. George—all the old power and brilliance were heard. But much of the time the sound was veiled, and in the first act sustained notes were unsteady. Her manner had majesty. She sang the love music with a tenderness and the incantatory episodes with an authority that recalled her early triumph as Handel's amorous sorceress Alcina, in 1957. By vocal standards other than those she herself has set, or in a less enormous house than the Met, she might be found magnificent. At his best, Giacomo Aragall, the Roland, was as good as in the recording—virile, imposing, and sensitive—and he made a handsome hero. But then suddenly, sometimes in mid-phrase, the metal in the voice disappeared when the volume dropped, and the core of the tone became mushy. Clifford Grant, in the *basse-chantante* role of Phorcas, Esclarmonde's father, began the opera nobly and continued well, though not quite on the same level. Louis Quilico as the Bishop of Blois and John Macurdy as King Cléomer were both unwontedly bumbly. Huguette Tourangeau as Parséïs, Esclarmonde's sister, was splendidly firm, focussed, and true, and she alone made anything of the words. Parséïs's betrothed, Énéas, was portrayed by John Carpenter as a chevalier fresh from the campus. Lotfi Mansouri's direction was certain and stylish. Richard Bonynge's conducting was vivid and assured. But the organ, which is important in this score, sounded almost as nasty as the Carnegie Hall instrument.

"ESCLARMONDE" first appeared at the Opéra-Comique in 1889. The year before, there had been "Le Roi d'Ys," a more successful product of Petit Bayreuth. And the year before that there had been Emmanuel Chabrier's "Le Roi Malgré Lui," one of its most felicitous products. The day before "Esclarmonde" opened at the Met, "Le Roi Malgré Lui" opened in the Juilliard Theatre, for a run of four performances given by the Juil-



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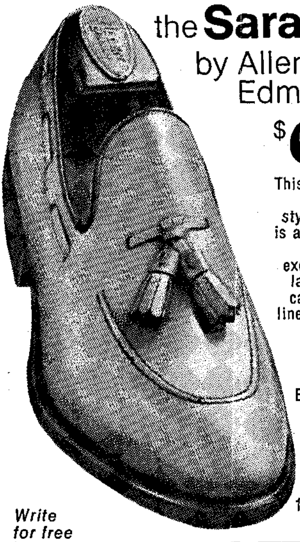

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liard American Opera Center. This was its American première. By the invention, the zest, the individuality and freedom of rhythm, form, and scoring—by the sheer distinction—of Chabrier's delightful music, Massenet's meticulously ambitious opera was almost eclipsed. A few years before "Le Roi," in "Gwendoline," Chabrier had got a full-blooded Wagnerian tragedy out of his system. He was neither a solemn idolater (the quadrille on themes from "Tristan," "Souvenirs de Munich," makes that plain) nor a follower of fashion. He loved and understood Wagner's music, but his own music was tempered by admiration and affection for Weber and for Berlioz. Moreover, he said, "My first concern is to do what pleases me while trying above all to express my personality; and my second is not to be a bore." (Massenet's first concern, like Meyerbeer's, was to do what pleases the public.) In his little book on Chabrier, Poulenc asserts that "Gwendoline" is a masterpiece that would bear revival. "Le Roi" certainly bears revival. It is not exactly a masterpiece, for the libretto is a mess. (D'Indy told the composer that, although he adored the piece, "I can't understand the plot. . . . People go in and out, arriving when they ought to depart, or departing when they ought to stay.") In brief, "Le Roi" concerns the future Henri III (brother of Élisabeth in Verdi's "Don Carlos"), his reluctance to mount the Polish throne, two romances, and some mistaken identities. It is an opéra comique with some buffo elements. I glance down the contents page of the score, wondering which of the twenty numbers to pick for special praise, and recall bewitching touches in all of them. Ravel declared that "the first performance of 'Le Roi Malgré Lui' changed the whole direction of French harmony." Wagner is now thoroughly assimilated. The path from "Le Roi" points directly toward Ravel and Debussy; the paths that lead to it come equally from Wagner, Berlioz, Bizet, and Offenbach.

By its second performance, the Juilliard production was a happy one. The piece was done in a lively, witty new English translation, by Maurice Valency, as "The Reluctant King." Robert Yodice's scenery provided Berman-type richness with a minimum of fuss (though black backcloths to each act lent an unsuitably sombre note to the comedy), and there seemed to be an endless supply of handsome costumes. Bliss Hebert's direction was at once entertaining and musically sensitive. Manuel Rosenthal's conducting, leaden

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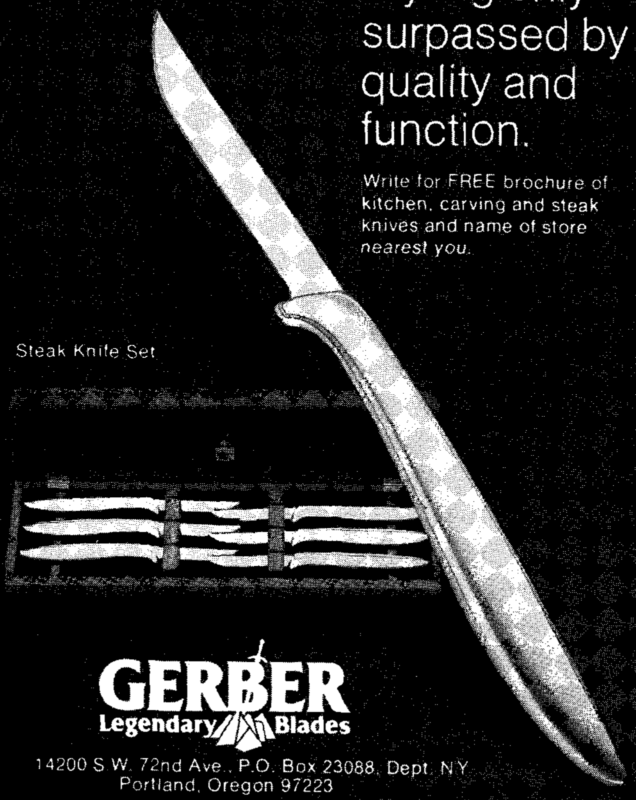

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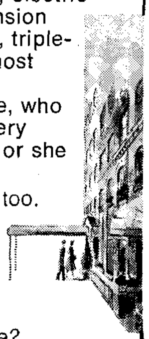

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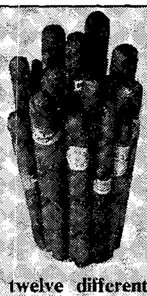
on the first night, took wing on the second. The School of American Ballet gave an enthusiastic, if unpolished, account of the "Fête Polonaise," which opens the second act, choreographed by Balanchine. (It is the finale of his Chabrier ballet "Bourrée Fantasque.") The ordering of the numbers within acts had been altered; in so loosely constructed a plot it makes little difference.

The title role was taken by Tonio di Paolo, who has one of the most beautiful baritone voices—in timbre, in focus, in the way it moves from note to note and spans the phrases—to be heard in this country. James Schwisow, the Nangis, has a clear, bright, steady, but still unsupple tenor. Gilbert Price, the Fritelli, was overanimated; he both acted and hit his music too hard. (Had he studied the record of the two solos made by Fugère, who created the role?) Susan Peterson, an imprecise Alexina on the first night, had found a more secure form by the second. Sheila Barnes was a touching Minka most of the time; her voice is pure and true, but there were moments when she was too composed, unspontaneous. The opera is a happy choice for student production since it has many small roles. Five of Henri's mignons are named and have solo lines; Minka has six sisters who cluster round her, Valkyrie-like, when she is in distress.

Chabrier, Mussorgsky, and Palestrina—in that order—were the composers Debussy said he loved. Ravel declared he would be prouder to have written "Le Roi Malgré Lui" than "The Ring."

THE first solo recital given in the rebuilt Avery Fisher Hall was Elena Obraztsova's. It was not a success, except as measured by noisy acclaim from a public many of whom evidently felt that she could do nothing wrong. I thought that in a short program (nine Rachmaninoff songs formed the first half, the "Seven Spanish Popular Songs" of Falla and Delilah's "Amour, viens aider" and "Mon cœur s'ouvre" the second) she did very little right, and that it was distressing to hear a compatriot of Nadezhda Oboukhova adopt, and the townsmen of the late Jennie Tourel applaud, so broad and coarse an approach to Rachmaninoff's delicate music. That she enacted the songs with the same large, theatrical gestures that made her Metropolitan Amneris so powerful did not really matter; there was no need to watch. But it did matter that the vocal equivalent of these gestures entered the musical line. The songs took a walloping.



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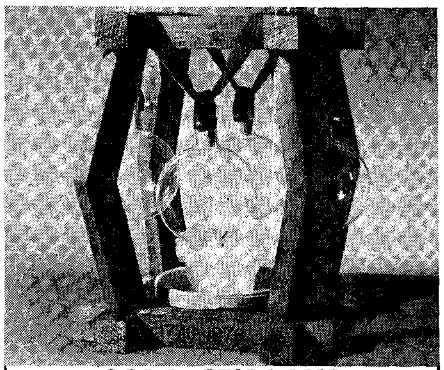

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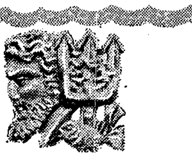

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In Carnegie Hall, three days later, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Jörg Demus as pianist, gave a model lieder recital, the most consummately accomplished that even from him I have ever heard. His occasional failings are well known: a tendency to exaggerate climaxes; to hit accents too hard, bumpily; to overdo crescendos and overdo diminuendos; to indulge in overinflecting words and vocal lines to the point of preciousness. None of these was in evidence, but all his virtues were: beauty of tone and line, range of expressive colors, perfect scaling, and sensitivity to the weight and shape and meaning of the words. The program was sixteen of Hugo Wolf's Goethe settings. The second part, after an exquisite account of "Anakreons Grab," reached a climax with an overwhelming performance of "Prometheus." One felt wrung, exhausted. After this blasphemous, hurtled defiance of the gods, this proud, magnificent assertion of human self-sufficiency, what could follow? The singer brought us back gently to everyday life with "Genialisch Treiben" and the two Coptic Songs. The audience would not let him go. As encores, he sang two more Goethe settings, from the "Westöstlicher Divan," then moved to Mörike (I have never heard him voice and utter "Verborgenheit" and "Gesang Weylas" more beautifully), and finally bade farewell with the traditional, rueful "Ich kann nicht länger singen." The program book contained texts and translations—something one should be able to take for granted, but can't.

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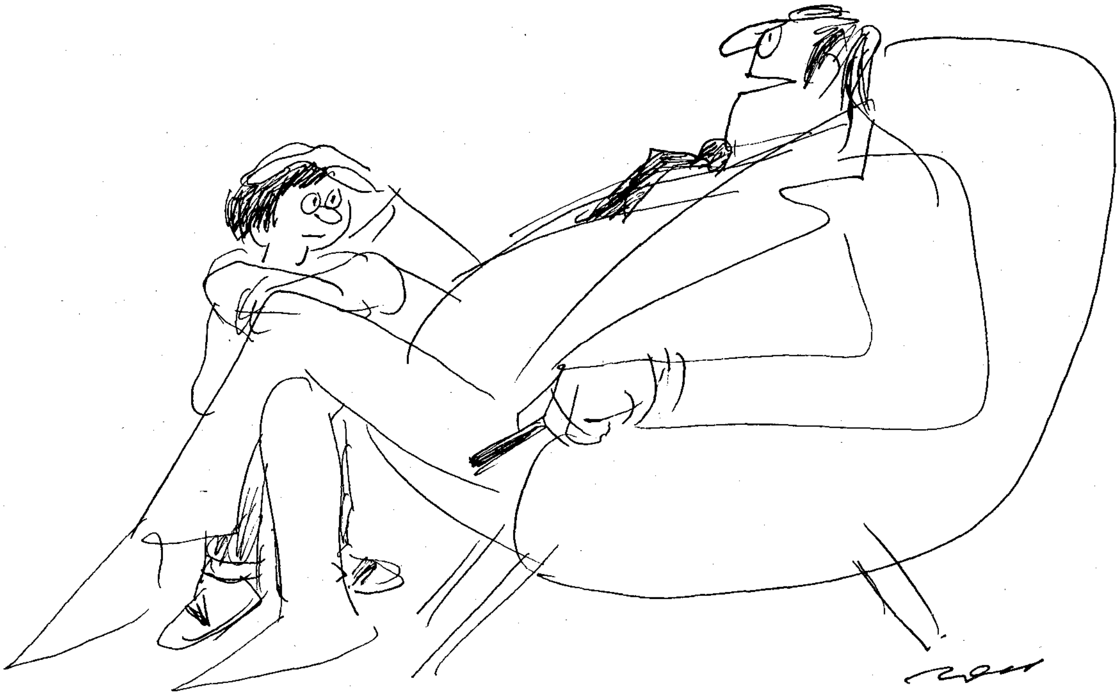
DANCING

Denishawn Without Spirit

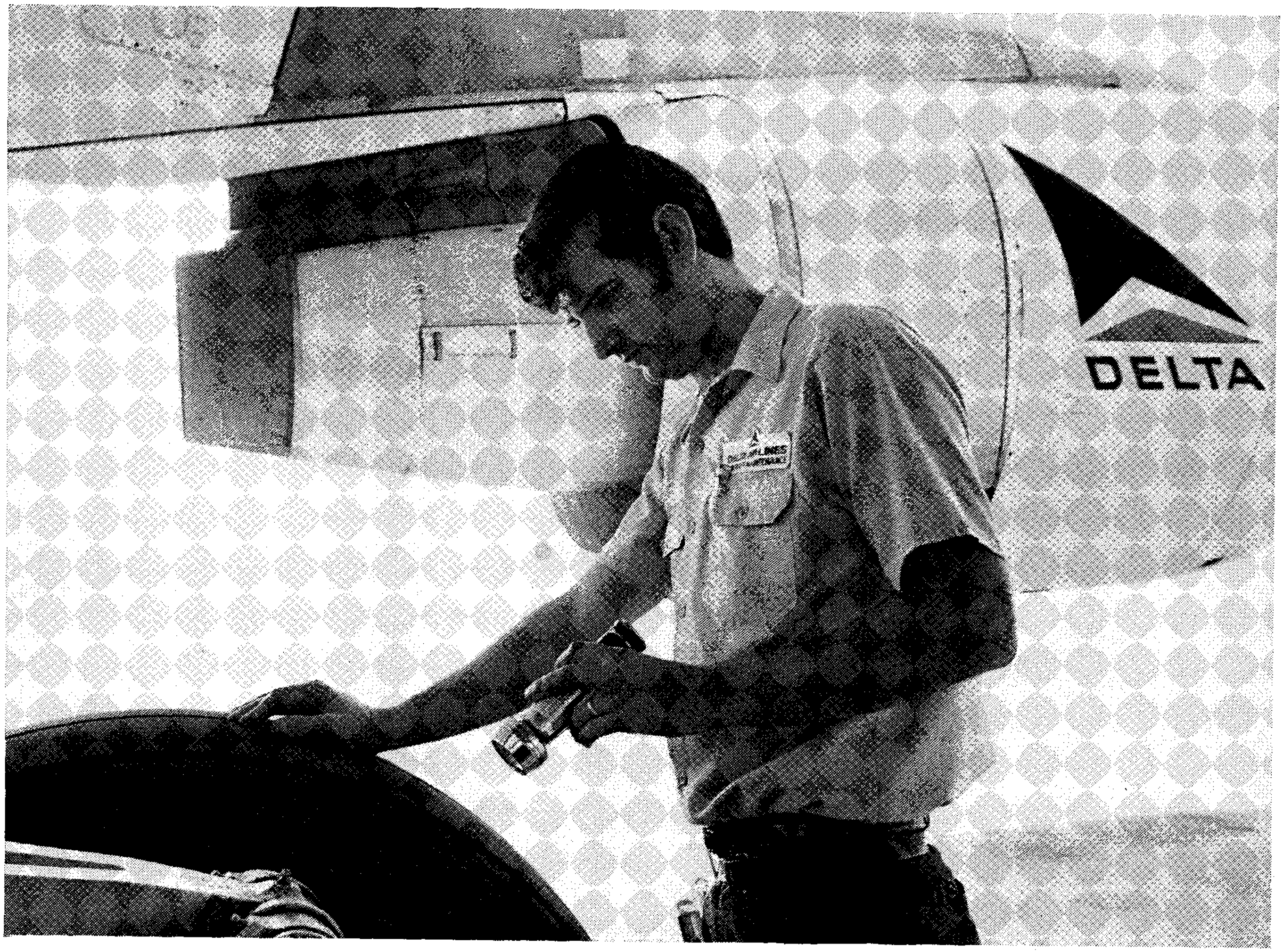
“THE SPIRIT OF DENISHAWN” is an evening-length reconstruction of technical exercises and dances dating from the archaic teens and twenties, and most of it has the same relation to serious dancing that “September Morn” has to serious painting. The honorable place that Denishawn occupies in American dance history has tended to obscure its actual character as dance entertainment. We think of Denishawn as the first institutionalized dance theatre in the United States. Through its branch schools and extensive concert tours and vaudeville bookings, and not least through the illustrious reputation of its founder, Ruth St. Denis, and the evangelical persistence of her partner, Ted Shawn, it had a nationwide impact, which has been amply chronicled. Denishawn toured the Orient in 1925-26, prudently leaving behind Miss Ruth’s “Oriental” ballets. Martha Graham had already quit the company; Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman were to leave it shortly afterward. In 1931, St. Denis and Shawn made their last joint appearance with the company, and its dissolution is generally dated from their separation. Although many of the schools remained active, the aesthetic, or “spirit,” of Denishawn was by then already dead. But it was a hit in its day, and it is a hit again—the kind people seem to have been hungry for. Staged by Klarna Pinska and performed by the Joyce Trisler Danscompany, “The Spirit of Denishawn” was besieged for four performances at the Riverside Theatre last month; it is now having a two-week run at the Roundabout Stage One.

Klarna Pinska, a lifelong disciple of Ruth St. Denis, came to Denishawn in 1919 to study and then to teach. The program she has assembled appears to be a cross-section of the curriculum and repertory as they were in that year and in 1920 or a little later; it is very much a teacher’s program, limited to teachable things. I have always thought of high Denishawn as those historical pageants enacted by the two stars in heavy makeup with lots of extras and scenery, but Miss Pinska gives us instead a straight choreographic revue. We are plunged into a workaday Denishawn technique class, with battements tendus and other classical barrework quickly displaced by decorative attitudes in a number of exotic styles. Dancers flatten their hands to look Egyptian or bend them back at the wrist to look Indian or Javanese. This section ends with the swirling scarves that were a Denishawn trademark. In the two other sections, “Music Visualizations” and “Orientalia,” the most effective numbers are those in which the scarf does all the dancing—“Dance in Space,” “Red and Gold Sari,” and “Soaring”—and in which the music does not resist the dancers’ attempts to turn it into a springboard for so many Mickey Mice. (The verb “to mickey-mouse,” denoting abusively literal musical treatment, came from Disney’s Silly Symphonies, which were often more imaginative, in their extension of Denishawn “visualizations,” than Denishawn.) “Soaring” is set to Schumann’s “Aufschwung”—which means the same thing, after all—and stars a square of silk supported by five girls, who make it billow like a canopy or shimmer like a waterfall. “Dance in Space” is Miss Pinska’s version of Doris Humphrey’s solo to the Chaminade “Valse Caprice,” and, like “Soaring,” it suggests that no Denishawn dancer contemplated an invasion of space without a length of cloth in her hand. The concept of a dance as a bodily construction in space and time was not a Denishawn concept, although it appears to have been at the basis of most civilized dancing for two hundred years.

It’s tempting to think that what made Denishawn dancing a popular attraction in its time is making it popular now—the placid sweet dreams of “pure” art, the wispy dilettantism. But most people, I think, don’t take the dances seriously in that way. (Those who might probably don’t know that that’s the kind of “serious” they’re going to get.) What they do take seriously is Denishawn’s legend—its historical place. They want to get at the facts. Dancers seldom investigate their own past, and Klarna Pinska’s reconstructions, which give us a chance at long last to inspect the origins of an art form, come at a time when even the general public has realized that an important movement in dance history—what we have called modern dance—has run its course. Contemporary choreographers like Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, and Twyla Tharp are so individually accomplished and so far above the competition that we no longer think of them as part of a genealogical line. (Actually, another genealogy emerged in the sixties from Merce Cunningham, but that, too, seems to have run its course.) The death of fertility in the house of dance has inspired new interest in its founders. But we should beware of working up too much compensatory appetite. The past can only be made



“*Give my words a lot of thought, son. A* *lot* *of thought.*”



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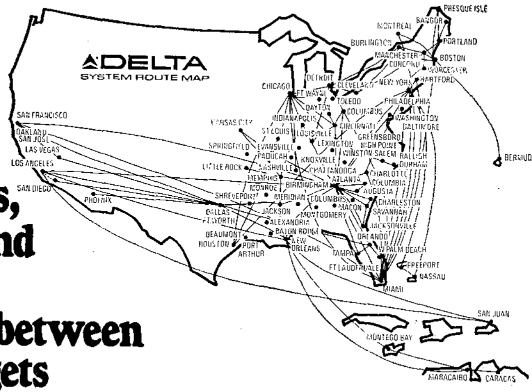
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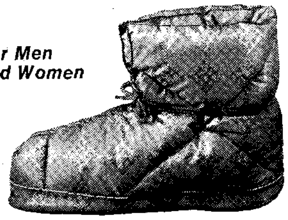

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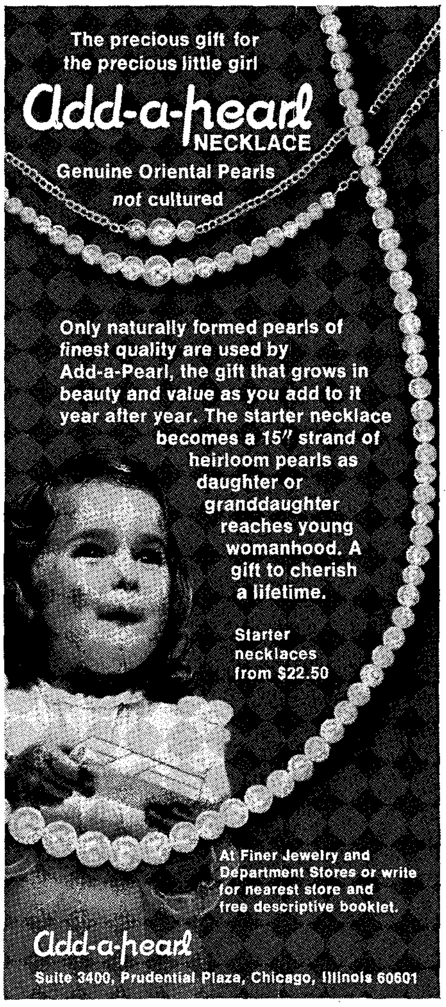
to yield what the present is equipped to see.

What we see is a suite of dances that make very little sense as dance. We look at these period pieces through eyes at once sharpened by the art of dancing as it has evolved in the twentieth century and dulled by the cultural dispossession that has accompanied our speedy advance through time. For us, dance is the preëminent art in any ballet; it is more important than acting, than music, than décor and costume, and it is the self-sufficient art, too, supplanting the functions of most, and at times all, of these other arts. Naturally, the Denishawn dances look empty by our standards, and some of them (Ted Shawn's swaggering or constricted solos in particular) look unpardonably foolish by any standard. But even the best of these pieces were meant to be seen not as dances in the modern sense but as theatre in the late-nineteenth-century sense. Dancing was just one element in the concerted achievement of a theatrical image. Although they were a chief force in establishing dancing as an independent art form (independent, that is, of sponsoring art forms such as opera or musical comedy), the Denishawners didn't have our appreciation of what dancing alone could do, and if we could time-travel backward to an actual performance of 1920 these dances that strike us now as affected and vague would look very different. The point is, though, that they do look affected and vague. They're inescapably part of the debris of history, and for as long as the present aesthetic moment lasts they're unsalvageable and unseeable.

The greatest loss is that we can no longer perceive the theatrical images that Ruth St. Denis personally set in motion. It has been said too often and too lightly that Denishawn emphasized theatrical over dance effects; not until now did we know what that meant. And it has been said far too often that St. Denis's performances projected a mystique compounded of many Eastern and Western philosophies. How unnecessary it seems now to think of such things when the greater mystique of St. Denis's *theatrical* projection has been erased from view. The St. Denis form of projection consisted in animating an illusion of inhabited space. In her solos, she was never really alone on the stage; her scarf or her sari could become her partner, and we, the onlookers, were partners, too. In the "Nautch" solo there are gestures that imply the noise and derision of a marketplace. The dancer who now performs the



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solo has obviously been told something of the sort, but she instinctively converts the gestures into those of an Eighth Avenue stripper. Time and again, it's the knowing response rather than the knowledgeable one which we get from the Trisler dancers. I found myself wondering whether a superior company—say, Martha Graham's—could have made more sense of the material, but in the end I realized that the gap in sensibility between our generation of dancers and our grandfathers' was too great to be patched over. All the St. Denis solos call on a gift for dramatization. Many seem provisionally constructed for a dancer with a glamorous, teasingly aloof presence. They were made to be transcended in performance. Dancers who can't act, can't wear a costume with effrontery, can't impose a convincing plastique upon a weak composition are the dancers we are breeding today. They expect the choreography to carry the performance for them; when it doesn't, they wrestle with the choreography, and that only carries a little way. The most one can hope for is clues from which to make translations. In "Nautch" there was such a clue; in "Liebestraum" there was nothing. The dancer did a flowing waltz-walk around and around the stage, now and then striking a high-breasted pose on a musical climax. At the end, there were a few indistinct mime gestures directed to a person unseen. The transitions between the waltzing, the poses, and the mime were unclear as well.

IT was through objectifying or animating space that the soloist of fifty and sixty years ago communicated her dance to an audience. Now there is nothing left of that communication or of the sensed bond with an audience out of which it grew. In Annabelle Gamson's recent concert at the Roundabout, the principle was demonstrated so vividly that its existence as a tenet of the old dance is no longer, I think, in dispute. Annabelle Gamson is a dancer of middle years who seems to have caught the echoes of an older tradition. Lately, she has offered interpretations of Isadora Duncan's solos which have done much to clarify our thinking on Isadora and her era. She has now added to her repertory several more Duncan solos, both early and late, as well as a pair of dances by Mary Wigman. In Duncan's "Valse Brillante" (Chopin), she bounded repeatedly toward the audience, shaping with her arms an enormous ball of air; then she'd dissolve

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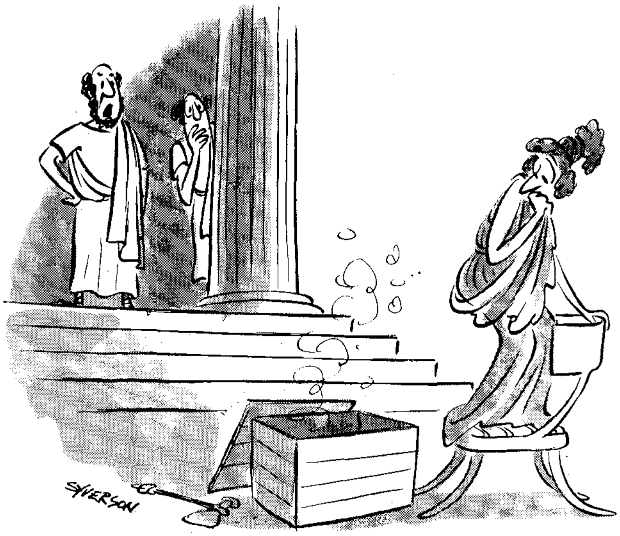

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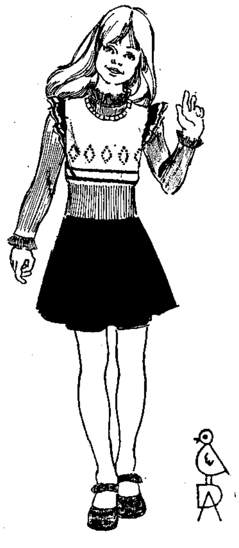

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the solidity of the thing and on an arpeggio escape backward in pitterpat runs. It was interesting, too, to see the logic of Isadora's musical response: when the arpeggio lengthened, she didn't change the step but merely ran backward longer and faster. Duncan's vocabulary was as sparse as any Denishawner's, but by shifts of weight and emphasis Gamson filled the repetitions with nuance. In "Prelude" (the one Fokine took for his "Chopiniana") there was only one gesture—a slow walk in four directions with an arm lifting now to this, now to that corner of the stage. This time, it was a question not of repetition but of a single idea stated with complete conviction. The gesture means "Here is my space." Fokine's dance, composed a few years later, is a rhapsody on the same idea. In general, the clearer Duncan's dances are made to seem, the tighter grow her associations with her contemporaries. "Mother" is a Duse-like pantomime with cradling gestures for an imaginary child. One feels Duncan to have been part of a worldwide artistic revolution and to have embodied, as a privilege of the revolution, the freedom to rove among a variety of effects, switching, say, from dance to mime and back without losing clarity of motivation. One senses a similar impulse in the St. Denis solos but also a degree of specialization unlike Isadora's. When St. Denis says, on one of the tapes we hear during the Denishawn program, "I was an idea dancer, not a music dancer," I'm not sure I know what she means, but it seems likely that she was better at animating space dramatically than abstractly.

Gamson's portrait of Wigman is drawn from two companion pieces of 1929. "Pastoral" and "Dance of Summer" are schematic musical visualizations in the German manner: the arms account for the "theme," the feet for the accompaniment. Aside from the Duncan works, the most interesting parts of Gamson's recital were some new pieces of her own choreography, called "Five Easy Dances." Gamson's work has occasionally been fastidious and intellectual, like Wigman's, but the new dances are simple, if not easy, and free—more like Duncan's.

—ARLENE CROCE

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Concord* (*Mass.*) *Journal*]

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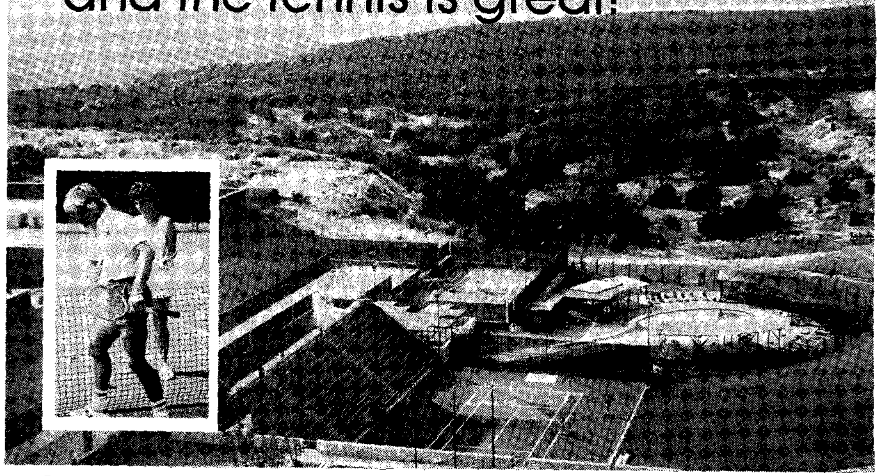
FOOTBALL

Homes Away from Home

STADIUM PARKING

PROLONGED almost beyond reason by artificial means, among them playoffs and bowl matches, and usually played on unlovable artificial turf, football will go on and on, but for those who dutifully sit out in the cold, and not in Barcaloungers before the tube, it came to an end last week. As though to forecast what may be the regimen of the future, the main events in this neighborhood took place in quarters at a fair remove from the campuses of any of the institutes involved. On the frosty midevening of Thanksgiving, Colgate paid a visit to Rutgers not in New Brunswick but in the Giants' compound in the Jersey suburb of East Rutherford; on Saturday last, Army and Navy met not in West Point or Annapolis but on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Army and Navy haven't played their annual match on home grounds for ever so long, but then they are national monuments and presumably therefore privileged. Colgate and Rutgers are not national monuments, though it does appear that Rutgers wishes to become one. Its expansion program, as vigorous as the recent enlargement campaign of the professionals, has now brought it to eighteen wins in a row. Tomorrow the world? Another campaign, this to pry other college squads (amateur and semi-pro both) away from their home grounds and deposit them in East Rutherford, seems to be forming up. Within the decade, undergraduates who stay in their dormitories weekends will be squatting before television sets if they want to watch their classmates at play.

Colgate began its encounter with Rutgers by shutting down the first Rutgers offense and then summoning the superb Andrewlavage, whose toe scored more points this fall than any Colgate runner, to boot a field goal, and even after Rutgers went out in front, Andrewlavage's third field goal put his team only a single point behind. However, his performance, which was no more than is expected nowadays of him, will not be as long remembered as the officials' out-of-the-blue decision that his giving a Rutgers player a bit of body English—well above the waist—as he tried to retrieve a will-o'-the-wisp snap from center fell into the



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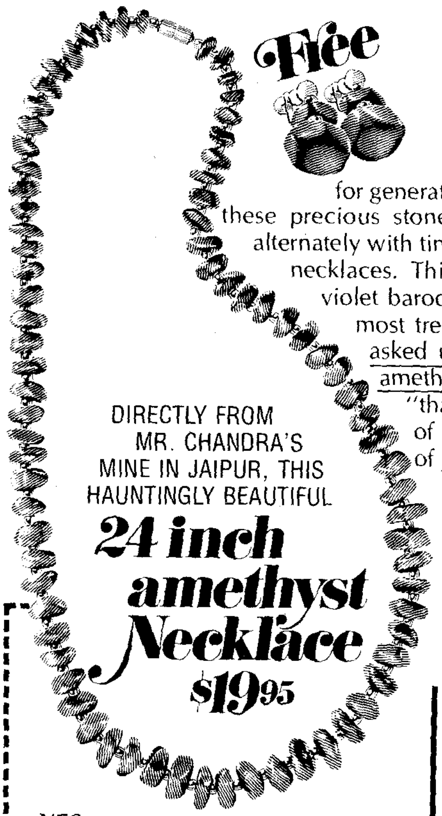

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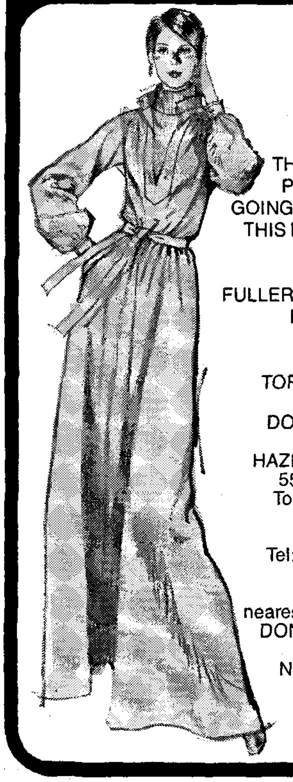

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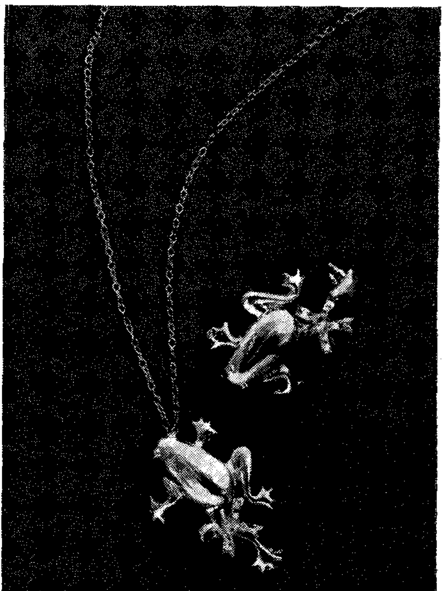
category of "clipping." The ruling greatly disadvantaged Colgate—so greatly that its chance to pick up a touchdown that could have turned the event *all the way around instantly* disappeared, never to be seen again. It was Rutgers 17, Colgate 9 as time ran out.

Navy carted nothing like Rutgers' winning season to Philadelphia the day it met Army. It began its fall repertory by knuckling under to this same Rutgers back in September, and it managed to lose six of its next seven engagements. Then, using a sophomore quarterback, Leszczynski, as full-time quarter, and offering full employment to a good many other juveniles, it gave Notre Dame a difficult afternoon before overrunning both Syracuse and Georgia Tech. Army, on record the better squad—at five wins, five losses—had, of necessity, been even more firmly packed with juveniles this year. With not enough, though, it turned out on Saturday. There was nothing in the middle of the Army line to really hinder Gattuso, running from the back end of a deep-I set, on his straightaway rushes. There was nothing, let it be said, to hinder Army's safeties from *picking up punts and running with* them instead of letting the ball roll and roll and roll. And there was nothing—not even advice from the sidelines—to hinder Hall, Army's celebrated quarter, from again and again trying to loft the ball to Brundidge, his pet catcher, no matter how enthusiastically Mr. B. was covered. Hall has been Army's heaviest howitzer the past two years, and, to counter his passing, Navy introduced a half-dozen defenses that Army's advisory staff had not seen, either on field or on film. But moving Gattuso from wingback, at which post he had been just another runner, to tailback, a post at which he came into full bloom against Army, must be counted as one of Navy's master moves. And moving his teammate Galpin this fall from offense to defense, a post at which he most usefully picked off a Hall pass on Saturday—picking off passes has become a Galpin specialty—was another. For the record, it should be reported that the first half of the Army-Navy meet was the best of the series in quite some years: Navy, *breathing hard,* was in the lead by no more than 14–10, and perhaps wondering what was to come next. What came was a Navy putsch that accumulated twenty-four points without ceding a single one to the enemy—Navy 38, Army 10, in what amounted to a complete rout.

—J. W. L.



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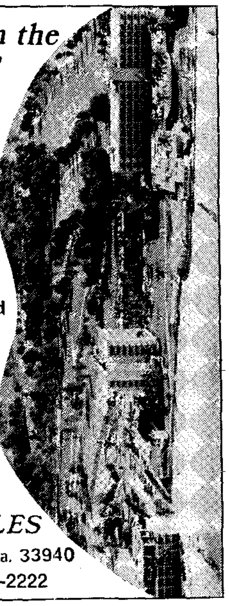

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

New York Notes, by Whitney Balliett (*Houghton Mifflin, $8.95*).

Jazz, no longer swamped by rock and bogus folk, flourishes again in this city. Mr. Balliett, his faith justified, continues to preside over the music and its practitioners, distinguishing the sublime from the good, the good from the inept. This volume of reports of various kinds includes chronicles of events that took place here between 1972 and 1975; critiques of recordings and live performances; and celebrations of artists, living and dead—Bessie Smith, Ben Webster, Ellis Larkins, Charlie Parker, Eubie Blake, and dozens more.

Friendly Fire, by C. D. B. Bryan (*Putnam, $10.95*).

An inquiry into the death of Sergeant Michael Mullen, of Black Hawk County, Iowa, from a shot fired in error by U. S. troops in Vietnam. Much of the story is set in the home of Michael's angry, grieving parents, who tried, in vain, to buck Army callousness and red tape in order to find out exactly what had happened to him. Mr. Bryan, interviewing Washington officials and Mullen's comrades-in-arms and superior officers, did eventually discover the circumstances of his death. This book is a record of Mr. Bryan's insatiable reporting and a record, as well, of the transformation of the Mullen family from obedient coöperators into effective anti-warriors.

Do You Want to Talk About It?, by Edward Koren (*Pantheon, $7.95*).

An album of cartoons drawn over the past ten years or so. The hairy creatures of Mr. Koren's scraggy vision, whether human or animal, always reflect, and more often than not put into words—catch phrases and other fatuities—the preoccupations of all of us. This is Mr. Koren's first collection. Preface by Calvin Trillin.

To Jerusalem and Back, by Saul Bellow (*Viking, $8.95*).

At the outset, Mr. Bellow discusses "what the literary imagination faces in these political times," and then goes on to illustrate his theme. Here, then, is the novelist as reporter, observing and feeling, and recording his conversations with such famous citizens as Abba Eban, Teddy Kollek, and Yitzhak Rabin (and with such obscure ones as Moshe the masseur) on politics and many other matters.

The Poverty of Power, by Barry Commoner (*Knopf, $10*).

Dr. Commoner applies the first law (discouraging) and the second law (hopeful) of thermodynamics to our dwindling—or apparently dwindling—supply of energy, and comes to the conclusion that this problem might ideally be left in less grasping hands than those of the giant international oil companies.

A Welfare Mother, by Susan Sheehan (*Houghton Mifflin, $6.95*).

An account of the daily, weekly, monthly routine (from here to eternity) of Mrs. Carmen Santana, wife, aunt, mother, and grandmother, originally of Puerto Rico and now of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who depends for her entire income on the shrinking largesse of this city. Mrs. Sheehan's detailed report on her life, assembled over a period of many months, is, by implication, a report both on our degrading welfare system and on New York's Puerto Rican subculture.

Speedboat, by Renata Adler (*Random House, $7.95*).

A kaleidoscopic novel. The heroine, a journalist, critic, teacher, traveller, and lover, scuds from paragraph to paragraph—memories, anecdotes, pensées, and daily experiences—without losing her breath. The paragraphs, seemingly disconnected, subtly coalesce. Chapters of this volume about the way we live now first appeared here as short stories.

A House in Space, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $8.95*).

A report on Skylab, with the emphasis on the last crew of astronauts to live there—Edward G. Gibson, Gerald P. Carr, and William R. Pogue. Scientific data aside (some aside!), the book is a record of the domestic life—with faulty equipment and clothing, and without the everyday comfort of gravity—of this heroic, though grouchy, trio in the most sophisticated cabin in the sky ever conceived.

Favorite Haunts, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

Mr. Addams' first album of new drawings since 1964. Needless to say, his haunts, with a minor adjustment here and there but with a serenity all their own, have weathered the past dozen years that have so buffeted the rest of us.

Amateurs, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

A volume of short stories, each a sample of Barthelmeana. By the pricking of his thumbs, something magic this way comes. The title provides one of the keys.

The Scene, by Calvin Tomkins (*Viking, $12.50*).

A collection of Profiles and other reports on post-modern art. The subjects include Henry Geldzahler, Curator of Twentieth-Century Art at the Metropolitan; Jonas Mekas, film-maker and reviewer and "standard-bearer for the New American Cinema;" the work of the earth artists out West; and Robert Wilson's twelve-hour production "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," at the Brooklyn Academy—a production that our author, onstage and velvet-clad, himself enhanced. In his preface, Mr. Tomkins firmly designates himself as reporter, *not* critic, but he is clearly an admirer of invention and innovation, of experiment and courage.

The Time of Illusion, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $10*).

The Rise and Fall of Richard Nixon. In his preface to this book, Mr. Schell writes, "In what follows, I will reconnect some of the fragments that are to be found in the various records of the Nixon Administration in order . . . to make the experience whole." What follows is a detailed chronicle of duplicity on the part of an Administration that, in the shadow of nuclear weapons, chose "credibility" over honor and intensified the war in Southeast Asia while promising peace, and of its criminal assault upon every stronghold of freedom and democracy in this government—an assault that might have succeeded but for the miracle of Watergate and its aftermath.

The Names of the Lost, by Philip Levine (*Atheneum, $3.95*).

This volume of verse presents an American poet who has a Beckettian vision of pain, death, and decay—and a sense, incidentally, of prosodic decorum.

Freedom Spent, by Richard Harris (*Little, Brown, $12.95*).

Mr. Harris, defender of our Constitution and Bill of Rights, here reports on three cases, each of which threatened one of our first ten amendments. They are the case of Charles James, Quaker, of upstate New York (First Amendment); the case of Mr. and Mrs. Alan McSurely, of the Appalachian Mountains (Fourth Amendment); and the case of Ellen Grusse and Terri Turgeon, of New Haven (Fifth Amendment). Each report includes a history of the amendment under discussion.

How I Became a Holy Mother, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (*Harper & Row, $8.95*).

Ten stories of present-day India. The ironic tone that pervades all of them is the result of Mrs. Jhabvala's shrewd yet sympathetic view of her characters—Indians and a sprinkling of British leftovers, in comic or sad, or even tragic, circumstances—and their apparent guilelessness.

Reeling, by Pauline Kael (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.95*).

In this series of critiques, Miss Kael continues to review movies with the heightened perceptions and exposed nerves of the film addict. The first entry is "Sounder" and "The Emigrants" (9/30/72): Thumbs up! The final entry is "The Day of the Locust" (5/12/75): Thumbs down! In the middle of the book, there is a long essay, "On the Future of Movies," about the crushing effect of Hollywood businessmen on directors and actors and writers.

A Swim off the Rocks, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $4.95*).

A collection of light verse that finds the poet well (and metrically) disposed toward any number of persons, places, and things, from swimming lawyers (Poem No. 1) to Beethoven's office (Poem No. 15) to refrigerators (Poem No. 37).

The Lists of the Past, by Julie Hayden (*Viking, $7.95*).

Two sets of linked short stories. The first obliquely records the dismantling of a mistaken love affair; the second, reaching back

MAYAN MAGIC

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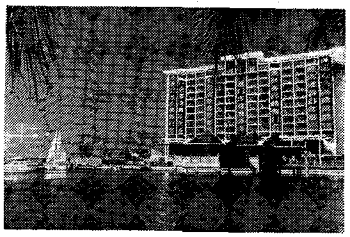

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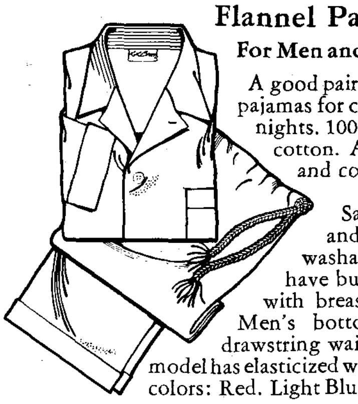

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in time, is a portrait of a family and of the death of the father. The method throughout is pointillist, the arrangement of tiny surface details of flora and fauna, urban and suburban, shaping the narratives beneath.

Volunteers One and All, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (*Reader's Digest Press, $7.95*).

An interim report to the management—the citizens of this country—on the surprising progress of our all-volunteer armed forces, which came into being on July 1, 1973, six months after the draft was stopped. Much of the book is based on conversations with experts at the Pentagon and elsewhere, and especially with Morris Janowitz, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago and author of "The Professional Soldier."

Rehearsal's Off, by George Booth (*Dodd, Mead, $7.95*).

Cats and kittens and bullterriers behaving with the utmost informality; a gentleman in a bathtub barking out orders to his wife at the ironing board in the next room—and the band plays on. There are ninety-eight cartoons on display here, and most of them first appeared in this magazine. Introduction by Dad.

Friends and Relations, by Daniel Menaker (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

There is one very special friend, named Anne, and there is one very special relation, called Uncle Sol—an old left-wing activist and loving tyrant. The setting of several of the stories in this collection is Uncle Sol's farm, near Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

The Uses of Enchantment, by Bruno Bettelheim (*Knopf, $12.50*).

A dissertation by the famous child psychologist on the profound value of the folk fairy tale—"enriching and satisfying to child and adult alike." Dr. Bettelheim synopsizes many of the stories collected by the Brothers Grimm, pointing out their psychological importance, and dismisses tame substitutes, which, though perhaps more palatable to parents, cheat us all.

Arrivals and Departures, by Richard H. Rovere (*Macmillan, $10.95*).

A memoir by Our Man in Washington which also includes a number of encounters (in this city as well, and as far afield as Naples) that originally appeared as Profiles and other articles in *The New Yorker* over the past thirty years or so.

The View from Highway 1, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

Glued to the television set on our behalf, Mr. Arlen—critical eye and social conscience intact—reports on various types of daytime and nocturnal shoddiness (and on a few good shows) that were visible during the Gerald Ford interregnum.

Distortions, by Ann Beattie (*Doubleday, $7.95*).

A dwarf refusing to put up with the tactlessness of his family; a man so far gone on hash that the only creature he feels for is a dog; a divorced man filling his brother's apartment with animals; a young woman slowly going mad in the care of a law student; a young woman who decides that a career as a high-school music teacher offers more than marriage—these are a few of the floating characters who appear in Miss Beattie's collection of short stories. The manner of telling is matter-of-fact; its effect is the precise opposite.

FOR THE FASHION PEERAGE . . .
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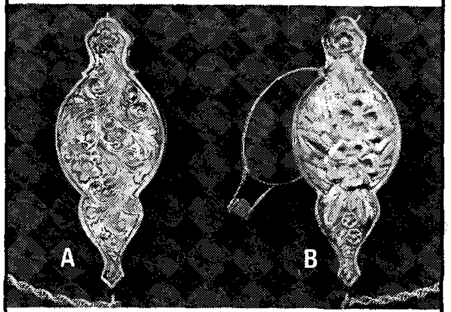

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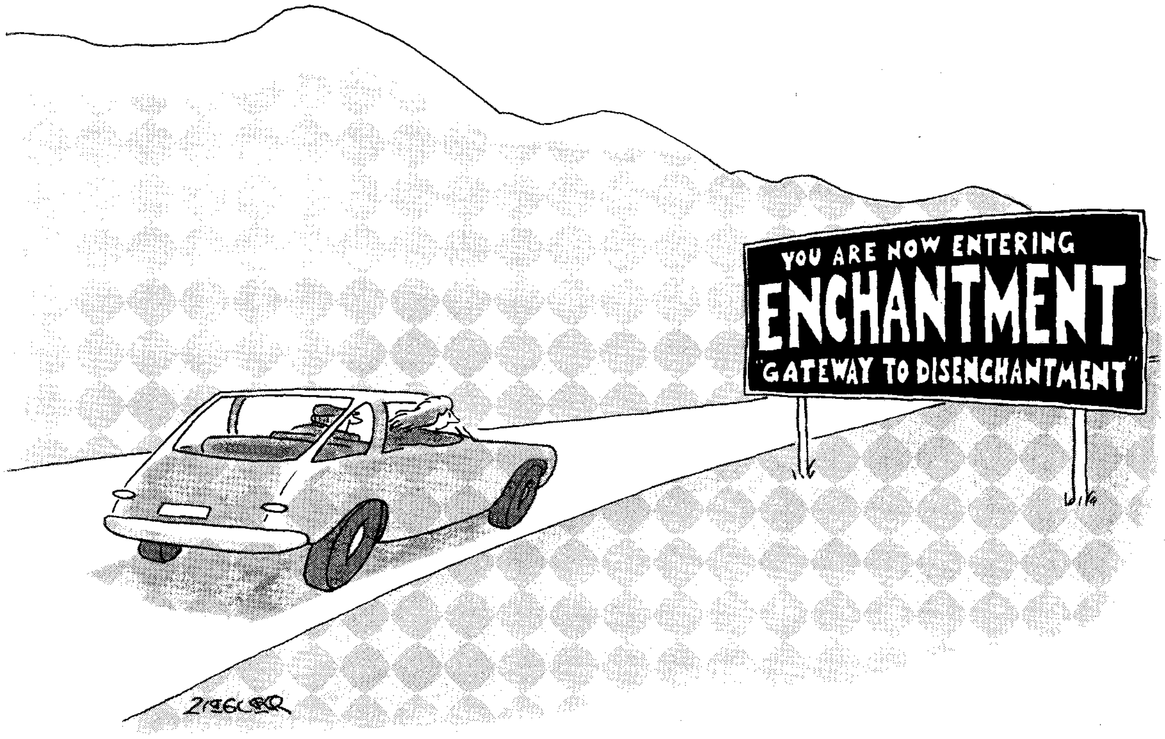
IN "Network," Paddy Chayefsky blitzes you with one idea after another. The ideas don't go together, but who knows which of them he believes, anyway? He's like a Village crazy bellowing at you: blacks are taking over, revolutionaries are taking over, women are taking over. He's got the New York City hatreds, and ranting makes him feel alive. There *is* something funny in this kind of rant—it was funny in Fred Wiseman's "Welfare," too; with the number of things that are going wrong in the city, it's a bottomless comedy to see people pinning their rage on some one object, person, or group, or a pet collection of them. Cabdrivers used to get it off on Mayor Lindsay, liberals on the moon landings, and now Chayefsky's getting it off on television. Television, he says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). In Chayefsky's 1958 movie "The Goddess," the Marilyn Monroe-type heroine (Kim Stanley) sought movie stardom, fame, and adulation in order to compensate for her inability to love. This empty girl was supposed to symbolize our dreams; moviegoers were his morons then. Chayefsky said in 1958 that his heroine "represents an entire generation that came through the Depression with nothing left but a hope for comfort and security. Their tragedy lies in that they never learned to love, either their fellow humans or whatever god they have." God and love came together in his 1959 play "The Tenth Man," which ended with an old man saying of the hero, whose demon (of lovelessness) had been exorcised, "He still doesn't believe in God—he simply wants to love—and when you stop and think about it, gentlemen, is there any difference?" This mushy amalgam of God and love is Chayefsky's faith, and if you don't share it you're tragic. The new goddess, the unprincipled career girl Diana Christensen, is explained in "Network" in these terms: "She's television generation. She learned life from Bugs Bunny. The only reality she knows comes to her over the TV set." What Chayefsky is really complaining about is what barroom philosophers have always complained about: the soulless worshippers at false shrines—the younger generation.

In Chayefsky's last film, "The Hospital" (1971), the fiftyish Jewish chief of medicine (George C. Scott) has lost his potency, fails at suicide, and is disappointed in his children; he blows off steam about what's wrong with the society but ridicules the Puerto Rican community-action groups who march on the hospital. After an affair with a young Wasp (Diana Rigg), who urges him to leave with her, he decides that *somebody* has to be decent and responsible, and so, with his potency restored, he stays to make his stand for sanity. Youth-baiting played a strong part in "The Hospital," but Chayefsky's slapstick exaggeration of the chaos in a big-city institution had so much silly, likable crackpot verve that the diatribes against the disrespectful younger generation could be shrugged aside. "Network," however, is all baiting—youth, TV, the culture, the universe. The UBS network has been taken over by a conglomerate, and Howard Beale (Peter Finch), a veteran anchorman whose ratings have slipped, is given two weeks' notice by executives who want to jazz up the news to make it more entertaining. Angry at being dumped, Beale goes out of control, and his blasts on the air about "this demented slaughterhouse of a world we live in"—blasts sprinkled with cusswords—accomplish what his restrained behavior didn't: his ratings go up. His best friend, the head of the news division—the fiftyish hero, Max Schumacher (William Holden), who is Paddy Chayefsky in the guise of the unimpeachable Ed Murrow—loses his fight to keep the news independent. The chief of operations (Robert Duvall) fires him and turns the news division over to Diana Christensen, the vice-president in charge of programming. So when Beale begins to have visions (either he's having a breakdown or he's in a state of religious exaltation) and is advertised as "the Mad Prophet of the airwaves," Schumacher is on the sidelines, and has nothing to do but hang around Diana Christensen, with whom he has an affair, and denounce her, television, and us soulless masses. The Mad Prophet and the sane prophet both deliver broadsides—enough to break a viewer's back. The screen seems to be plastered with bumper stickers.

The central gag in "Network"—Howard Beale becomes the first man killed because of lousy ratings—sounds like a good premise for a farce about TV, which has certainly earned farce status. (And, even if it hadn't, satire doesn't have to be fair to be funny.) But in the "Network" script Chayefsky isn't writing a farce: he's telling us a thing or two. And he writes directly to



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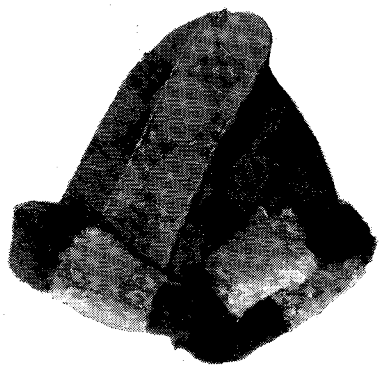

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the audience—he soapboxes. He hardly bothers with the characters; the movie is a ventriloquial harangue. He thrashes around in messianic God-love booziness, driving each scene to an emotional peak. When Schumacher tells his wife (Beatrice Straight) that he's in love with Diana, his wife launches into a high-powered speech about "all the senseless pain that we've inflicted on each other," referring to his affair as "your last roar of passion before you settle into your menopausal years." It's a short, self-contained soap opera; she hits her peak—then she's invisible again. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps the soliloquies going at a machine-gun pace. The movie might have been modelled on that earlier talk binge, Billy Wilder's "One, Two, Three;" Lumet is right—it's best not to let the words sink in. With Schumacher experiencing a "winter passion" and discussing his "primal doubts," you have to hurtle through to the next crisis. Lumet does Chayefsky straight, just as Chayefsky no doubt wanted. The film looks negligently made; the lighting bleaches the actors' faces, like color TV that needs tuning, and the New York views outside the office and apartment windows feel like blown-up photographs. The timing in most of the scenes is so careless that you may be aware of the laugh lines you're not responding to, and there's a confusing cut from Diana and Schumacher planning to go to bed together to Howard Beale in bed by himself. "Network" even fails to show the executives at meetings getting carried away by the infectiousness of Diana Christensen's ideas—getting high on power. But Lumet keeps it all moving.

Chayefsky is such a manic bard that I'm not sure if he ever decided whether Howard Beale's epiphanies were the result of a nervous breakdown or were actually inspired by God. Yet Beale's story has a fanciful, Frank Capra nuttiness that could be appealing. Peter Finch's sleepy-lion head suggests the bland, prosperous decay of an anchorman whose boredom is swathed in punditry. His gray aureole is perfect: the curly, thick hair, cropped short, is the only vigorous thing about him. (Does Finch, who is British-Australian, seem American? Not really, but then does Eric Sevareid, who comes from North Dakota?) If Chayefsky meant Beale to represent his idealized vision of the crusading mandarin journalists of an earlier day who are now being replaced by show-biz anchorpersons, Finch is miscast, but his fuzzy mildness is likable, and in a picture in which everybody seems to take turns at screaming (Rob-

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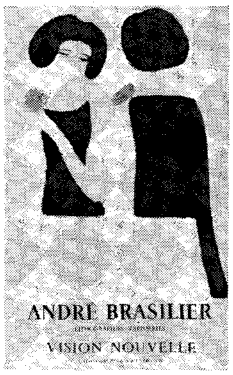

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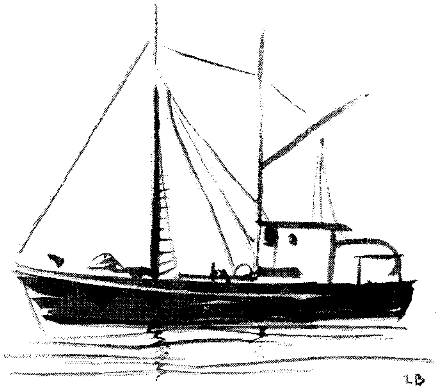
ert Duvall screams the loudest) Finch's ability to seem reserved even when he's raving has its own satirical charm. Unfortunately, when Beale's wild-eyed ramblings are supposed to make his ratings zoom up, you can't believe it; he doesn't give off enough heat.

Beale the Prophet's big moment comes when he tells TV viewers to open their windows, stick out their heads, and yell, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!" But is the viewers' obedience proof of their sheeplike response to TV or is it evidence that the Prophet has struck a nerve—that the public is as fed up as he is? Considering that the entire picture is Chayefsky sticking his head out the window and yelling (in Chayefsky's world, that's how you prove that you're capable of love), it must be that Beale's message is supposed to be salutary. Yet there's no follow-through on this scene, and that's where the movie goes completely on the fritz. Chayefsky whirrs in other directions—Max's winter passion for Diana, and the Saudi Arabians taking over the conglomerate.

Early on, Howard Beale is awakened at night by the voice of the Lord or some Heavenly Messenger, who affectionately calls him "Dummy" and tells him what he must do on the air. The voice may be simply Beale's delusion, but how are we to interpret the turn of events when Beale is summoned to a meeting with the piggy-eyed master salesman Arthur Jensen (Ned Beatty), the head of the conglomerate, and Jensen addresses him as "Dummy"? Jensen, a corn-pone Grand Inquisitor, tells Beale that the multinational corporate state is the natural order of things now, and that he should embrace this one-business world, in which all men will be taken care of as humanoids. Converted, Beale asks the TV audience, "Is dehumanization such a bad word?" He preaches his new corporate faith—"The world is a business . . . one vast, ecumenical holding company." But people don't want to hear that their individual lives are valueless; he loses his ratings



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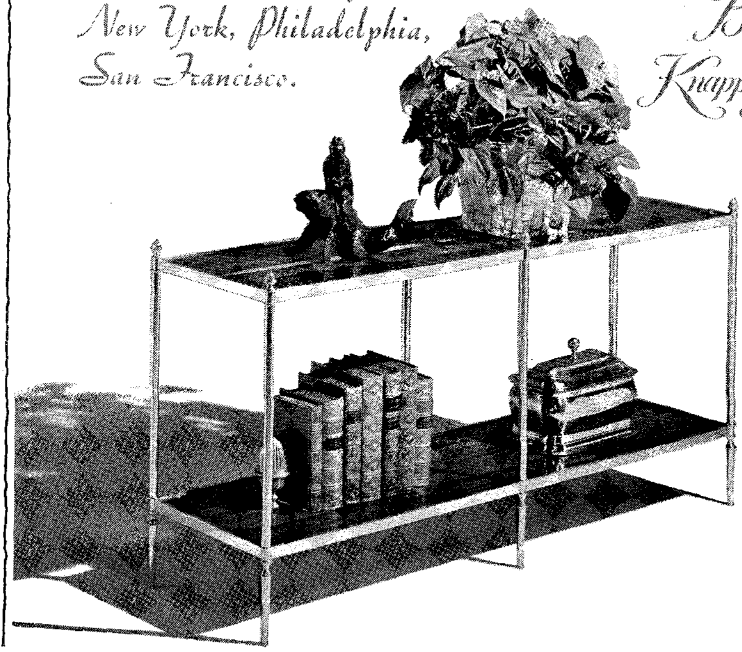
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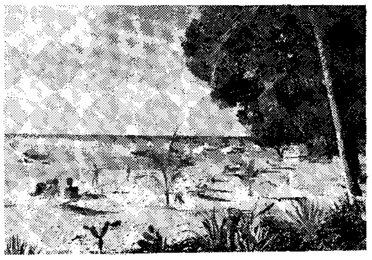

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and is killed for it. Chayefsky, it seems, can be indignant about people becoming humanoids, and then turn a somersault and say it's inevitable and only a fool wouldn't recognize that. And he's wrong on both counts. There are a lot of changes in the society which can be laid at television's door, but soullessness isn't one of them. TV may have altered family life and social intercourse; it may have turned children at school into entertainment seekers. But it hasn't taken our souls, any more than movies did, or the theatre and novels before them. I don't know what's worse—Beale's denunciations of the illiterate public (Chayefsky apparently thinks that not reading is proof of soullessness) or Schumacher's pitying tone. When Schumacher tells Diana Christensen that she can feel nothing, while he's O.K. because he can feel pleasure and pain and love, you want to kick him. Doesn't Chayefsky realize that everybody can feel—even a kittycat?

The screw-up inside Chayefsky's message of kindness shows in the delight he takes in snide reactionary thrusts. Diana Christensen has no difficulty coöpting an Angela Davis-like activist (Marlene Warfield), the Communist central committee, and an extremist group that's a parody of the Symbionese Liberation Army and the Black Panthers. (Chayefsky can't even resist a sideswipe at Patty Hearst.) She propositions them to perform terrorist crimes—kidnappings, robberies, hijackings—on a weekly basis, in front of a camera crew, and their only quarrel is over money. Whatever one's disagreements with Angela Davis, she's hardly a sellout. Yet Chayefsky's venom is such an exuberant part of him that the best scene in the movie is the slapstick negotiating session in which the black revolutionaries, their agents, and the network attorneys haggle over residuals and syndication rights, and a revolutionary who wants to be heard fires his pistol to get some order. This is in the paranoid-comic-strip style of Norman Wexler, the scriptwriter for "Joe," "Serpico," and "Mandingo." Chayefsky's speeches may be about humanism, but baiting gets the old adrenalin going.

And what of Diana Christensen, the hopped-up *Cosmopolitan* doll with power on the brain? Look at her name: the goddess of the hunt, and some sort of essence of Christianity? In bed, on top of Schumacher, she talks ratings until orgasm. Chayefsky, in interviews, actually claims that he has created one of the few movie roles in which a woman is treated as an equal; this can

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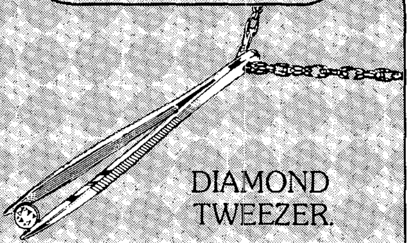

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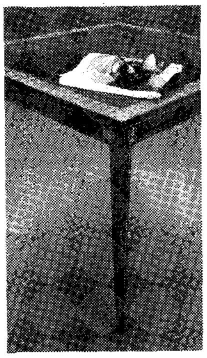

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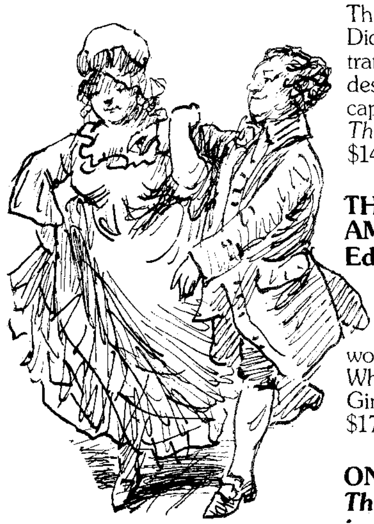

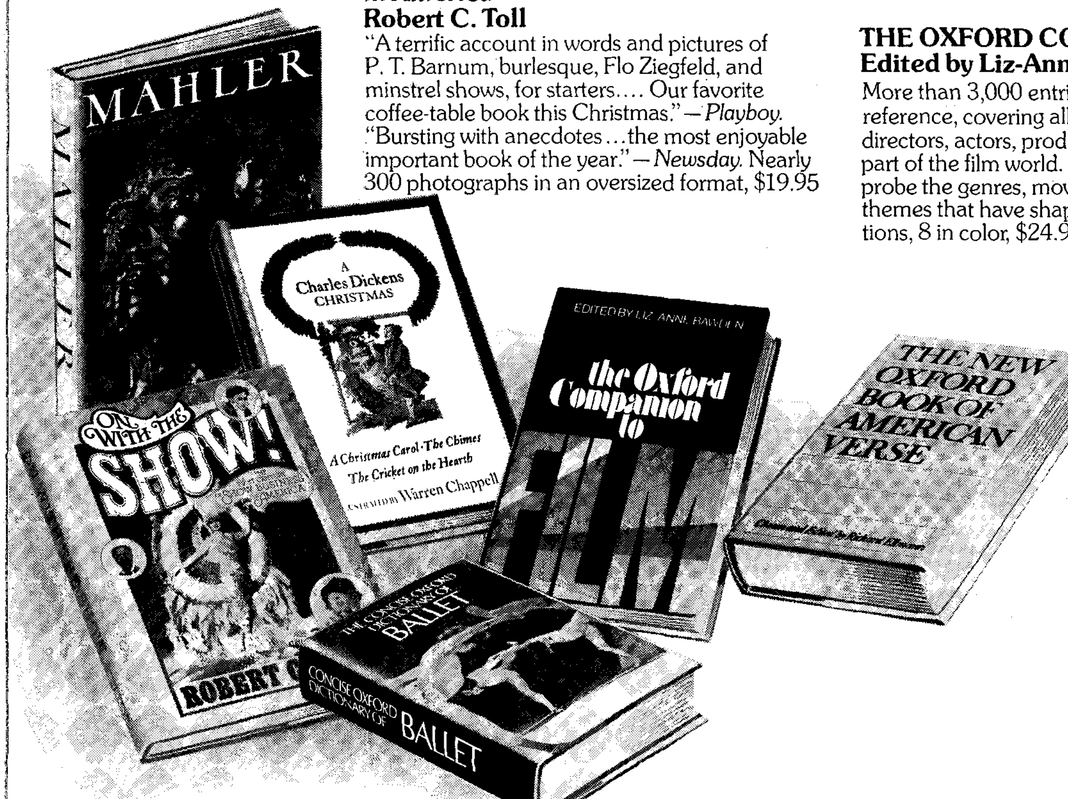
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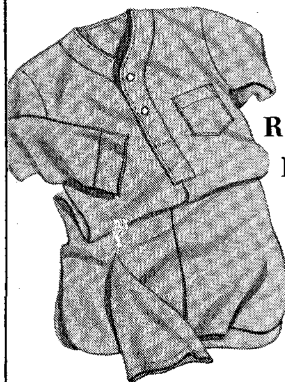

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be interpreted to mean that he thinks women who want equality are ditsey little twitches—ruthless, no-souled monsters who take men's jobs away from them. Diana Christensen is, Schumacher says, "television incarnate"—that is, she is symptomatic of what's spoiling our society. And, in case we don't get Chayefsky's drift, he presents us with that contrasting image of a loving woman who has the capacity for suffering—Max's wife, to whom he returns after he leaves rotten Diana.

As Schumacher, Holden is in good form, and now that he has stopped trying to conceal the aging process his sunken-cheeked, lined, craggy face takes the camera marvellously—he has a real face, like Gabin or Montand. He does a lot for the movie—he's an actor with authority and the gift of never being boring—but he can't energize the phoniness of a man who claims to be superior to his society. This hero is trampling out the vintage where the sour grapes are stored. Dunaway chatters as Kim Stanley did in "The Goddess" (Chayefsky must believe that women talk because of their tinny empty-headedness), and even when she's supposed to be reduced to a pitiful shell by Holden's exposing her "shrieking nothingness" she's ticky and amusingly greedy. She snarls at underlings and walks with a bounce and a wiggle. In the past, Dunaway hasn't had much humor or variety; her performances have usually been proficient yet uneventful—there's a certain heaviness, almost of depression, about them. It's that heaviness, probably, that has made some people think her Garboesque. A beautiful woman who's as self-conscious as Faye Dunaway has a special neurotic magnetism. (The far less proficient Kim Novak had it also.) In this stunt role, her usual self-consciousness is turned into comic rapport with the audience; she's not the remote, neurotic beauty—she's more of a clown. And though her Diana isn't remotely convincing—she's not a woman with a drive to power, she's just a dirty Mary Tyler Moore—it's a relief to see Dunaway being light. She puts us on the side of the humanoids.

The watered-down Freudianism that Chayefsky goes in for—i.e., people want fame or power because they're sick—seems to get by almost everywhere these days. It became popular with those analysts who, taking Hitler's crimes as evidence, deduced that he was sexually crippled; they really seemed to think they were explaining something. And it spread in TV drama and in movies as a form of vindictive, moraliz-

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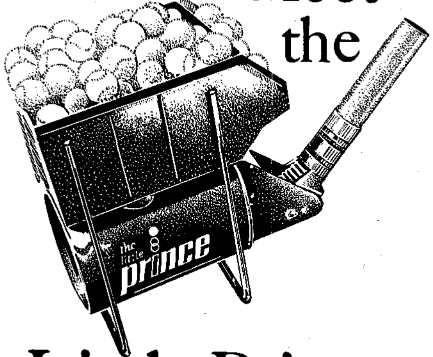

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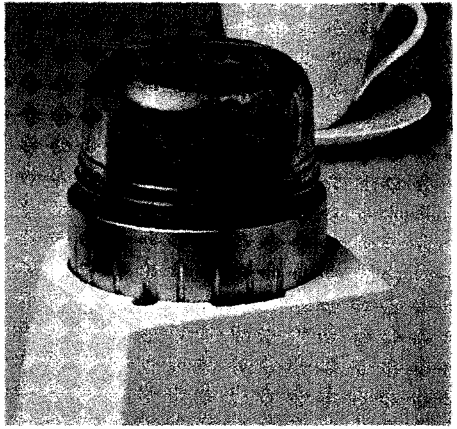
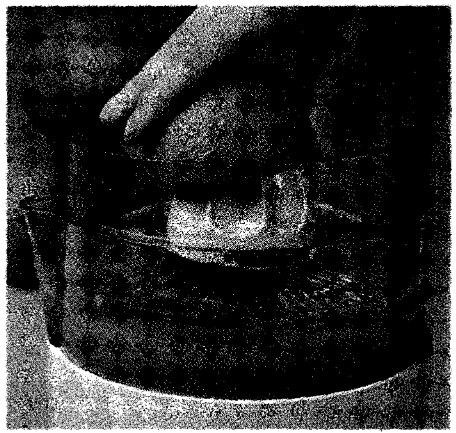
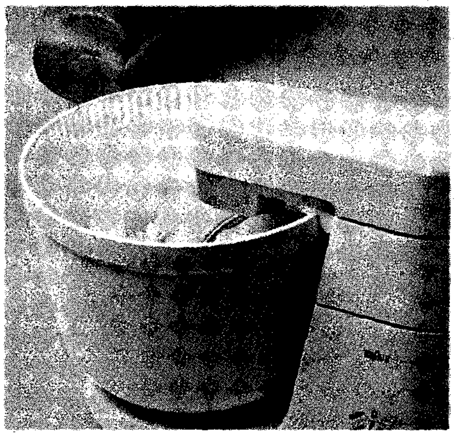
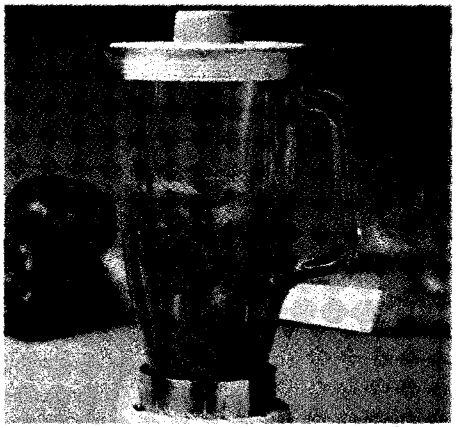
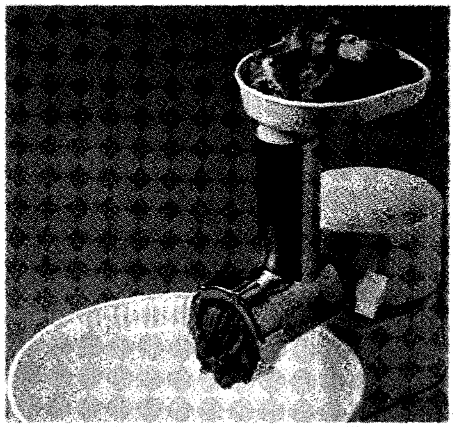
A day in the life of a Braun Kitchen Machine.

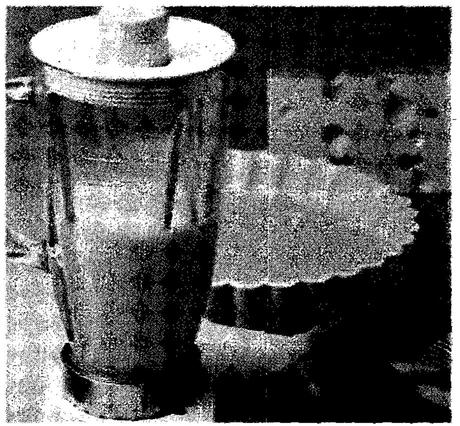

7:42 a.m. Coffee grinder attachment has fresh ground coffee ready for the coffee maker in 30 seconds.

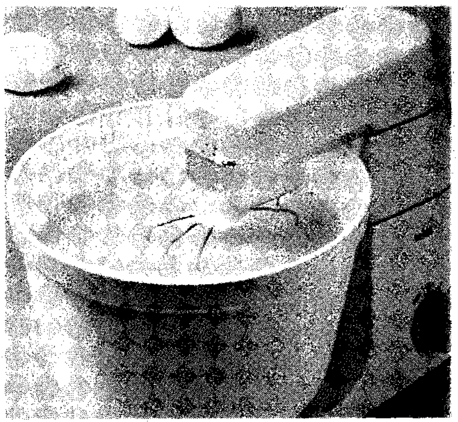

7:50 a.m. A quick switch to the juicer attachment for some fast glasses of naturally sweet orange juice.

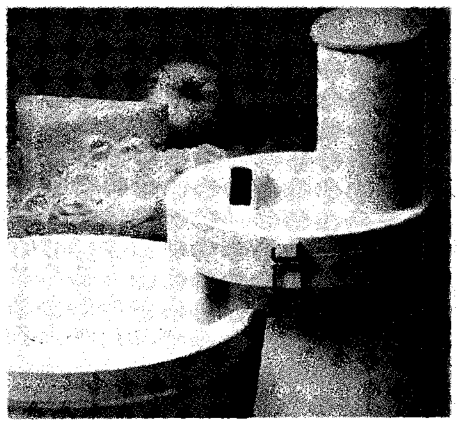

9:10 a.m. Dough hook is used for most of the heavy kneading work in preparing home baked bread.

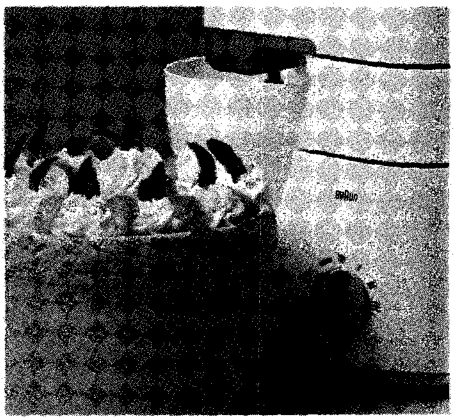

10:15 a.m. Blender attachment finely chops vegetables for a tangy Gazpacho for today's lunch.

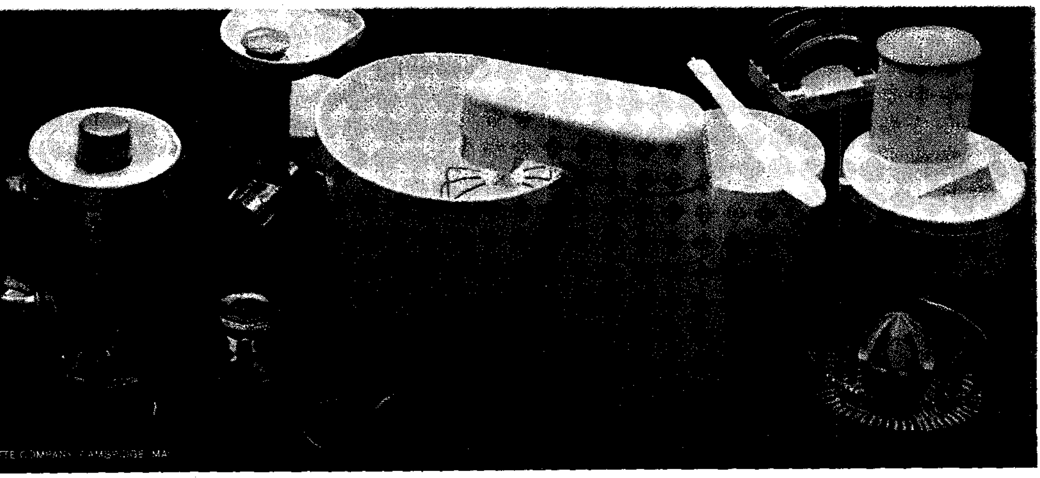

11:30 a.m. Meat grinder attachment readily turns chunks of veal, pork and ham into the base for a pate.


12:07 p.m. The blender unit goes into service again to combine the ingredients for lunch's leek quiche.


3:03 p.m. Mixer arm with whisk beats eggs and sugar together for a cold apricot souffle for dinner.


4:27 p.m. Shredder/slicer attachment now takes the sweat and tears out of slicing onions for soup.


9:08 p.m. Mixer arm and whisk is now used to whip fresh cream to top off the souffle just before serving.



9:20 p.m. Rest. Anything that works this hard all day deserves it. Anyone who cooks as much as you do deserves a hardworking Braun Kitchen Machine and attachments. You'll find it at fine department stores and kitchen specialty shops.

BRAUN

BRAUN NORTH AMERICA, A DIVISION OF THE GILLETTE COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MA ing condescension. The trick in "Network," as in "The Goddess," is to use a woman's drive toward fame or success as the embodiment of the sickness in the society. What's implicit is that if she could love she wouldn't need anything more. You couldn't get by with this bulling if a man were television incarnate. "Network" starts in high gear and is so confidently brash that maybe people can really take it for muckraking. But it's no more than the kind of inside story that a lot of TV executives probably would secretly like to write. Chayefsky comes on like a patriarchal Jackie Susann, and he likes to frolic with the folksy occult. What happened to his once much-vaunted gift for the vernacular? Nothing exposes his claims to be defending the older values as much as the way he uses four-letter words for chortles. It's so cheap you may never want to say **** again. Chayefsky doesn't come right out and tell us why he thinks TV is *goyish*, but it must have something to do with his notion that all feeling is Jewish.

—PAULINE KAEL

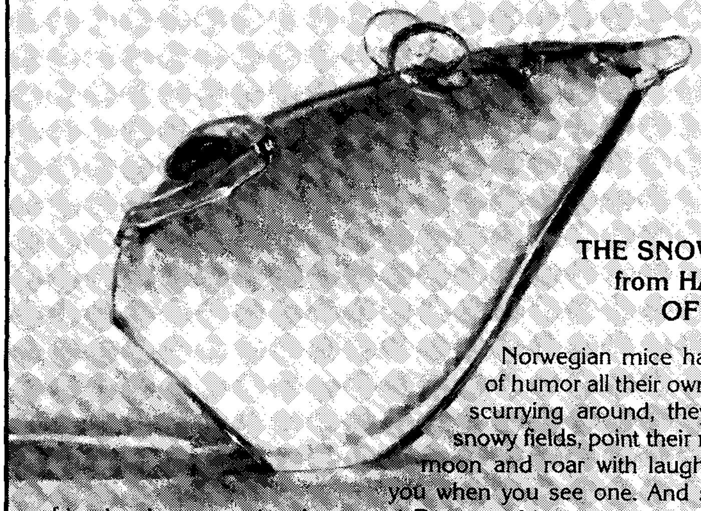
•

NEW YORK

It wasn't ringworm he
explained it was speed
made those blotches all
over his body
On the catwalk
above the turning wheels, high
on risk
his luck
and the resources of the body
kept him going we were
balancing
up there
all night
grinning and panting
hands black with machine oil
grease monkeys of risk
and those wheels were turning *fast*

I return to the sixth floor
where I am staying: the sun
ordering the untidy kitchen,
even the terraced black circles
in the worn enamel are bright,
the faucet dripping,
the parakeets chirping quietly
domestic about their cage,
my dear host in the bed and
his Newfoundland on it, together
stretching, half-woken, as
I close the door.
I calm down,
undress, and slip
in between them and think
of household gods.

—THOM GUNN



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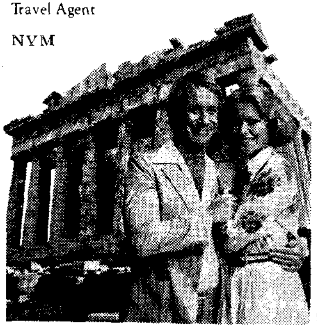

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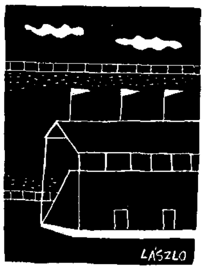
Newest Star



ROYAL SKI moved nearer to the Eclipse Award for the best two-year-old of 1976 when he won the Remsen Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. Always in a good position in the nine-furlong gallop, he went through with a great rush in the last quarter to beat Nostalgia, a long shot, by nearly two lengths, with Hey Hey J. P. and Michael's Charge heads apart behind. It was his third victory in a row in a major stakes race—the others were the Heritage Stakes at Keystone and the Laurel Futurity—and as they were more recent than the races of Seattle Slew and For The Moment, they give him an advantage in the polling for the year's honors now in progress, horsemen voters being likely to remember recent performances better than those in months past. Anyhow, Royal Ski is a nice colt. He's not exactly bred to the purple, since he's by Raja Baba out of Coz O'Nijinsky, but he is a runner and has done rather well for Gerry Cheevers, who bought him for $20,500 and for whom he has earned $309,704.

Earlier in the afternoon—a busy one for this slave of the tube—Grand Canyon, a New Zealand-bred jumper and winner in England, France, and Italy, won the $100,000 Colonial Cup International Steeplechase over the Springdale Course of the Camden, South Carolina, estate of Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott, who puts on the show. Sixteen ran, including the most notable collection of horses from abroad in the annals of the event. Grand Canyon, who was never worse than second throughout the two miles six and a half furlongs, beat Fire Control by half a length. Crag's Corner was third. Grand Canyon paid $6.80 at the OTB shops around town and four to one if you bet with William Hill in London.

To get back to Aqueduct, Miss Cynthia Phipps, who gives her horses better names than those raced by other members of her family, ran one-two with Sugar Plum Time and Ten Cents a Dance in the Firenze Handicap, for fillies and mares, which topped the Thanksgiving Day handicap. Sugar Plum Time led from start to finish of the mile and a furlong, but Ten Cents

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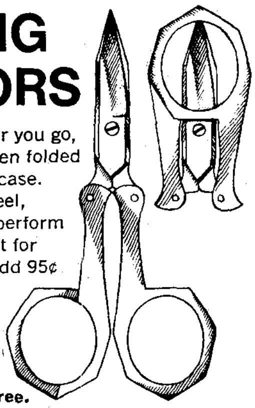

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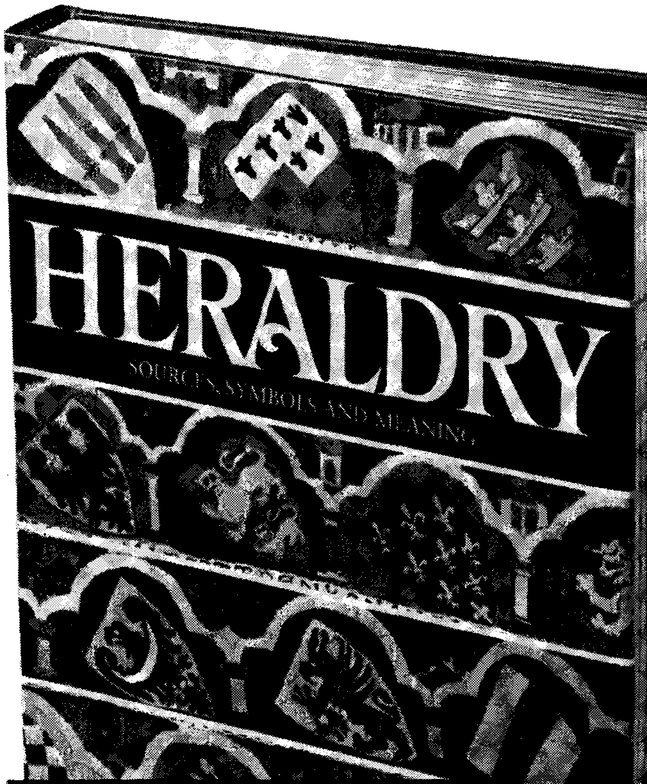

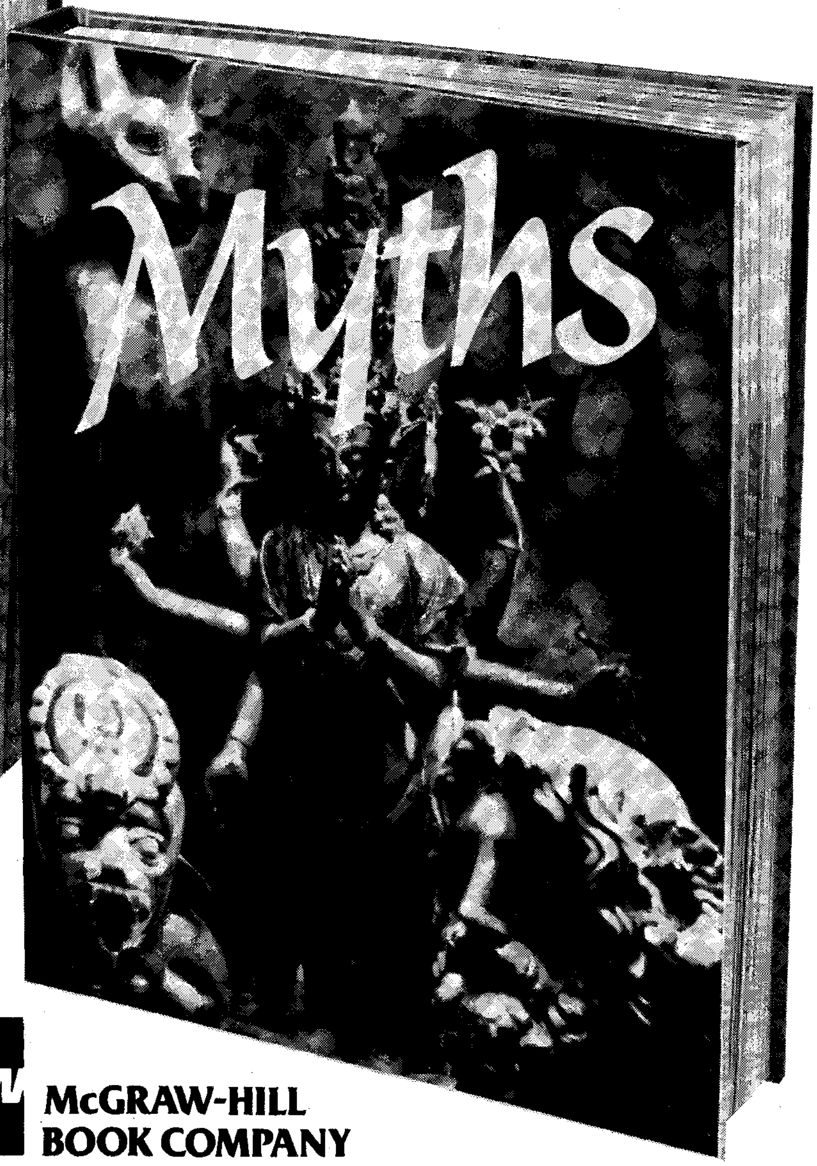

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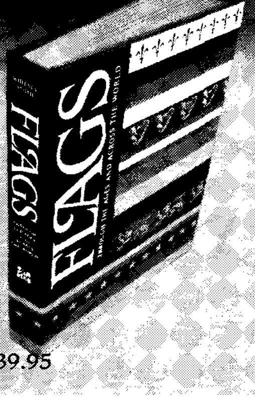

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a Dance stumbled coming out of the gate and was all out to beat Quacker by a neck for the place. The Phipps entry paid $3.20 to win, $3.40 to place, which sometimes happens when an entry runs one-two.

The finish of the Demoiselle Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, the previous Saturday could not have been closer, short of a dead heat. Bring Out the Band, unbeaten in her four starts, won by a nose, with Our Mims, Road Princess, and Northernette behind.

THERE was a story current in the early twenties which Sam Riddle delighted to laugh off: that a Texas cattleman had twice offered him a million dollars for Man o' War. A decade later, it was said—and it was probably true—that at Belmont Park one afternoon Chaffee Earl, a young Texas horseman from California, had asked H. P. Whitney to put a price on his Whichone, and that Mr. Whitney had replied, "A million dollars, and he's not for sale." (At the time, Earl owned a colt named Jim Dandy, who months later beat Whichone and Gallant Fox at a hundred to one in the Travers Stakes.) Well, on November 16th at the dispersal of John M. Olin's breeding stock at the Keeneland sale, Franklin Groves, the head of a heavy-construction firm in Minneapolis, gave a million dollars—the highest price ever paid for a broodmare—for Queen Sucree, the dam of the 1974 Kentucky Derby winner, Cannonade. It had been expected that the ten-year-old mare by Ribot out of Cosmah would bring a fancy dollar, for in addition to being the mother of Mr. Olin's Derby winner she was carrying another foal by Bold Bidder, the sire of Cannonade. (Later in the sale, a weanling full sister of the unborn foal brought $250,000.) Bidding on Queen Sucree started at $400,000, and I'm sure there were gasps and murmurs from the crowd in the pavilion as it rocketed. Right from the start, Mrs. Ann Trimble, of Ponjola Farm, acting for Mr. Groves, outbid John R. Gaines, of Gainesway Farm, who bred the mare. Queen Sucree will winter at Mrs. Trimble's farm near Lexington and will be bred to Wajima in the spring. Altogether, Mrs. Trimble bought nine horses and a share in the Northern Dancer syndicate for Mr. Groves. The tab was $2,053,500. A year and a half ago, Mr. and Mrs. Groves went to the summer yearling sale at Keeneland and, falling under the spell of horse auctions, paid $715,000—tops before the coming of the Secretariats—for a

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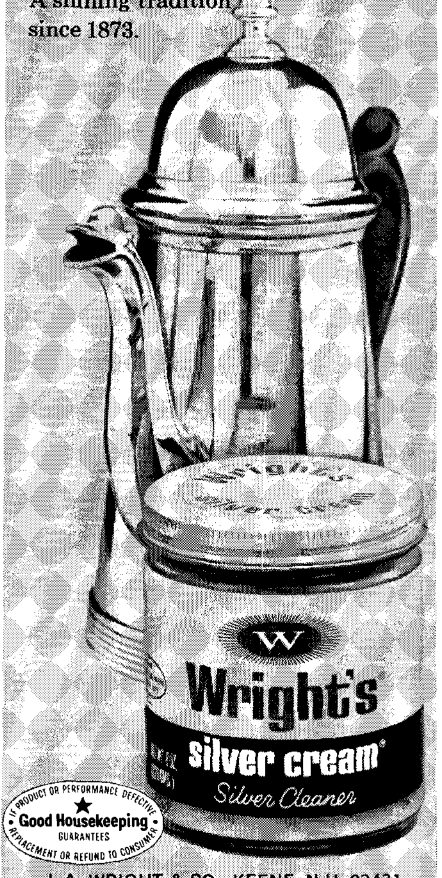
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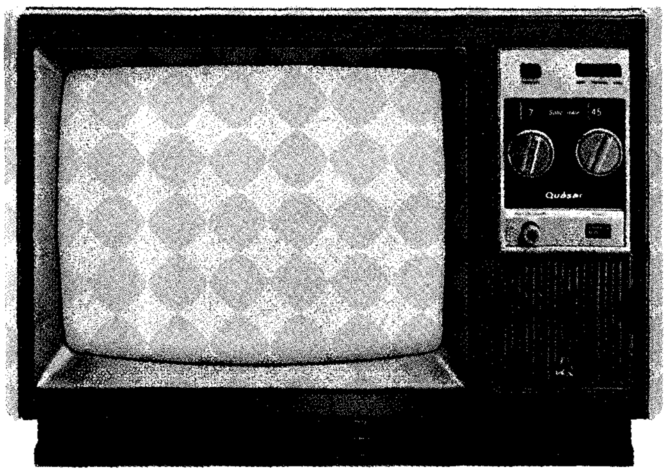

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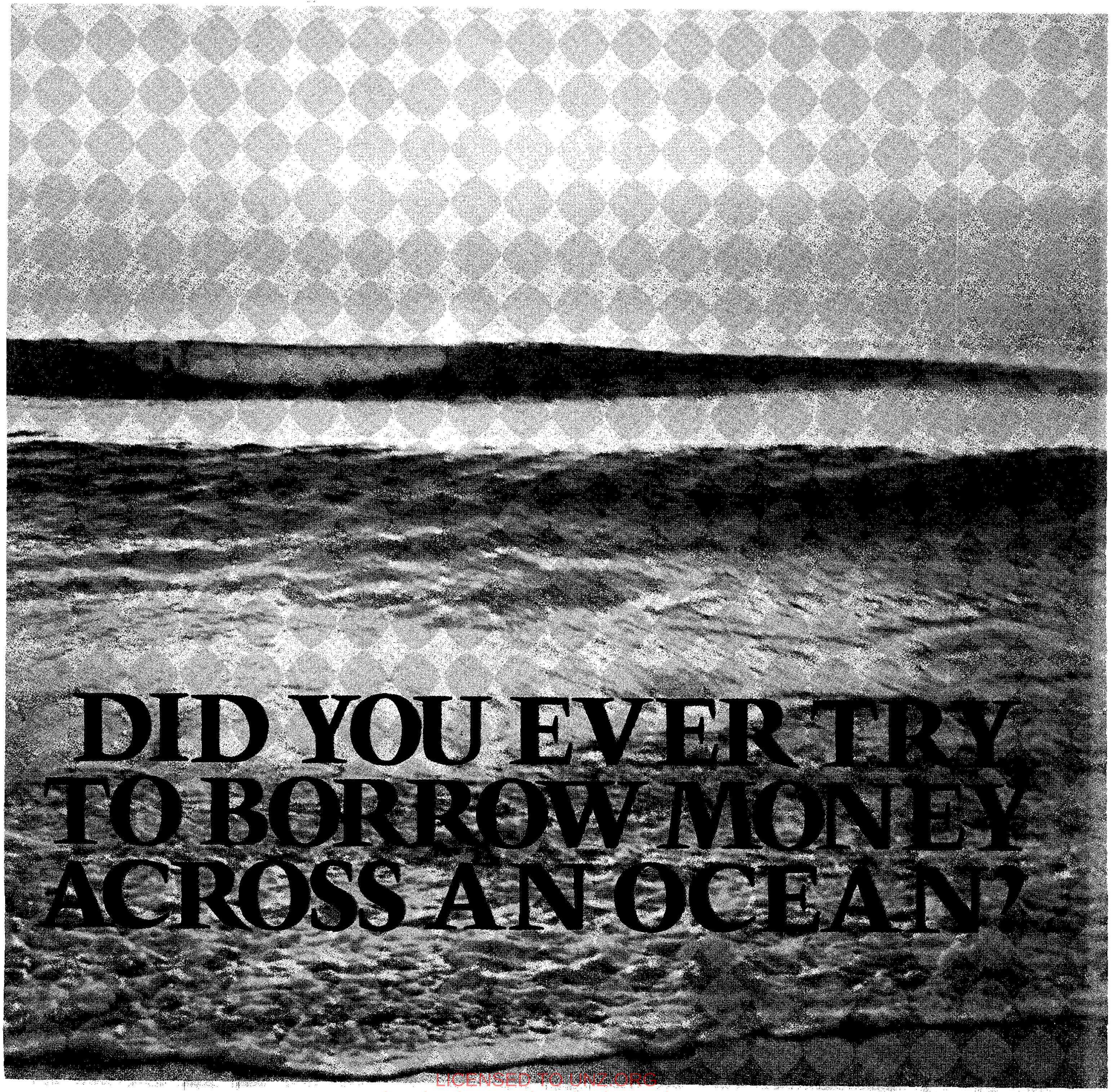

colt by Raise a Native bred by Leslie Combs II. They called him Elegant Prince. He has never raced, but they have turned him over to Charlie Whittingham at San Luis Rey Downs and are hoping for the best. Mr. Olin, an industrialist friend of John Hanes, the N.Y.R.A.'s former gray eminence, came into racing about fifteen years ago and has been successful to the end. Since his retirement, the sale of his horses in training at Saratoga last August and his breeding stock in Kentucky has brought him $4,645,000. The Keeneland sale was one for the book. In the course of the five days it lasted, 1,322 head went under the hammer for $25,886,800. Among the record prices was $370,000 for a weanling—by Secretariat, of course—consigned by Ponjola Farm. He is going to France.

Thar's gold in them thar horses.

—Audax Minor

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From Weekly Government Abstracts of the National Technical Information Service, Department of Commerce*]

A Forecast of Technology for the Scientific and Technical Information Communities, Volumes I thru IV.

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•

Great Falls, Mont. (AP)—Is it Big Foot or imagination?

The Cascade County sheriff's office says it is taking seriously the reported sightings of large, hairy creatures in the Great Falls area.

Sheriff Keith Wolverton said a woman reported seeing a creature seven or eight feet tall, broad-shouldered and covered with dark hair along Hwy. I-15 Wednesday morning.

Wolverton said sightings near Rainbow Dam were reported July 21 by four Great Falls men.

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THE AIR

What We Do in the Dark

I THOUGHT that the most interesting thing about the new movie "Network" was the response of the audience I watched it with—an ordinary New York movie audience, whatever that may mean. The movie itself, as has been described elsewhere, was ambiguously a satire or melodrama about the television industry, and especially about network news operations and their supposedly manic concern for ratings and show-business values. As entertainment, it's probably fair to say that "Network" is lively, slick, and highly professional, and combines the attention to background detail and the avoidance of interior complexity which more or less define the show-business ethos it was attempting to criticize. As satire or as serious comment, the movie seemed oddly pious and heavy-handed. In other words, it was another typically overmounted, modishly topical, overobvious popular entertainment—good for a few laughs, and something to do after dinner.

But the audience around me in the theatre clearly felt something different. I wouldn't go so far as to say that it loved the movie, for there wasn't much love in evidence that evening, either on the screen or inside the theatre. In fact, in the fashion of much modern satire, the movie purported to hate television while at the same time being inextricably dependent upon both its values and its overwhelming presence. Members of the audience apparently shared this ambivalent and fashionable love-hatred, but it seemed to me that they also went far beyond it, expressing reactions to the generally routine developments that were taking place onscreen as if something profound and intimate were being touched on. Rarely in a movie theatre have I heard such continual eruptions of discordant laughter: angry laughter, nervous laughter, laughter in the wrong places. At one point, when the supposedly tragic figure of the broken-down, half-mad anchorman (played by Peter Finch, in a variety of Anglo-American accents) collapsed on the set, either dead or in a faint, the audience roared—or raged—with laughter, as if its sensibilities were already so on edge that no other civilized response was possible. Another time, when the much-troubled anchorman (perhaps as a result of reading "Miss Lonelyhearts" during commercial breaks) declared ponderously and on camera that the news he had been announcing was only "bullshit," I heard people around me yelling back "Right on!" and "You tell 'em!" In short, the audience seemed to be wholly and deeply involved with the movie, but on a level that seemed far beyond the more routine reactions of, say, cheering the crazy but pure hero and hissing the wicked network executives—parables that have been conventional entertainment staples since the end of the Second World War, with a long parade of gray-flannel-suit heroes struggling to affirm their integrity against the evil pressures of the advertising or movie business, or just big business, or even, more recently, espionage establishments. The melodramatic moral conflicts in "Network" were scarcely different from those that have been exploited for decades in popular novels and films, to the point of banality. What, then, accounted for the strange texture of this audience's involvement? Why, for instance, did a woman near me, whose face I had periodically glimpsed during the movie as she leaned forward in her seat, with her eyes unusually intent upon the screen and her mouth almost fiercely grinning—why did she remark to her husband or companion afterward, putting on her coat in the relighted theatre, that she had been "bored"?

I have no specific or original answer to this question, but I suspect that, as with a number of other seemingly unrelated matters in our world, a lot of it has to do with sexuality—in this case, the sexuality of watching television. For what "Network" is, more than anything else—certainly more than any overworked, pious fable of integrity in corporate broadcasting—is a story about watching television. This is an act that is performed every day, just about everywhere in the country—but what is it? We say that we are a *nation* of television-watchers; sometimes we say this defiantly, other times guiltily, depending on differences in class and culture. On the other hand, it is an act each of us engages in largely by himself. It is an act that few of us can refrain from naturally, except perhaps through

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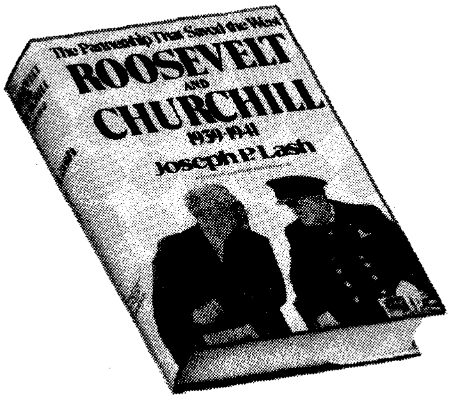
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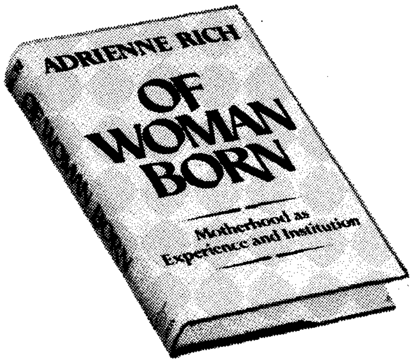
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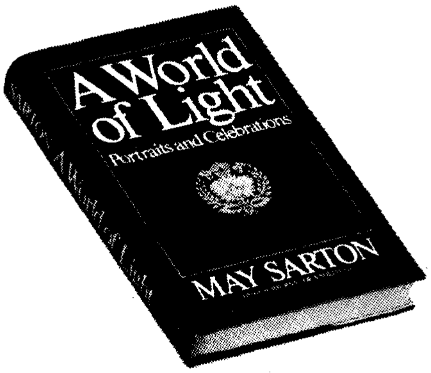
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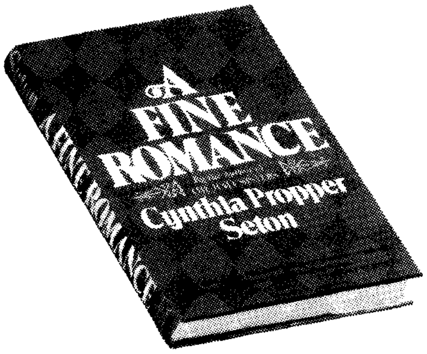
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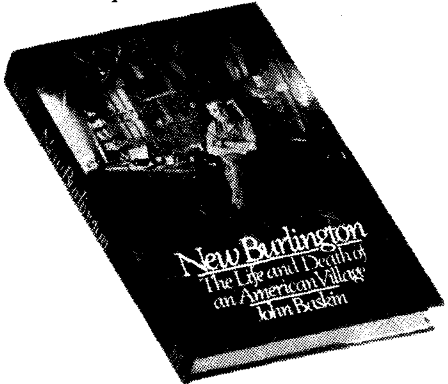
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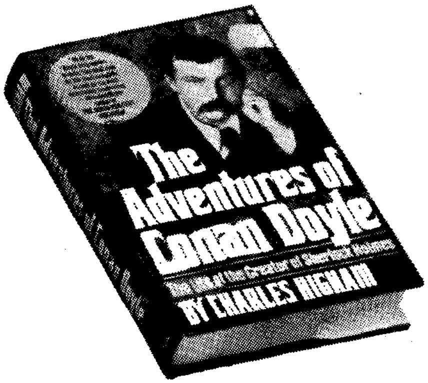
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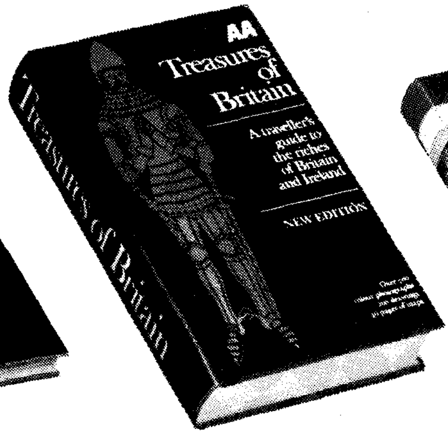
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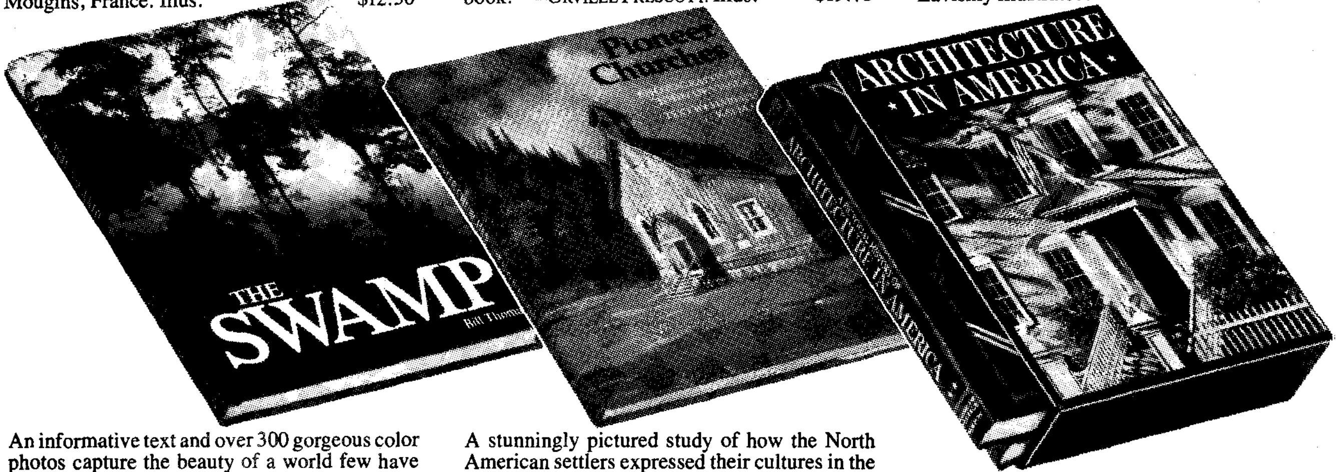
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outright asceticism—by throwing out the television set. It is an act that may cause vague harm, or that some remote authorities have suggested may cause vague harm; but it *appears* to cause no harm. We do it. Often, we set up a special, private room at home to do it in. Above all, it is a private act, even though other people may be in the house, or may even be similarly engaged. It is an act that we perform with ourselves and with images, and that we persistently try to objectify with other terms; for instance, we say that we "need entertainment," or we find it useful to be "informed." It seems more than an interesting coincidence that the growth of television-watching in this country has paralleled a similar rise in the acceptance, or appeal, of masturbation, not merely as a conventional but (or so it would seem) as a majority form of sexual expression.

As often happens, I tend to notice fewer of these parallels in myself and more of them in other people. The other day, however, my wife apparently caught a surprising expression on my face when I stuck my head in the kitchen and spied the sprawled, glazed-eyed figure of a child watching the set in our kitchen TV alcove. "You looked as if you'd caught him—well, caught him doing something disgusting," she said later. I imagine there is something to what she said, though what it really means I'm not so sure. At any rate, I've known for years that my periodic, boring parental mutterings about children watching television—about their not doing homework, or watching junky shows, or not saying hello (or, perhaps, "All hail, wise patriarch!") when they are spoken to—have been at best only partly justified and only incidentally related to my actual complaint. In other words, I suppose one could dissemble or diffuse that small kitchen incident into a joke, and say that I find TV-watching disgusting, or that I find "Welcome Back, Kotter" disgusting, or that I wish the kid were reading "Principia Mathematica" instead. But none of that is true. What's true, I think, and what provoked that look on my face, is that television-watching has powerful sexual connotations, and that, for the time being, these connotations are largely masturbatory. Make of it what you will.

Admittedly, television is not our only sexual artifact. Indeed, for the first half of this century it was the automobile that reigned supreme. Each fall, the "new season" was a pageant of cars, not television shows—cars, with their

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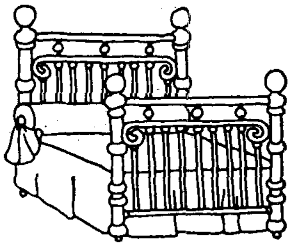

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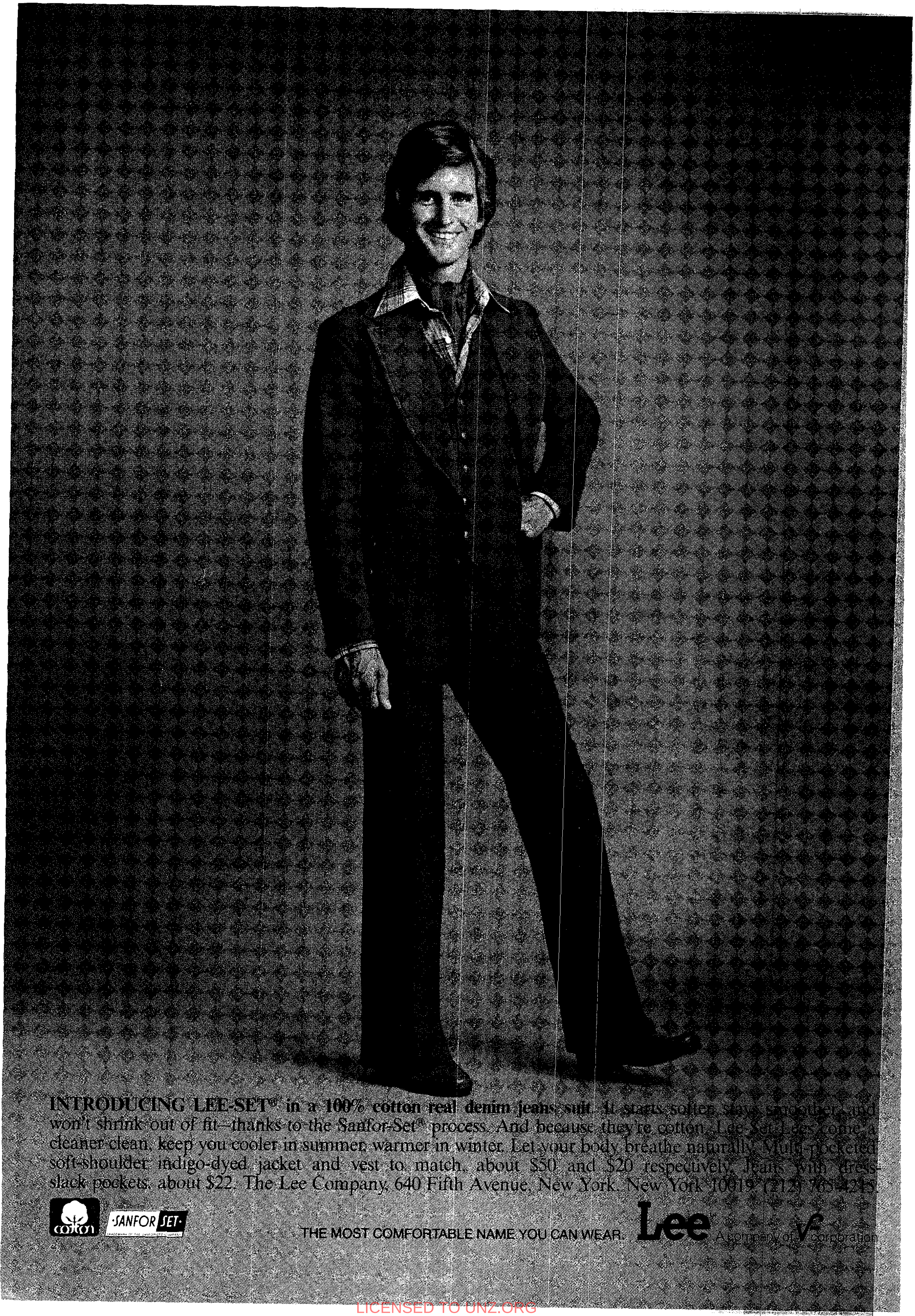

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Increasingly, of course, we talk about what goes on in this darkness of our TV rooms and alcoves, or try to talk about it. We can't not talk about it, can't stay away. At the same time, we shy off like anything from what "it" really is or might be. Might "it" be something other than what we think of Howard Cosell, or what we've heard about the new man on the "Today" show, or Mary Tyler Moore's new contract? The subject of "Network" was this anchorman, you see, who worked for this network that cared more about money than truth, you see, and there was this hardboiled girl and . . . What it was really about was what we do in these half-lit rooms of ours, on our own, our bodies sprawled before the set, our thoughts neither communicative nor far away—engaged in this activity that makes us alter-

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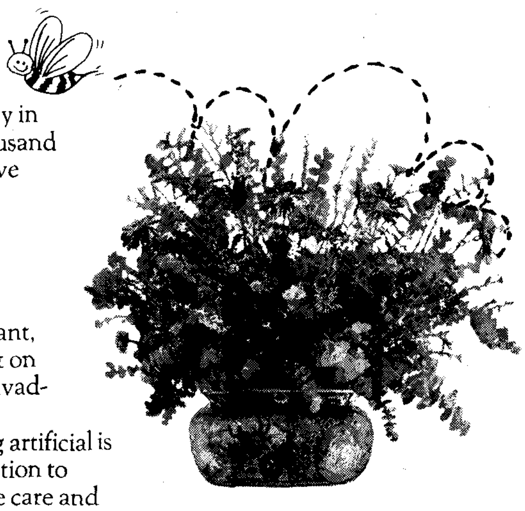

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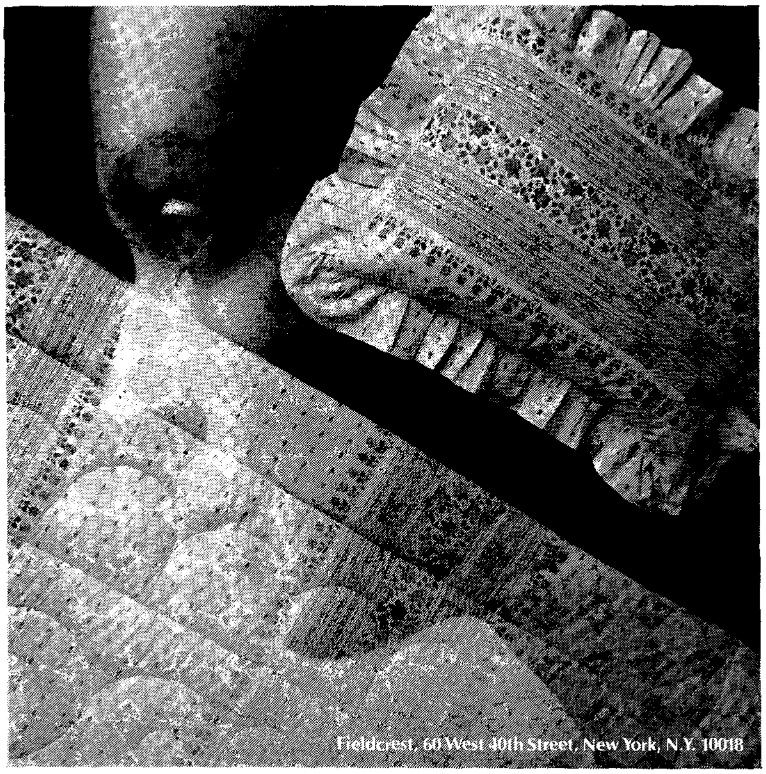

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nately defiant or guilty or split-off or dissatisfied or, of course, "bored."

•

A FEW weeks ago, I wrote briefly in these columns about a new public-television series of original teleplays whose overall title was "Visions" and which was then beginning its first year's run of thirteen dramas on public-television stations around the country. I remember finding the first two shows generally well done, one better than the other but both of them seriously intended, capable, and worth the audience's attention. My point was that "Visions" intended to produce serious, original television work, of a type long neglected or virtually nonexistent, from a cadre of original, serious teleplay writers which would need to be formed for the purpose, and that this new enterprise needed a patient, understanding response from the audience, and needed not to be judged quickly or harshly by prevalent show-business standards. In fact, I thought the danger might be that the producers of "Visions" would themselves succumb, out of uncertainty, to show-business values—such as had hovered around the second production, "The War Widow," which struck me at the time as rather too slick and too slight a story of a budding lesbian relationship which had been distantly placed at the time of the First World War.

Fortunately, as the year's repertoire has progressed, the dramas on "Visions" have maintained consistently high standards. For example, the last production I saw, "Liza's Pioneer Diary," was both unslick and well realized, an affecting and notably individual portrait of a young woman crossing the country in a wagon train in the middle of the last century. Generally, the cultural pretensions of "Visions" have been at a minimum, and its ambitions seem to have held steady in the right direction; that is, toward the nurturing of original, honest, interesting dramatic work based on character. It has been a credit to its creators—especially to Barbara Schultz, the remarkably able and responsive woman who has been the program's artistic director and creative force. It has been a credit to public television. Indeed, one might say that, halfway through its first year, "Visions" is already the most interesting and original regular American dramatic program that can be found anywhere on American television.

Alas, the danger to "Visions" appears to have been lurking in another part of the forest. It now looks as if,

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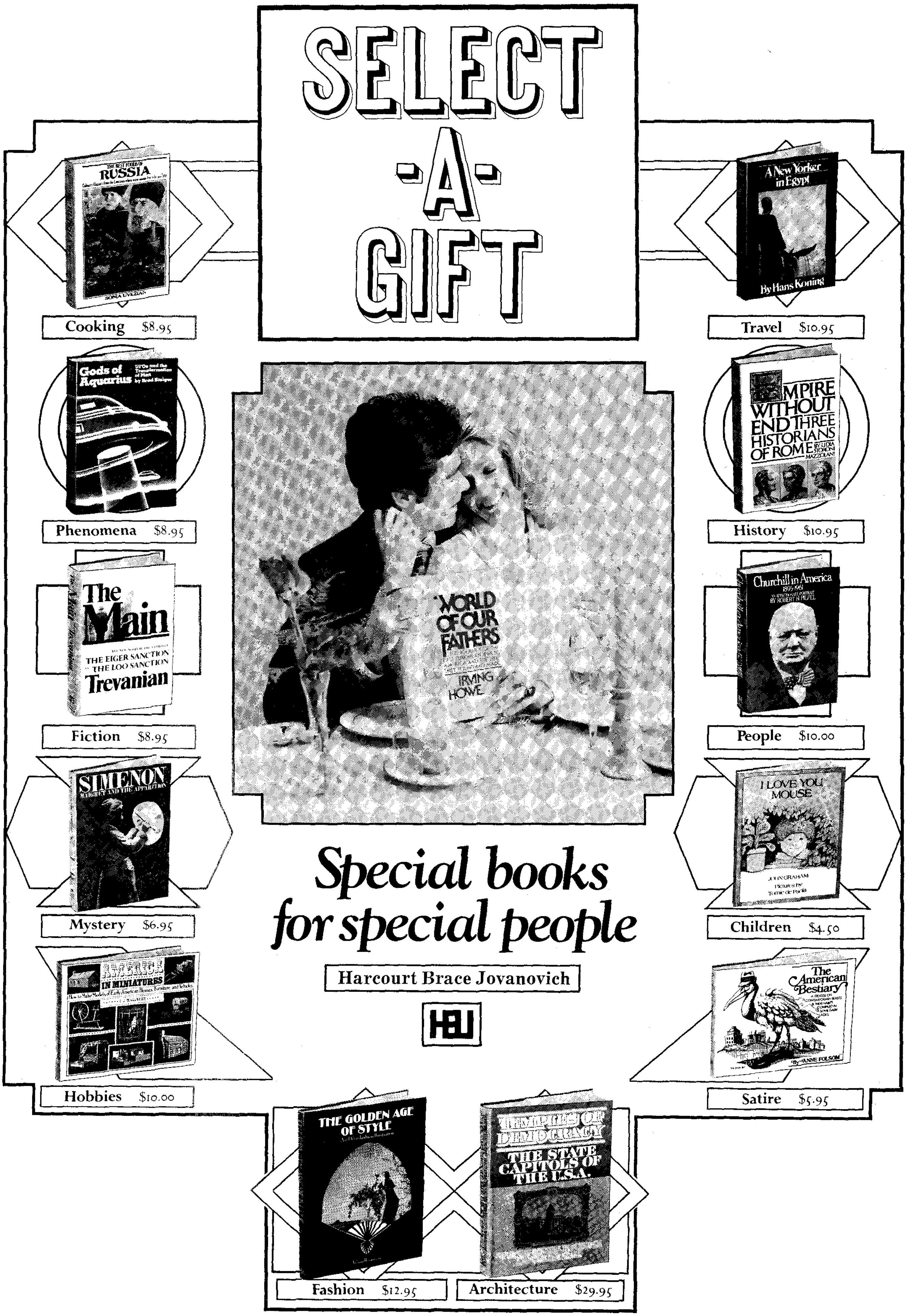
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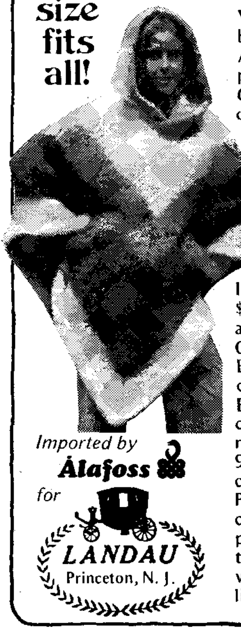

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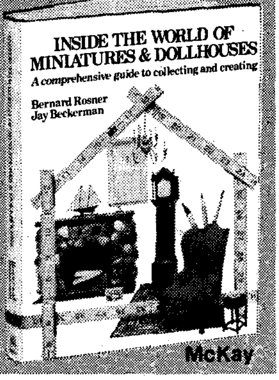

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with the rest of this year's thirteen-show season, and next year's season, the third year's installment might never materialize and the program may be cancelled as a result of funds being refused by no less a patron of the arts than the Corporation for Public Broadcasting itself. Originally, "Visions" was conceived of as a three-year funded enterprise, the idea being that after that period the program should be sufficiently on its own to attract grants from corporations. The cost for three years of "Visions" was set at around ten million dollars—a not exorbitant figure. The productions cost around two hundred thousand dollars apiece; the original teleplays are bought for around ten thousand dollars each. As agreed, the Ford Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts agreed to contribute half of the three-year total, or something over five million dollars, of which four million has been paid in. The other half was to be provided by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and so far it has paid in two million dollars of that amount. But now it appears to be holding back on the remaining, crucial three million dollars, which will result in halting the program after two years.

It is hard to believe some of the reasons that have been advanced, or suggested, to explain the reluctance of CPB to back its own series. For instance, it has been reported in several journals that an executive of CPB in Washington, apparently quoting a CPB board member, derided the tenuous little drama of "The War Widow" as "pornographic." Other reports indicate that CPB officials found the whole series "too ethnic"—a judgment that presumably refers to "El Corrido," a recent pro-labor teleplay about the tribulations of being a wetback, and "Gold Watch," about Japanese-Americans during the Second World War. At the same time, CPB's official statements on the funding situation have been that funds are low and that it hopes that corporations will now step in sooner and supply the missing cash—though it seems clear that CPB executives have made little effort to obtain the backing of these image-concerned corporations. Nor could they be expected to do so while mutterings about pornography and excessive attention to minorities course through their own corridors.

If CPB abandons "Visions" two-thirds of the way across the stream, and for such puerile and dismal reasons, it will be a shocking and gutless decision—or perhaps, in the bureaucratic

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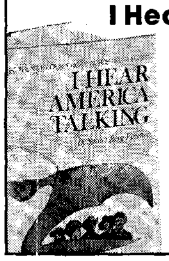

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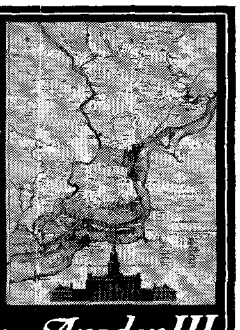

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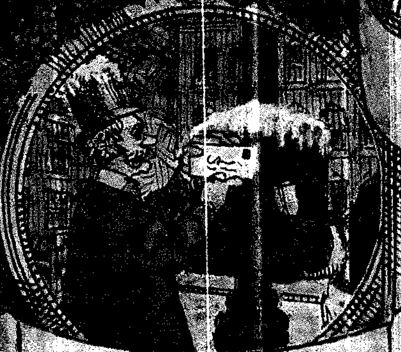

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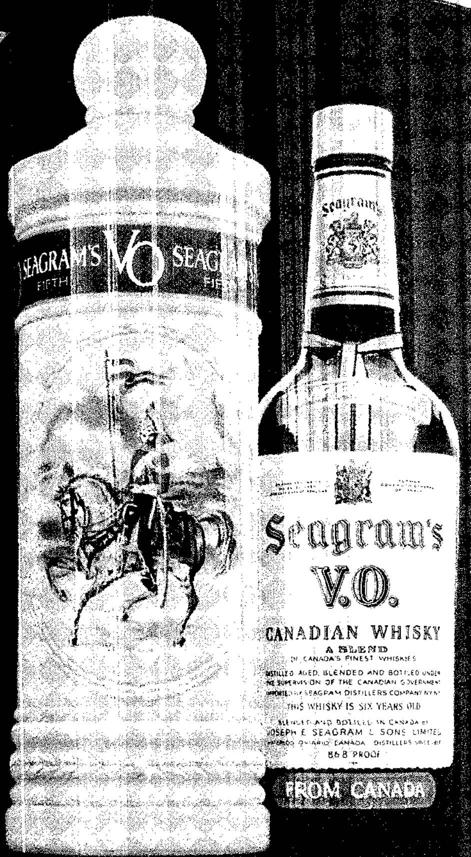
Editor Francis Church's letter in 1897 to 8 year old Virginia became a classic when the New York Sun reprinted it every Christmas for 50 years.



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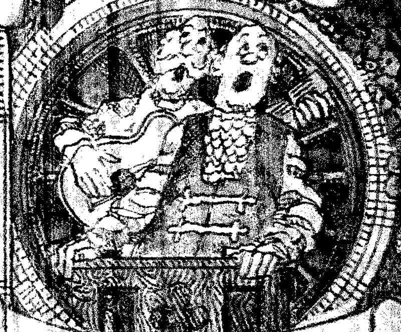
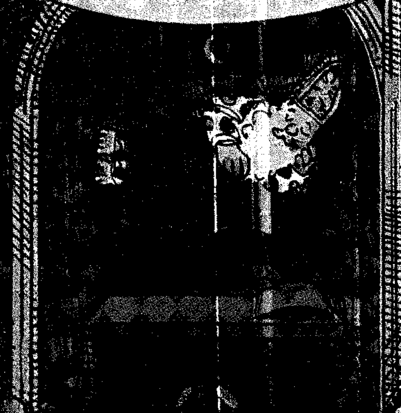
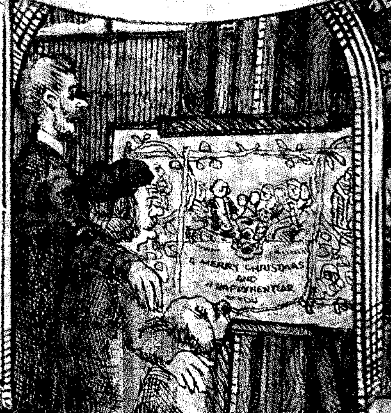


"Silent Night":
Christmas Eve, and the church organ was broken. So Austria's Father Mohr, with guitarist Franz Gruber, wrote "Silent Night" for Midnight Mass.



St. Nick's Day, Dec. 6th:
Bishop Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, and later sainted for working miracles. His day was blended with Christmas and the myth of Santa Claus.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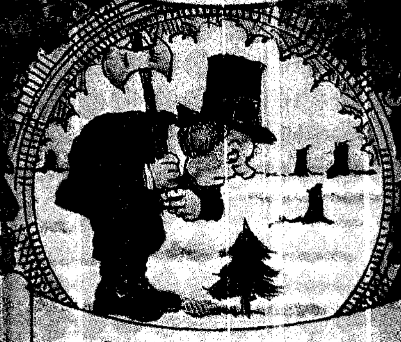

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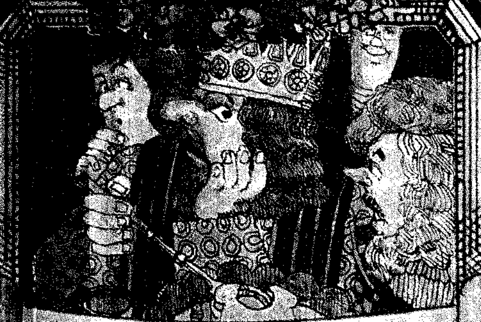
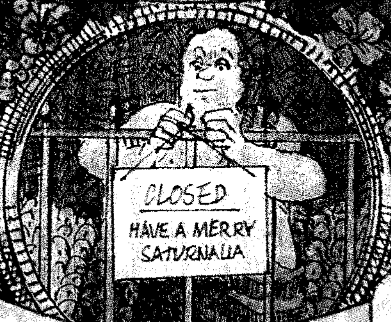


Pass the Toast, Please:
The Wassail Bowl was a traditional Christmas drink served in medieval England. Floating in it were pieces of toast. Hence, "toasting," a formal affirmation of friendship. In the same way today, we affirm friendships by taking up a glass.



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manner, non-decision. As has been said before, it is not the point of public television to achieve ratings. It is not the point of public television to make board members or their wives feel pure or righteous. It is not the point of public television to rebroadcast on the cheap the national dramas of another nation, and feel thereby that the American public has been given the best value for its money—high-quality goods. As for pornography and too much ethnicity (whatever that means), there is an ample supply of far harsher variants on the pious, soap-selling commercial channels, so that audiences will not look to public television for either. Besides, none of the public-television stations have yet declined any of the "Visions" programs.

As things stand, the "Visions" staff out in Los Angeles is not so much demoralized as disbanding. Barbara Schultz has two more shows to tape for next year—already funded largely by Ford and the National Endowment—but after that she will have to make other plans. Many of the young people she has helped train in the crafts of writing and producing serious work for television have received offers from commercial television. Harvey Perr, the author of "The War Widow," is "in discussion" with Norman Lear. One hopes that CPB will yet come to its senses and be a bit more serious about its real responsibilities to the public, but the record of public-television bureaucracies has not been inspiring in this regard. Ironically, "Visions" has been neither élitist nor painfully amateur nor suffused with show business. By and large, it has been an honest and skillful attempt to foster original television drama in a nation in which virtually none exists; and it is too bad, to say the least, that we cannot have had the drama first and worried afterward about who felt comfortable with it.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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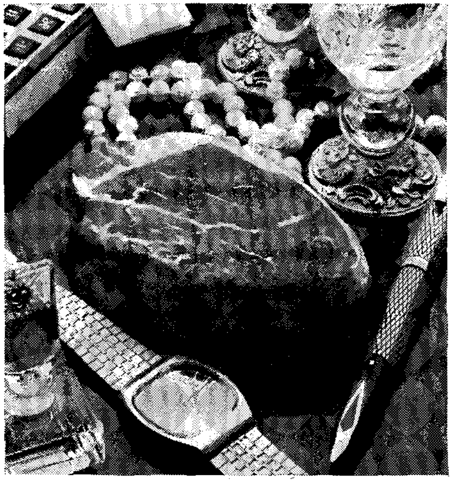

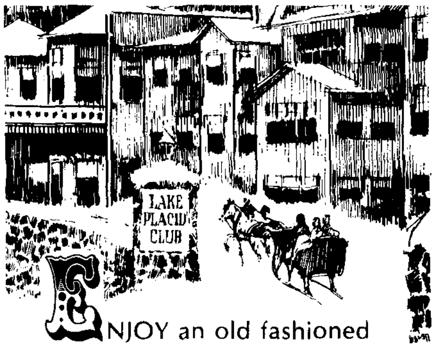

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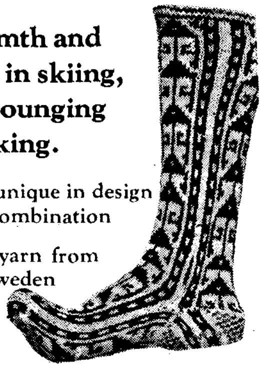
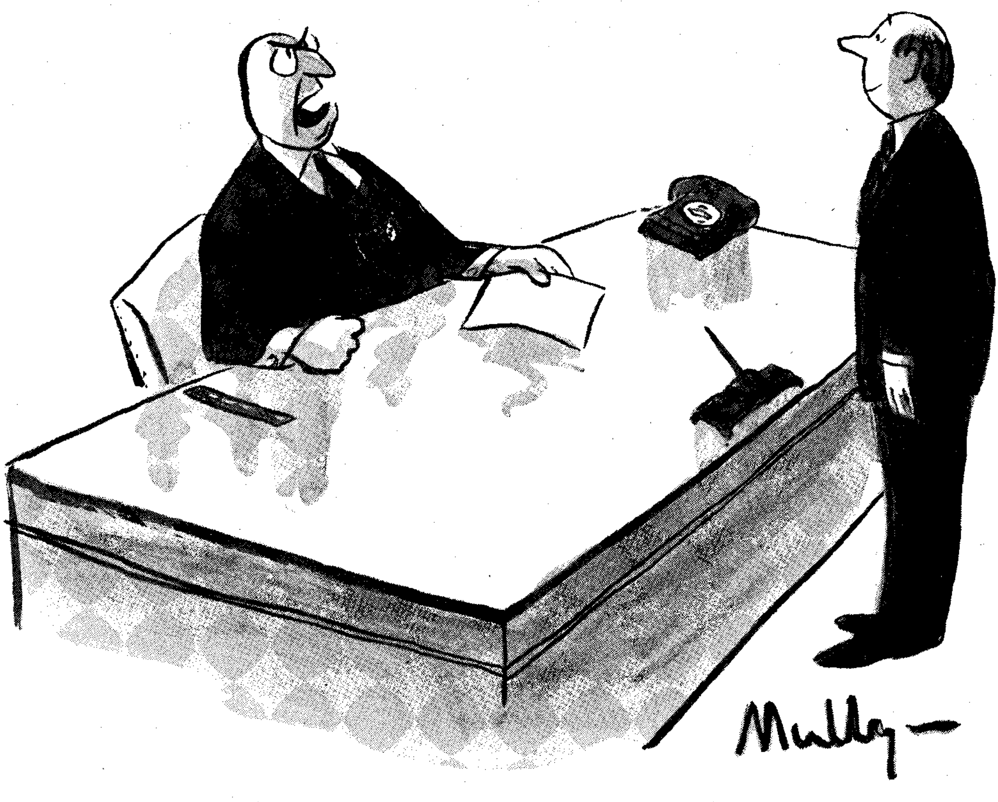


BOOKS

Back from the Farthest Rim

Richard P. Brickner's eccentric and pleasurable memoir "My Second Twenty Years: An Unexpected Life" (Basic Books) is an unusually novelistic account of the painstaking cultivation of a life that seemed doomed, or at the very least caged, by physical incapacity. The word "unexpected" in the subtitle is typical of the peculiar combination of understatement and bravura that characterizes Mr. Brickner's writing, and might suggest that he is a C.I.A. operative turned goatherd or a rags-to-riches oil tycoon, but he is not: he is a New York literary critic, novelist, and teacher who suffered a near-fatal accident in the early fifties and has had to get about in a wheelchair ever since. Brickner was barely twenty when he overturned a friend's red M.G. in a ditch in Vermont and broke his neck. (The friend escaped unharmed.) The thoroughly modern child of two successful Jewish psychiatrists, and enough of a believer in Freud to entertain the possibility that he might somehow have "willed" the accident (his father had warned him that he was becoming an incurable showoff and that he endangered himself by always straining for people's attention), Brickner describes his luxuriously callow pre-accident self with rueful mockery. "At thirteen, I came home from school one day and informed my mother that our class had been told we were entering the rebellious stage. 'No hard feelings,' I said, and shook her hand. This apology in advance was the end of my adolescent rebellion." A graduate of the Fieldston School (a font of Ethical Culture do-goodery) and a devotee of Saturday-afternoon concerts and marathon necking sessions in Central Park, he all but vibrated, he tells us, with Ethical Culture idealism. As an ethically culturized "little man," he had been instilled with Felix Adler's (the Society's founder) precepts of generosity, duty, and self-sacrifice, and his adolescent translation of the Society's "religion of duty" and lofty moral language, he says, "couldn't have been more clear-cut: penis is pistol. I was not to fire my gun." He wrote poetry, loved to act in school plays, and was "immersed in virtue, and doubled-over with desire." A bright, promising boy, and someone who felt quite safe from danger; the sort of pale, tousle-haired boy one sees on packed city buses, wrapped in soft woollens and trading arcane, funny jokes with his friends across the heads of poker-faced passengers. At Middlebury College, despite ample help from his parents, Brickner holed up with a friend in a filthy off-campus apartment; he wore a dreary, dark suit several sizes too large, to make himself look older, and savored a thorny romance with a sullen girl because of its "differentness." Though he had always excelled at sports, he'd renounced them, showily, at sixteen, when he decided to become a "boulevardier." The portrait is enough to wring tears from a rock. But this memoir, unlike most miraculous-recovery stories, aims neither for tears nor for applause. From the moment the Vermont doctors found that Brickner "had one touch of sensation, at the penis, indicating that my spinal cord was not severed, which meant the chance for some recovery," his greatest struggle was not in regaining control over his body (difficult as that was) but in convincing the world that he was not simply an object of pity, not a *thing*. To pass directly from the damp confusions of adolescence to near-death was frightening enough, but to abruptly cease being regarded as the talented, proud, funny, skeptical young man he was and be seen only as a cripple, who is always judged "in terms of incapacity," was a threat to the manhood he had not yet even come close to achieving.

To show the reader what this transformation, or erasure, felt like, Brickner has written an insistently—even at times oddly—personal book, but one that provides a rare demonstration (comparable in its plainness and moral intensity with Simone Weil's essay on war "The Iliad, or The Poem of Force") of how easily the physically vulnerable are dehumanized. As he lay in his criblike hospital bed after the accident and looked up at visitors, he observed expressions of pity and fear, but he also noticed people talking about him as if he weren't there, as if he had become a big baby. He recalls his relatives "gazing at the new-born child" and the humiliation of having an orderly rip the sheet off him in the middle of a high colonic enema just when an old high-school friend was paying him a visit. Though, like a child, he needed to be fed, washed, and dressed by others, his descriptions of this period exude a shamefaced adolescent embarrassment. His determination to overcome his helplessness seems to have been kindled, in fact, when he was sent home to his parents' house in Westchester to recover. Rebelliousness at becoming his parents' child again and embarrassment at accepting the well-intentioned ministrations of his seventy-seven-year-old grandmother seem



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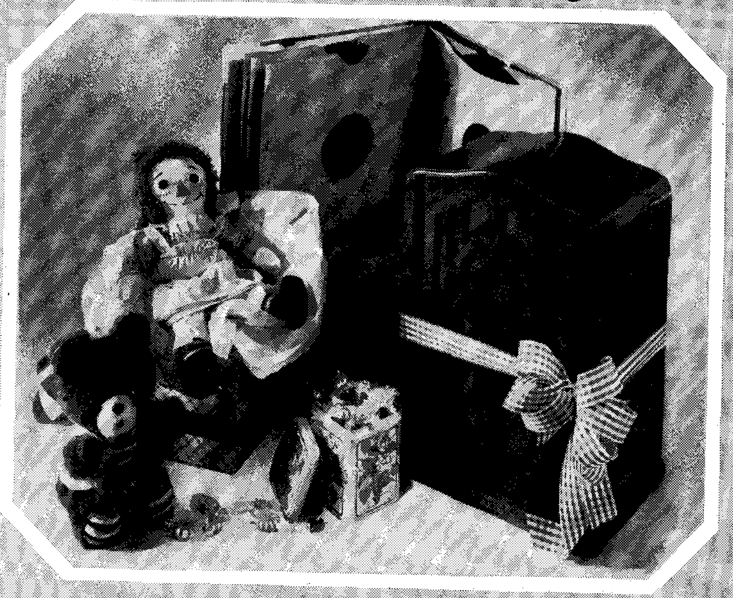

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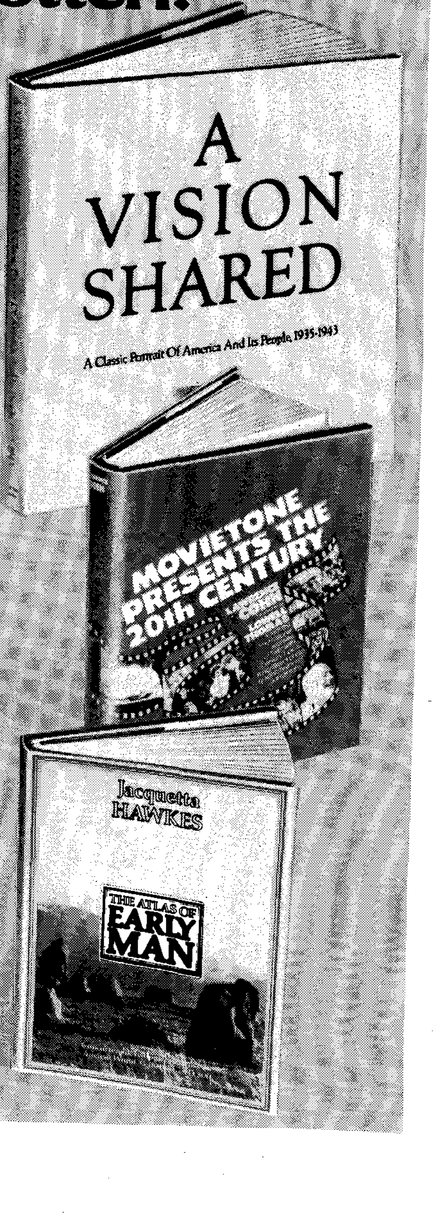
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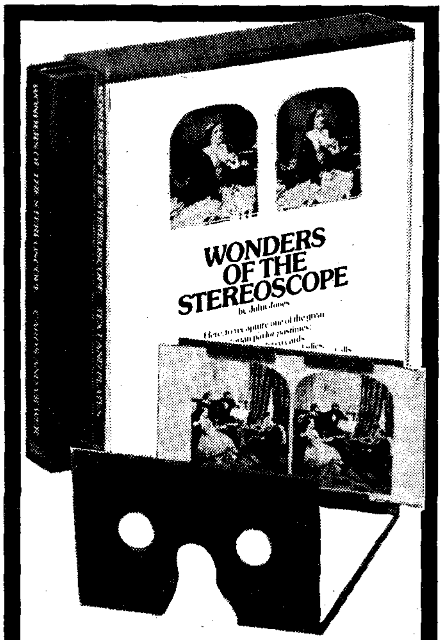

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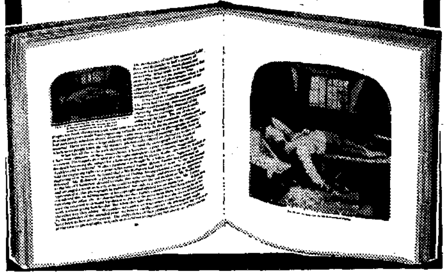

equally to have spurred him toward recovery and independence.

Even after he had learned to use a wheelchair and had mastered eating, dressing, and writing, there were, of course, still places he could not venture (any place with stairs) and spaces that were impossible to traverse. Even today, each time he miscalculates the angle between his wheelchair and another perching place, he tells us, he has to summon the police to rescue him. He managed to graduate from Columbia, but not without having to spend hours waiting patiently in the college's subterranean corridors for help when he couldn't push his way up a steep steel ramp. And here he is, some years ago (he was working for a publisher at the time), after a depressing six-week search for an accessible apartment, trying to see if he could vault his way across an unpromisingly narrow bathroom. While the super looked impassively on, he tried "a headlong improvisation. I locked the chair in the bathroom's doorway and stood up. I grabbed the towel rack I saw at my right and the steam pipe to my left. . . . I let go of the towel rack and reached for the edge of the sink with my right hand. I grasped the sink's edge, and, letting go of the steam pipe, pivoted and sat down on the toilet." The book abounds with such deadpan descriptions of physically harrowing moments, which Brickner never fails to make slightly comic. One of the most memorable (and one that he describes in an equally matter-of-fact manner) occurs when he is finally able to fully enjoy sex, after nine years of busy amorous exploration. Except for this happy occasion, however, his encounters with women are the least appealing aspect of the book. Dozens of women are mentioned, but they are all strangely blurry. Even when he is describing them in intimate sexual scenes, it is the sex that he concentrates on. He is unusually good at writing about sex, but his candidness somehow conceals more than it reveals. His lists of girlfriends are just that—lists—and they sound like Don Giovanni's "Mille e tre" without the Mozart. (A similar lack of concreteness about the lives of supporting players marred his otherwise interesting novels "The Broken Year" and "Bringing Down the House.")

Most of the time, the stage is filled to overflowing with Brickner himself, and is enlivened by his sharp, sensitive characterizations of friends and enemies: the head of the college art department who, upon seeing him lying on an examination table, remarked that the color of his blood matched the sunset,

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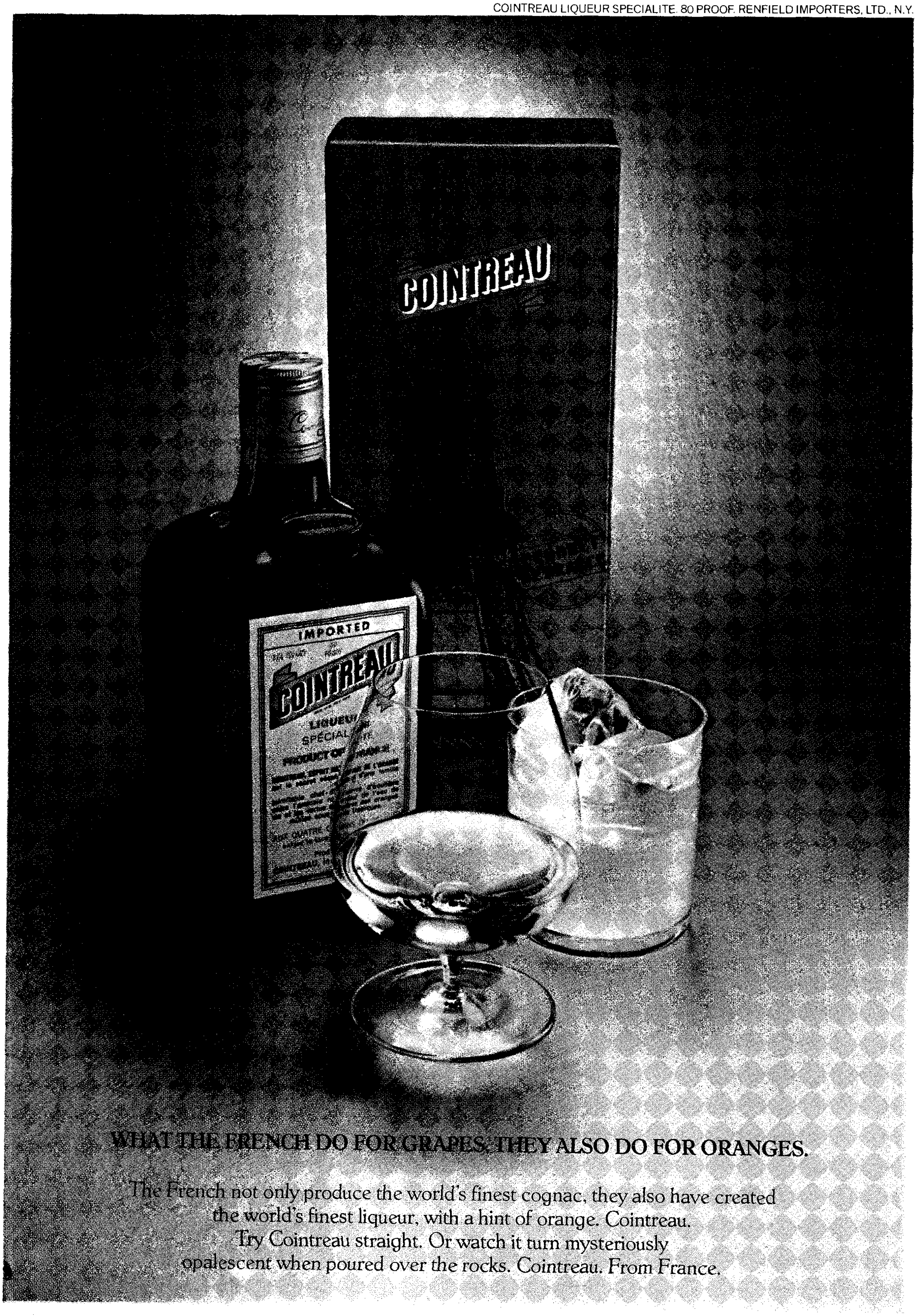
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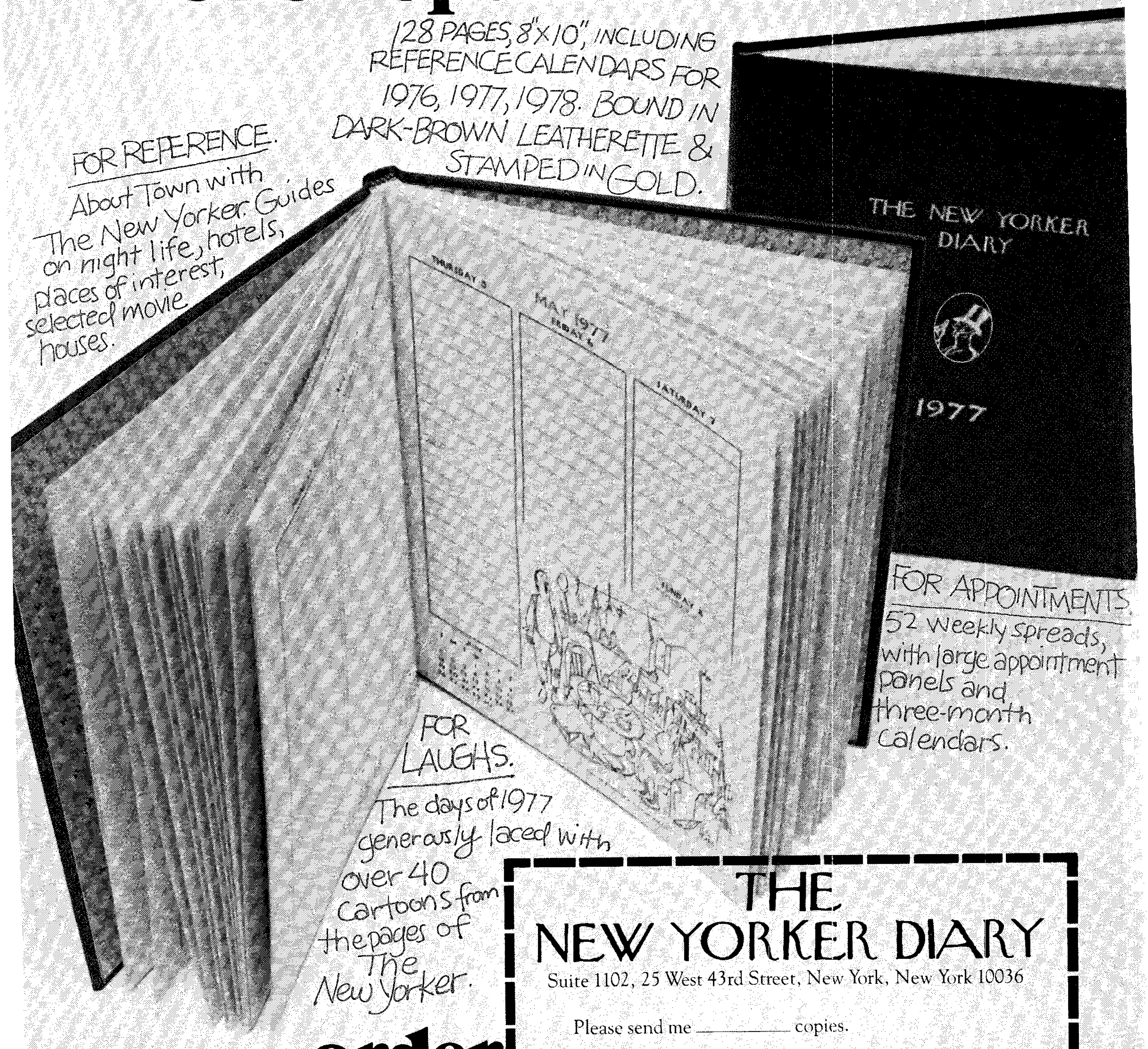

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the waitress at a favorite restaurant who keeps urging him to join a Long Island wheelchair baseball team, his complexly loved and feared larger-than-life father, his endlessly tactful mother, and the scores of strangers who descend upon him and his wheelchair like storms, threatening him with great gusts of "soulfulness, jargon, gushiness, glibness, lip-service, scene-stealing, personal melodrama"—all those who meet him with their heads "tipped at the slant people use for appreciating babies." Although his physical vulnerability makes him unpredictable and at times insolent, Brickner comes across as a man of remarkable cheerfulness, sweetness, and abundant practical intelligence—a narcissist whose narcissism sheds light on whatever affects him, and a thoroughly decent man whom the world is always expecting to be "cripple-bitter." Early in his twenties, after he had recovered from being at the "farthest rim of existence" and had achieved what he considered to be "level ground" at last as a fully matriculated college student, a girlfriend shocked him by saying (in terms that revealed he was expected to commiserate) that her parents considered him a threat to her future. The message gave him his first sense of "others' weakness being stronger than my strength;" of the possibility that he might always be burdened with "a record, a tainted history," simply because he was an affront to people's ideas of normality. Curiously, while much of this likable book reveals Mr. Brickner to be someone whose extraordinariness has probably saved him from a life of despair, its most moving passages are those in which, with much humor and concrete evidence, he reveals himself to be an ordinary man. —LIS HARRIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GIRL IN WINTER, by Philip Larkin (Overlook). Originally published in 1947, this lyrical little novel by the now fifty-four-year-old English poet still ranks as one of the best embodiments of pre-Second World War manners and turns of speech, and of the particular charms of the English shrubs and mists that grace the landscapes of Turner and Constable. Into a thick pudding of country and town habits Mr. Larkin has placed Katherine Lind, a twenty-two-year-old "foreigner" (the closest he ever gets to saying where she comes from is a vague allusion to the Rhine) who has been forced to wait out the war as a librarian in a dis-

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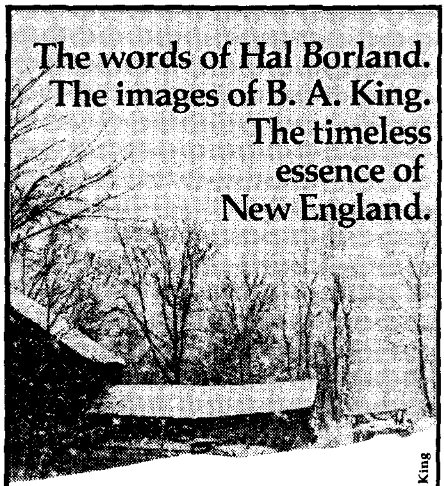

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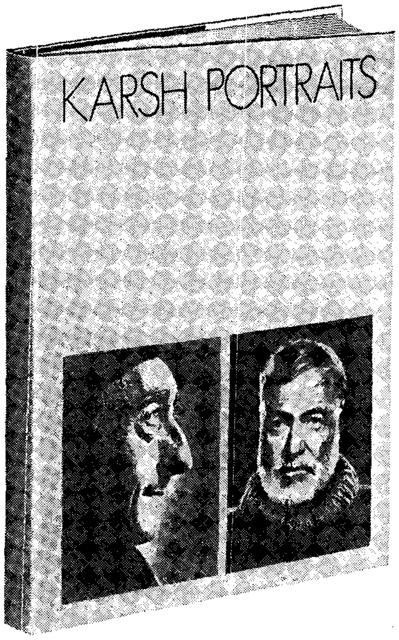
mal (also unnamed) English town. Katherine is miserably lonely but mired in a kind of childish passivity that prevents her from seeking out friends or from trying to combat the petty xenophobia of her fellow-librarians. On an impulse, she writes to a family she had visited when she was sixteen—a visit that grew out of a pen-pal friendship with a young boy. Most of the book is taken up by a flashback to her adolescent impressions of the family and their daily life; a brief (and clumsy) section toward the end describes a sour present-day encounter with the young man she once thought herself in love with. The book's main flaw is that the reader is led to expect an up-to-date account of the family, which never comes (except for some oblique references to Cambridge and how it warped the young man's character). Despite this defect, Mr. Larkin's painterly descriptions of green country lanes, weathered punts, and soft English skies, and his wry ones of such native types as a braying colonial hunter who speaks with "leaden sincerity" and a girlish spinster who looks like "a large tea-rose gone well to seed," more than justify the reissue of this minor classic.

GENERAL

WALLENSTEIN, by Golo Mann, translated from the German by Charles Kessler (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Wallenstein was a grandiose personality (1583-1634) who inspired his contemporaries with dread and admiration, and whose destiny inspired Schiller's dramatic trilogy. His rise from minor Bohemian noble to a prince of the Holy Roman Empire and the outstanding general of the first half of the Thirty Years' War was record-breaking, but as he rose he also became that figure so dreaded by monarchs, the over-mighty subject, and one may regard his assassination at the instigation of his master, the Hapsburg Emperor Ferdinand II, as yet another instance of the ingratitude of kings. Mann's majestic work is crowded with the great. Kepler, for example, was esteemed by Wallenstein and his fellow-grandees as a nonpareil astrologer. Sweden's greatest military hero, King Gustavus Adolphus, fell in battle with Wallenstein. And Cardinal Richelieu—whose efforts to win some benefits for France from Germany's troubles prolonged those troubles—sent his Gray Eminence,



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Father Joseph, to cabal at German courts. Mann (Thomas's son) also goes as far as documents permit (which is pretty far) in describing the effect of this catastrophic struggle—which was fought all over Central Europe and, from time to time, in Holland and Italy—on humble folk, townsmen, peasants, and common soldiers, who suffered while all this history was being made, and all this glory being won, by their betters.

THE AMERICAN SEASONS, by Edwin Way Teale (Dodd, Mead). This large and attractively made book consists of selected chapters (fifty-eight in all) from the four works that have brought Mr. Teale the satisfactions of fame, fortune, and the respect of his peers—"North with the Spring," "Journey Into Summer," "Autumn Across America," and "Wandering Through Winter." It is an endeavor of the sort that is often undertaken and often disastrous, but the result here is total success. The chapters, a dozen or more from each volume, are self-sufficient but sufficiently related by chronology to have the feel of wholeness. Mr. Teale contributes an agreeable introduction in which, among other things, he makes a comment that would seem to explain something of the charm and durability of his writing: "I would have to say that the first purpose [in writing these books] was to preserve—as insects are sometimes preserved, with every wing-venation intact, in pieces of transparent amber—portions of our lives that seem especially precious to us." Illustrated with many photographs by the author.

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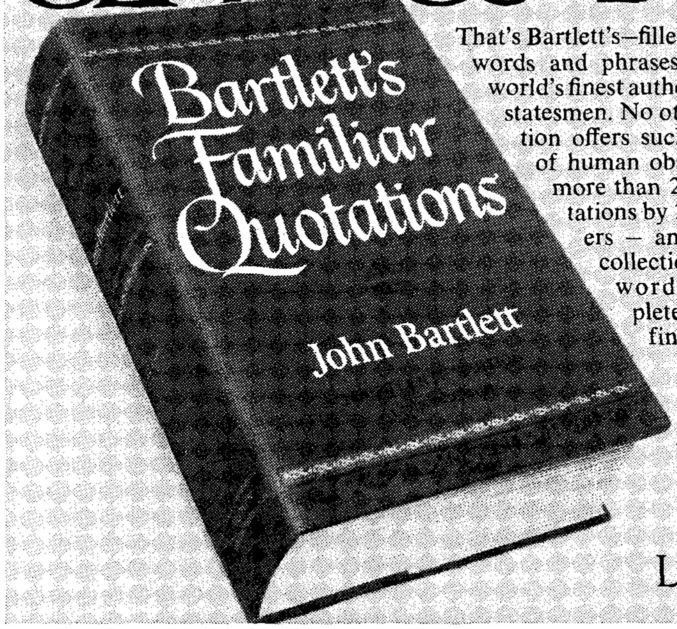

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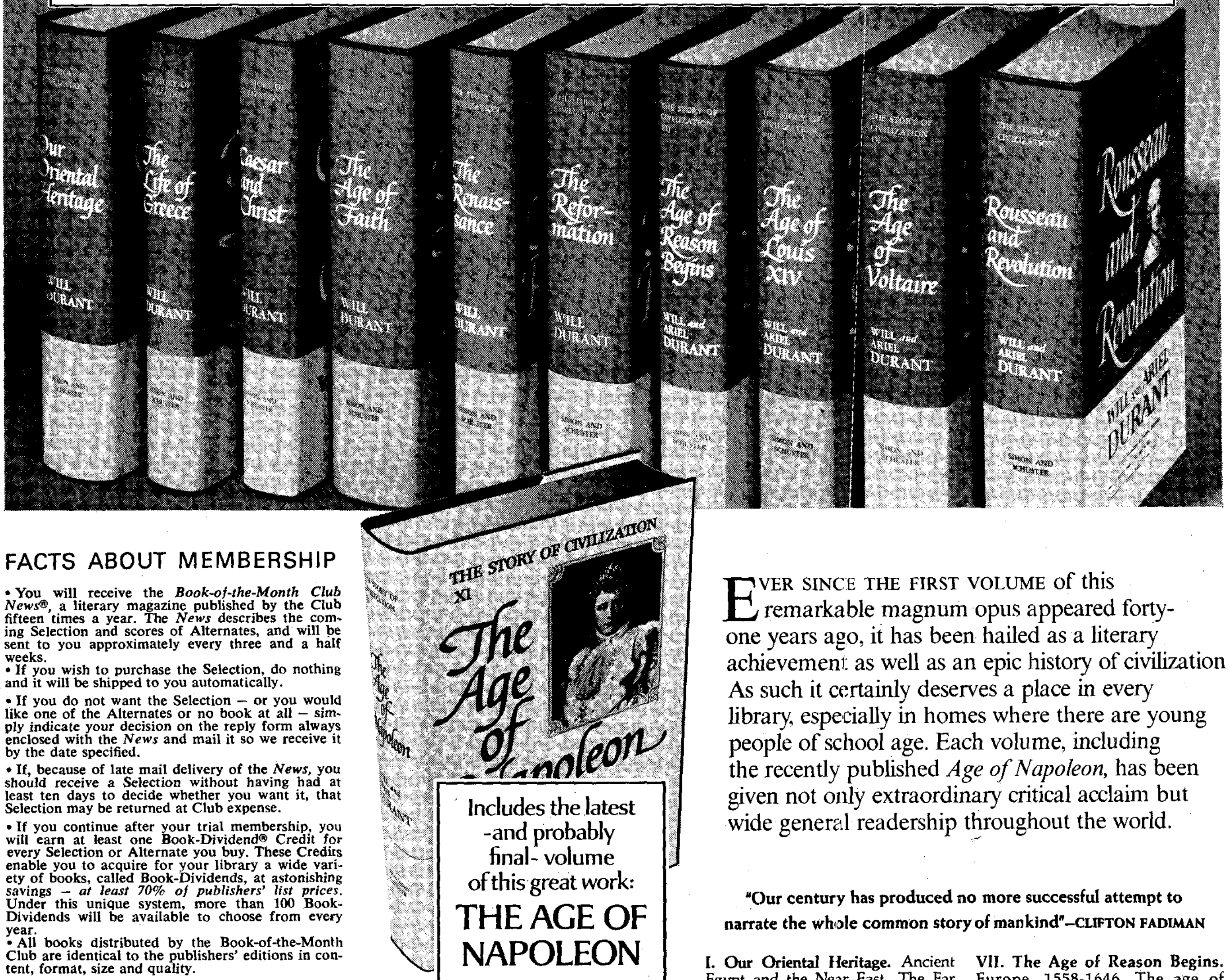

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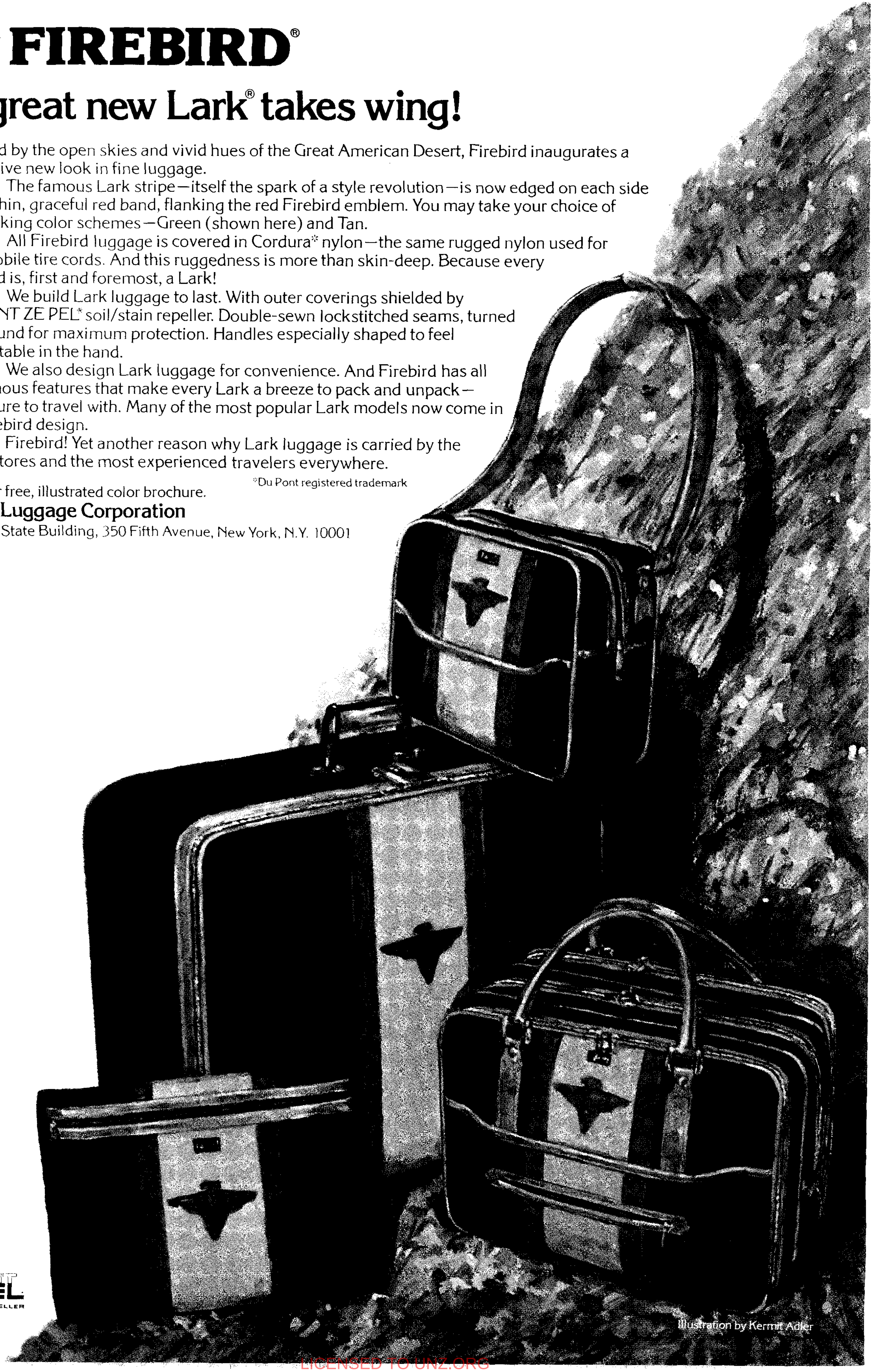

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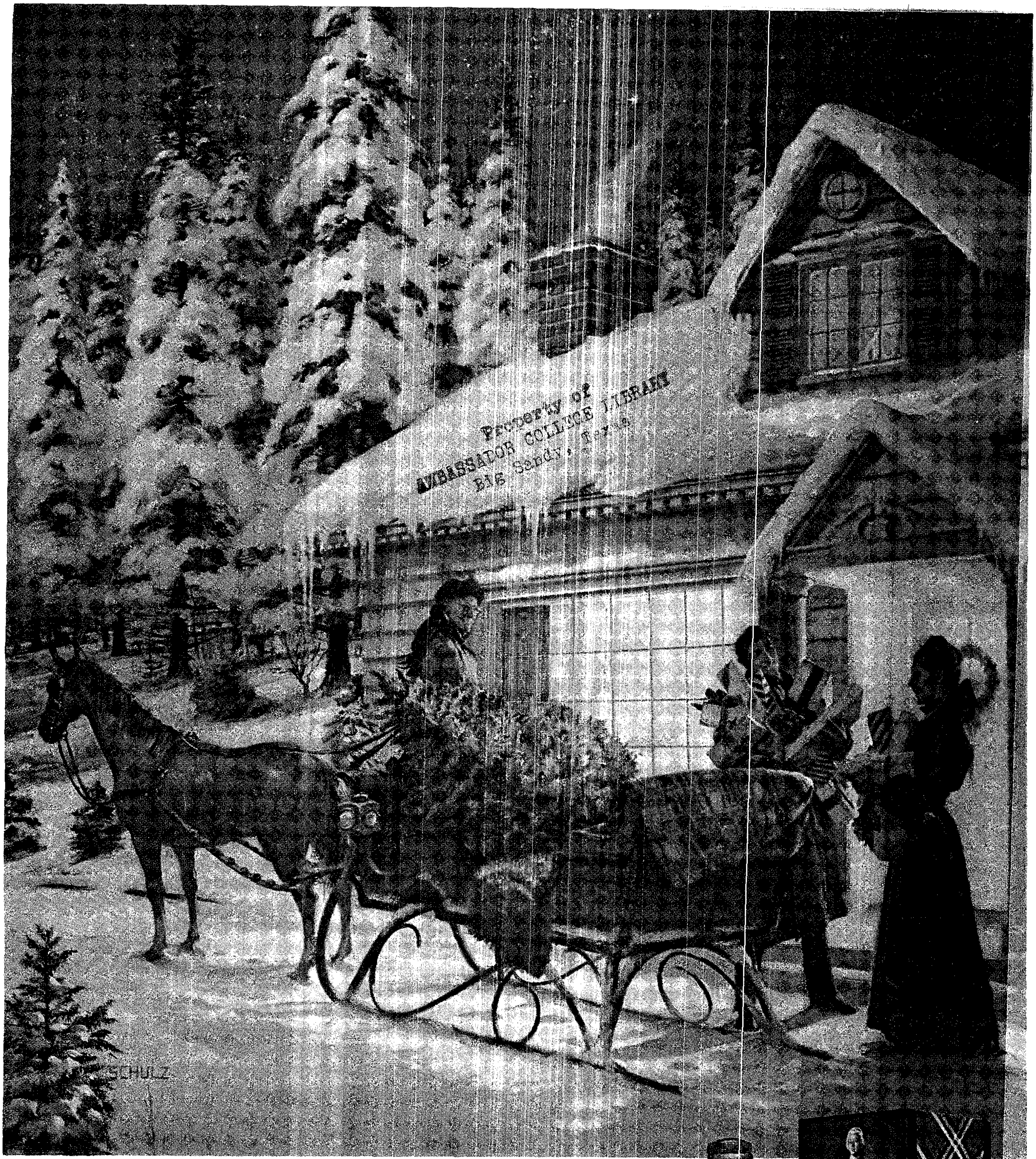

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